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BEING BORN ALIKE BUT DIFFERENT

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I

A LITTLE girl whom I know well and have known well for eleven years — she is not so little now, at eleven — is a constant stimulant of inquiry, passive, silent inquiry, for me. She herself is in a constant state of active inquiry of me. But always, as I watch her and hear her, I am asking myself: What will she be when she is grown up, when she is developed, fully developed? And always, close on that: What is making her, and is to make her, be what she will be? What has made her just what she is so far? And how much can anybody, including herself, help her or make her to be what it would please her parents to have her be when she is quite grown up?

She has blue eyes; so has her father. Perhaps she got these blue eyes from him. But she has a firm, straight mouth, the kind of mouth her mother has. Perhaps she got her mouth from her mother. She can read and write and do fractions, and each day now can speak a little more French. Both her mother and father can read and write and do fractions, and they know some French. But, if she got these things from her parents, she got them in another way than that in which she got her blue eyes and straight mouth from them. Having blue eyes and a straight mouth came just naturally with being born. Being able to read and write came by being taught. But the being able to be taught to read and write came with being born. Some little girls of eleven cannot learn to read and write and do fractions, nor will they ever be able to, teach them as much as you like, as long as they live. On the other hand, some little girls of eleven can do rather remarkable things in singing, or playing the piano. A few little girls and boys have done very remarkable things in music at eleven. But the little girl of eleven I know so intimately cannot play the piano especially well, nor would she have been able to, even if she had had many more music lessons than she has had. She is, in a word, not a musical genius. Being a musical genius comes with being born, although to do what a genius can do at the piano requires also much of teaching and practising.

Finally, this little girl of eleven is usually well-behaved. Sometimes she is n't so well-behaved, and after one of these times, and when there has been a general family discussion of the matter, she will decide to behave better, and will say so, and will really do so. She seems to be able to determine for her-

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self, in some measure, what she will or will not do.

So, altogether, there is evidently a various and mixed lot of things that take part in making a little girl what she is and what she is going to be. Sometimes I think this little girl is growing more and more like her mother; and I am glad. Sometimes the disturbing fear assails me that she is taking after her father altogether too much. But what can I do? And what can any of us do to have our children grow up to be what we should like them to be? We can be good examples — *if* we can. Yes, but good exampleship has little to do with making firm mouths and what goes with firm mouths, or with making good looks, or good brains, or musical genius. A lot goes just naturally with being born, and this may be good, or less good, or even bad. Can this good be made better, and how much better, and this bad be made less bad, or even not bad at all, by doing something to children after birth? We all want very much to know about this. Can the biologist, who studies birth and development and heredity and variation and the influence of environment and all the rest of the processes and ways of Nature that help to determine the fate of individuals and species — can he tell us anything worth more than merely being interesting? Can he answer any of our questions with any such degree of assurance as to help guide us in our behavior in relation to the problem of human individuals and human society presented by the likenesses and unlikenesses of human beings? I suppose we are all willing to let him try.

II

A female codfish drops into the seawater in which it lives a few million eggs. From all of these eggs which do not get eaten or otherwise destroyed, and which do get fertilized by sperm dropped into the water by a male codfish, hatch tiny creatures, all of which, excepting those that get eaten or otherwise destroyed, — and this is the fate of most of them, — grow up to be fishes that are unmistakably codfishes.

A female robin lays in a nest four or five pretty blue eggs which have been fertilized in her body; and from these eggs, if storm or blue jay or oölogist does not prevent, hatch as many naked helpless birdlings, which are fed for a while by the parents, and grow up, if no ill luck befall, into unmistakable robins.

A cow produces in her body, every now and then, several eggs, from any one of which that gets fertilized in her body, a fœtus develops, which, after a number of months of gestation, is born as a calf, dependent at first for food on its mother's milk, and later able to forage for itself, and which grows up, barring misfortune, into an unmistakable cow or bull.

And, finally, and in much the same way as with cattle, our own children are conceived and develop and are born and grow up into unmistakable human beings. Codfishes, robins, cattle, and human beings all reproduce themselves in essentially the same way; and in this process the end-product, or new individual, is always of the same animal kind or species or breed as the parents. Codfishes produce codfishes, robins, robins; cattle, cattle, and Jersey cattle, Jersey cattle; human beings, human beings, and black human beings, black human beings, and yellow ones, yellow. Like begets like.

But — and this is as true and important as the first axiom — like never produces exactly like. That is, while in gross the offspring are like their parents, who are like their own parents, and so on indefinitely backward, in kind or species and in race or breed, and even are more like the members of their own

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particular stock or family than like the offspring of other families within the same species, in detail they are always different from their own parents and grand-and great-grandparents, and they always differ from each other. No two living individuals are ever exactly alike, even if these individuals be twins, or even so-called identical twins. Biologists believe that no two organisms have ever been exactly alike, or will ever be exactly alike. No codfish is ever exactly like any other codfish, nor any robin, or cow, or human being exactly like any other individual of its own species or breed or family. This is the biological fact, or law, of variation, as the statement that like produces like expresses the biological fact, or law, of heredity.

Biologists quibble a good deal over names and definitions. Some use the word 'heredity,' not to name a natural law, — which is, indeed, not a 'law' in the usual sense of the word, but only a concise and generalized expression of a long experience or of many observations, — but to express by a single word the combination of many causes or factors which make like beget like. These biologists think of heredity as a process or an influence or a power. Some biologists include the law of variation within the law of heredity. And so on. No matter. Let us not trouble about a precise usage of terms, for there is none. Let us understand that we want to talk together about the facts and phenomena and methods and causes and, perhaps, above all, about the significance and, particularly, the significance in human life, of being born alike but different. We shall, I think, mean what most biologists mean when we use the word 'heredity' to indicate that we are talking about being born alike; and we shall mean what most biologists mean when we use the word 'variation' to indicate that we are talking about being born different.

Heredity and variation: being born alike but different; two things or two phases of one thing, than which I know no other thing in biology of more importance for human beings to understand, if they want to understand as much as they can of human life and of the unescapable natural conditions under which it must be lived.

Although it is about the conception, birth, and outcome through development, of human individuals that I wish especially to write, with the significance of all this to human social organization and to the fate of human individuals, communities, and races, I have bracketed animals and men together in my remarks so far. This is for two reasons: first, I want to make clear that in these matters of conception, heredity, and variation, men and animals are in the same boat, are subject to the same fundamental natural processes; and, second, I want to be able to speak freely, as a biologist speaking of any biological problem, about these matters, without offending the sensibilities of readers unused to biological discussion, — without, in a word, seeming to be indelicate. I can do this, perhaps, best by discussing birth, heredity, and variation in animals, and saying that this discussion is equally true and applicable for men, — in so far as it is, — and thus escape giving offense to the easily offended. Although I cannot help wondering why I feel that I ought to do this, when I remember that many books and plays of wide popular approval owe much of their interest and vogue to the fact that they devote themselves chiefly to an intensive and very frank consideration of a special phase of this whole matter, the phase of loving, love-making, and love-crowning; and the franker the account, the more successful the book or play.

But my most important reason for bracketing animals and man together

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in this discussion is to emphasize the fact that conception, birth, development, heredity, and variation are all matters truly common to both animals — and, indeed, plants — and man, and that we can no more escape — with exceptions to be noted — the control and fateful determination in human life of these things than animals or plants can. And we are quite accustomed now, since biology and evolution have come to have a certain familiarity for us, thanks to the gradually widening form of general education, to accept the validity of the relation of these things to the determination of animal- and plant-life; or, as we might say, if we thought more of plants and animals as individuals and not as species, the relation of these things to the fate of individual plants and animals. Well, just so they have their close and unescapable relation to the fate of humans.

We shall want to examine a little more carefully this matter of heredity tending to make us — by 'us' I mean other animals as well as man — like our ancestors, and variation tending to make us unlike. I shall want to go beyond the casual observation that reveals to anyone that this is true, to refer to a few examples in some detail, and to attempt to analyze and contrast certain factors that contribute to making us alike and yet different. We recognize readily both the likenesses and unlikenesses in the case of human beings and some familiar domesticated animals, as cattle; but we are less likely to recognize the unlikenesses, and more than likely to overrate the likenesses, among codfish and robin individuals — unless we happen to be special students of codfishes and robins.

But before doing this, and in order to do this intelligently, we need to scrape rapid acquaintance with some of the details of the phenomena of conception, and embryonic and post-embryonic development, common to the production of all new individuals, and out of which appear the final likenesses and unlikenesses among them.

The biologist likes to work back to beginnings. So do the geologist and physicist and chemist. To the evolutionist, getting at the beginnings is the absolute prerequisite to getting at the evolutionary course and probable evolutionary fate of chemical elements — rocks, plants, animals, human beings, the earth and other planets, the sun and other stars, the universe. The evolutionist is the most aspiring of scientific men, for he studies the past and present primarily to become able to prophesy the future. And to prophesy is the ultimate aim of science. Let us then hitch our wagon to the stars: let us call ourselves evolutionists.

III

Biologists have a convenient single word to express the life history, from the beginning egg, through all the development and maturity and senescence and, finally, the death, of a single individual. The word is ontogeny. As a running mate for this word, they have another, to express the evolutionary history of a single species or race, its beginning by sudden mutation or gradual transformation from another species, its evolutionary course and final fate, and its genealogic relation to other species or races. This other word is phylogeny.

There is a sort of fundamental parallelism between the ontogeny, or the life history of an individual, and the phylogeny, or evolutionary history of the species to which the individual belongs. The parallelism has been expressed by the generalization that 'ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny,' which is the basis of the 'recapitulation theory' of von Baer, Haeckel, and

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other generalizing biologists, of some years ago, who saw in this generalized fact an easy way of learning about the evolution and genetic relationship of any plant or animal species, by making an intensive study of the development of a single individual of the species. It was this generalization that gave such an impetus several years ago to the study of embryology, and upon which, some years later, certain pedagogue devotees of child study based their interesting, but rather undiscriminating, recognition of the monkey stages in child life.

The difficulty about the recapitulation theory is that it is n't true — in detail. In a large way, it is true. In the embryonic life of a child, that is in its earlier and, to most of us, hidden stages, from fertilized egg through fœtal development to time of birth, it does pass through stages which pretty clearly reveal our fundamental evolutionary relationship to the lower animals. It passes through stages, common, with characteristic variations, to the development of all mammals. You have seen the familiar pictures of the early embryos of various animals and man, showing them all so much alike that only a trained student of embryology can confidently distinguish the general group of animals to which a given embryo belongs. But, by the time the human babe is born, it has got on so far in its development that it is well by all fish and monkey stages and is unmistakably and fascinatingly human. It is more than that: it is a human being of a given race, Negro or Mongolian or Indian or Caucasian. And it already shows various specific physical, and, very soon, various mental characteristics, which not only indicate its particular stock, but which are to have a large part in determining its fate as a human individual. It is born, in a word, with all of the general characters of humanness, and with an hereditary endowment of particular physical and mental traits already apparent, and potentialities of other traits which are to appear in due course in its development to maturity, or, as the biologist puts it, in its post-embryonic development.

For any individual to recapitulate in its short ontogeny, — from a few hours to a few years, depending on the kind of animal, — in any detail and with anything like completeness, the phylogeny of its species, is simply impossible; and it, equally simply, does not achieve this impossibility. Whole phyletic stages are suppressed; others are compressed and modified. And, in addition, new non-phyletic adaptive stages, necessary to the successful life of the individual as embryo under conditions not at all identical with the external conditions surrounding any stages in the phyletic history of the species, are interpolated into this ontogeny, tending to confuse, and mislead, the student trying to unravel from a study of individual ontogeny the phyletic history of the species.

Take, for instance, a single example: the ontogeny of a butterfly. Born as a caterpillar (larva), representing in gross some wormlike ancestor in its phyletic history, but in detail very different from any worm that ever existed, it leads an active life for a few weeks or months, equipped by adaptive physical structures to crawl and eat leaves. Then it changes to a non-eating, immobile chrysalis (pupa), in which stage a breakdown of its caterpillar organs occurs, with the simultaneous development of very different organs; and, finally, after some days, weeks, or months, depending on the kind of butterfly it is, it issues as a flying, nectar-sucking, very unwormlike creature, for poets to sing about and entomologists to chase and kill and pin up in their cabinet cemeteries.

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Do you think that in the evolutionary phylogeny or genealogy of butterflies, there was ever an ancestor like a present-day butterfly chrysalid? You do not think so; and neither does any biologist. The ontogenetic chrysalid-stage of a butterfly is an interpolated adaptive stage, to meet certain needs for radical changes to be made swiftly. The butterfly issues from its protecting egg so early in its life, — so prematurely, one may say, — that it is thrust out in the world to fend for itself in an ontogenetic stage roughly corresponding to a worm-stage in its phylogeny. But it has to adapt itself to a present environment, which may be very different from the past environment in which this worm ancestor lived. And so the young (larval) butterfly is very different from any worm that ever existed, and its necessary adaptation to a crawling, leaf-eating life carries it even away from the final butterfly-stage, which it must, after all, attain. It therefore devotes the worm-stage of its life to overeating, so that much food, in the form chiefly of fat, is stored in its body. Then it changes into a non-eating, motionless stage, in which it lives on its stored fat and in which it goes through the great bodily changes necessary to become a butterfly.

Now, if human beings were thus thrust out into the world, at a much more immature stage in their development than they are actually able to reach in the protecting and food-supplying mother-body, human post-embryonic life might be very different from what it is. The young of some mammals, as the kangaroo, are at birth more immature than a human babe, and they demand a somewhat different care from the care we give a babe. The just-born young of some others, as cattle, sheep, and the ruminants generally, are distinctly more mature. The calf and lamb can use their legs for proper gamboling very soon after birth. They demand much less care than a human babe.

But our discussion has gamboled, too, instead of sticking to the sedate and ordered way of our original intention. There is so imperatively much that comes crowding forward to be got into this short story of being born, that I cannot see my way clearly. However, we were, when we began gamboling, just at the point of taking up in a little detail those processes that go with being born, which especially have to do with determining likenesses and differences among us as individuals. So let us go back to these processes.

IV

Almost every animal individual begins as an egg. An egg is a single cell, made up of a little protoplasm, differentiated into a small central nuclear portion and a larger, distinguishably differing surrounding portion, together with a smaller or larger supply of food (albuminous yolk), usually surrounding the protoplasm, though sometimes scattered through it. In the eggs of some animals, especially birds and reptiles, this food-mass may be very much larger than the protoplasmic mass, and thus make the egg very large. Usually it is very small.

If we put aside those simplest animals, called Protozoa, whose body, through their whole lifetime, is never composed of more than one cell, and among which new individuals are often produced by a simple dividing in two of the parent individual, then there are very few animal kinds among which new individuals do not always begin as eggs. Among the higher animals, and with man, beginning as an egg is the absolute rule. And this egg has to be a fertilized egg: that is, the egg, which before fertilization is a sex cell produced by a mature female individual, has to

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have its protoplasmic part found by and fused with a sex cell from a mature male individual of the same, or a very nearly related, species or kind of animal.

There are exceptions. These could be passed over as of little significance if they did not furnish us with a clue to the interesting fact that fertilization is a double function, and not, as perhaps commonly thought by most laymen, a single function. One part is essentially chemical or physico-chemical in its nature, and the other more truly vital or biological in its nature. Those exceptional cases in Nature in which new individuals develop from unfertilized eggs — the cases are exceptional rather as to kinds of animals which exhibit them than as to individuals, for among some kinds of insects, as aphids, the social bees and wasps, and others, more new individuals are produced from unfertilized eggs than from fertilized — have led to a lot of fascinating experimentation, associated in this country especially with the name of Jacques Loeb. The newspapers and magazines have made his 'fatherless frogs' familiar to many — and probably rather irritating to him. This experimentation has shown that, with many kinds of animals which regularly, or at least usually, produce new individuals only from fertilized eggs, the application of various chemical or physical stimuli to unfertilized eggs will compel them to begin developing. This development usually does not go far; but in some cases it can, and does, go clear through to the achievement of fully developed new individuals. These cases of artificial parthenogenesis, as also the cases of natural parthenogenesis, are restricted, so far as is yet known, to the lower animals, mostly, indeed, to invertebrate animals. The fatherless frogs are at the top of the scale. No mammals are included in the list.

Now, from the observations of these cases of inducing development by a chemical or physical stimulation of unfertilized eggs, those biologists belonging to the mechanist school, who see in so-called vital phenomena only more complex — and not always more complex — phenomena of physics and chemistry than the physicists and chemists usually have to deal with, claim, very plausibly, that fertilization is, at least partly, nothing more than physico-chemical stimulation.

And they can similarly explain the mysterious, or apparently conscious, seeking and finding of the immobile female egg by the smaller, free-swimming, male sperm, as no more than a phenomenon simply induced by the presence of some chemical substance in the egg irresistibly attractive to the sperm. For example, I remember an experiment that the famous plant physiologist, Pfeffer, of the University of Leipzig, used to make in the course of his lectures. He would put a tiny glass tube, open at both ends, filled with diluted malic acid, in a vessel of water in which were millions of the swimming sperm-cells of a fern. In a short time, as the malic acid began to diffuse into the water from the ends of the tube, the fern sperm would gather about the tube-ends and then go into the tube, until finally it was crowded with them.

'And so you see, *meine Herren*,' declared the professor triumphantly, 'all that the fern egg-cells need in order to get fertilized is to have a small quantity of malic acid in them, which, as a matter of fact, they have. There is no mystery of vitalism about it.'

But there is, of course, another and very important matter about fertilization. That is the matter of endowing the young with the double line of heredity represented by, and coming through, both mother and father, and passed on to the new individual by the fused sex-cells of which the fertilized egg is com-

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posed. The fatherless frogs and the parthenogenetically produced aphids have only one line of heredity represented in them — the maternal line. But the new individuals that come from fertilized eggs have two lines of heredity physically inherent in their bodies. And we shall see that the great, and biologically very important, fact of variation depends in no little degree on the fusing of two different lines of heredity. This fusion of body-part (sex cells) and of heredities, perhaps for the sake of producing variation, perhaps for some other reason, is the other function of fertilization.

V

Now, what the fertilized egg, which is a single cell produced by the fusion of two cells, first does in the way of development into a new complete individual, composed of thousands or millions or billions of cells, is to divide in two. And then each of these two daughter cells, — which, of course, do not separate and move apart, as they do in the case of the formation of new individuals by the fission of a one-celled (Protozoan) animal, — after growing a little larger (sometimes as large as the parent egg-cell), divides into two; and then these four cells similarly divide, and so on, until the developing egg is a small, usually spherical, mass of cells, usually similar in appearance though, with some animals, varying in size.

An interesting series of performances on the part, first, of the one-celled egg, and then of the daughter cells, goes on in connection with all of this dividing. These performances are too many and too elaborate to be described here, but they are very significant and important. The result of them is to achieve a very precise division of the cell material, which affects nucleus as well as general cell protoplasm, and special elements in the nucleus, called chromosomes, as well as the undifferentiated rest of the nucleus. These chromosomes are broken-up bits of a special part, usually in threadlike shape, of the nuclear material, called chromatin (because it is especially easily and strongly colored by the stains used by cell students in their efforts to make visible the differentiation that exists in the cell structure).

Now, these chromosomes are believed by most students of the mechanism of heredity to be the actual carriers of the hereditary potentialities of the new individual which is to develop from the egg. That is, they are supposed to be composed of actual physical unit representatives in the egg of the many traits of structure, physiology, mentality, and even of soul, — if we go to the logical extreme — which the developed individual will possess by virtue of inheritance. Of course, as they exist in the egg, they are not such traits, nor in the slightest degree suggestive of them — nobody inherits any traits as traits; but because of these physical particles in, or composing, the chromosomes, such-and-such specific traits will develop and be possessed by the new individual.

These traits, I say, have to develop. The human egg is not, nor does it contain, as some of the earlier naturalists, before the days of better microscopes, believed, an homunculus, a tiny human being with all its organs in miniature, needing simply to grow, or enlarge, to be the new baby and then the new man. But neither is it, as many naturalists came to believe, when the improvements in the microscope enabled them to prove the falsity of the earlier 'preformation theory,' a simple bit of undifferentiated protoplasm, capable, by virtue of response to external stimulus and environment, of developing into a new, highly organized creature. We know now that, while there is no pre-

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formed tiny human being in the human egg, the egg is, nevertheless, more or less, perhaps very highly, differentiated, with parts that have direct correspondence to future parts of the new individual. But we know also that the conditions under which the development of the egg goes on can greatly modify the fate of any part of the egg mosaic; can modify profoundly the developmental plan, as it were; and that, without proper stimulus and environment this plan, with all the physical representation of it in the egg, can come to nothing. Inherited traits appear because they are represented some way in the egg. And other traits can appear because some special environmental influence forces them on to the developing individual. These latter new traits, or modifications of already represented traits, are said to be 'acquired.' They differ importantly from the so-called inherited traits, in that they will not appear in the children of the new individual acquiring them, unless the similar special environmental conditions that surrounded the parent and determined the development of these special acquirements are repeated during the development of the children. On the contrary, the inherited traits of the parent will tend to appear again in the children — although in never the same condition — under the usual normal environment of the species.

VI

These references to preformation in the egg, or predetermination of the course of development, and to environmental necessities and possibilities in development, introduce us to a fascinating phase of biological study and special investigation, called by the Germans, who were the pioneers in it, *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*, the mechanics of development. Its importance comes especially from two principal things about it: first, it introduces into biological study, which for a long time was almost exclusively simply an observational study, the reasoned application of careful experimental work, with constant references to facts of physics and chemistry and an adoption of the methods which have led to the high development of these sciences as exact sciences; and, second, it involves the getting at, and close observation of, the earlier and presumably simpler stages of animal development, and of the factors that control this development. It is a kind of study more exact and, to its disciples, perhaps no less interesting than child study. At any rate, these disciples would maintain that their intensive study of the mechanics of development should be of some use to scientific students of child development.

We can, of course, do hardly more in this paper than just venture to suggest the significance of certain outstanding facts revealed by the study of *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*. Indeed, you may have become already impatient of my persistence in so long trying to hold your attention to the egg and embryo stages of existence. But knowledge of the varying things that help control the development and outcome of the egg and embryo is knowledge that throws much light on the phenomena of later development, and that can help us to understand what may be possible and what is impossible in connection with our attempt to make this later development run according to our desires.

One of the outstanding problems in this later development is that of recognizing in it, and appraising, the relative influence and importance of nature and nurture, that is, the influence of heredity and the influence of environment and education. Which has the greater importance in determining the course and outcome of this development? What

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part of this outcome results from the one, what from the other? Well, the same problem faces the student of developing egg and embryo. But in the case of the study of the animal egg and embryo, one has more opportunity to apply the experimental method than in the study of the post-embryonic development; although it must be admitted that a good deal of experimenting, of a kind unfortunately not too scientific in manner, is done in the case of the developing child and youth. A good deal of our education seems still to be more of the nature of experiment than of well-determined method.

But let us now take our last look, with the aid of some light from *Entwicklungs-Mechanik*, at the developing egg and embryo.

Recall, please, the more obvious phenomena in the course of the early stages of the development of the fertilized egg; and in doing this, keep in mind the two contrasting, although closely correlated, sets of influences determining these phenomena. The early stages are the division of the single-celled egg into two cells, and then into four and eight and sixteen and so on, until there are many adherent cells. And then the gradual specializing of these cells, at first similar, into different kinds of cells, elementary nerve-cells and muscle cells and epithelial cells and blood cells and sex cells and so on, forming different tissues, and the simultaneous gradual arranging and grouping of these specializing cells and tissues into different organs and body-regions. The two sets of contrasting, although mutually interacting and correlated, influences may be called influences of predetermination, or intrinsic or hereditary influences, and influences of epigenesis, or extrinsic or environmental influences.

And now, keeping this in mind, let us play with our developing egg and embryo. For this we need a good microscope, because an animal egg, or at any rate, the part of it that is not yolk (food) but is the developing germ, is very small. And we need several very finely pointed needles, and a wonderful pair of scissors with minutest of blades, and a few other simple instruments, and some chemicals. Also, we need a lot of patience, and perhaps somebody to bring our meals to us while we stick to the microscope; for we may have to sit for many hours with hardly an interruption to our close watching. I knew a German *Privatdozent* in the University of Leipzig, famous for his studies of cell genealogy, who kept up his continual watching of a developing egg of Ascaris, a worm parasite of horses, for all of a day and a night and the next day. But he discovered many things of great interest and significance, whose telling made him the author of a monograph in biological science which is now a classic. And that is high reward for a biologist.

If everything that determines the course of development of an egg — granted that the necessary general external conditions are provided — is inherent in the egg itself, then we might speak of this developmental course as predetermined for any given egg, and might even speak of the egg, or embryo, which develops from it, as preformed, although, as already said, this preformation does not mean the existence in the fertilized egg of a complex embryo in miniature. It simply means that any given part of the egg, or one of the early daughter cells into which it divides, is predestined to become, by further development, a certain given part or organ or kind of tissue of the embryo and hence of the final fully developed new individual. On the other hand, if the egg gets its stimulus for development from outside, and is chiefly controlled during its development by environ-

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mental conditions, then its manner of development will vary in accordance with any variation in the external stimuli and conditions brought to bear on it. Here the experimenter comes in.

A classic early experiment on the frog's egg seemed to prove the theory of preformation. With a finely pointed, heated needle one of the two daughter cells into which the egg first divided was killed by the experimenter, although it was left attached to the other live cell. The other cell went on and produced a half-frog embryo! *Ergo*, each half of the egg, or certainly each cell arising from the first division of the egg into two cells of equal size and similar appearance, had for fixed fate the development into the right or left half of a frog.

But another experimenter, instead of killing one of the first daughter cells of the frog's egg, succeeded in separating them entirely, — thus removing any contact stimulus from a dead but still adhering daughter cell, — and found that each daughter cell, or egg-half, developed into a whole frog embryo of half, or at least unusually small, size! And still other experimenters succeeding in separating, in the case of eggs of certain other animals of lower type than the frog, not only the first two daughter cells, but the four and the eight and even the sixteen, produced by successive divisions of the developing egg, and got from each separated cell a minute but complete embryo. *À bas* preformation; *hoch* the theory of epigenesis!

But the preformationists came back. By the careful watching, like that of the Leipzig *Privatdozent*, of eggs of various animals developing under normal circumstances, it was shown that certain specific tissues or organs of the later developed embryo have their origin from specific single cells in the four- or eight- or sixteen-cell stage of the developing egg. In other words, each of these early daughter cells, which are, in effect, specific parts of the original, one-celled fertilized egg, produces a specific part of the later embryo and developed individual. Which is what would be expected from preformation.

Also, if the group of daughter cells resulting from the repeated egg cell-divisions are prevented from assuming their normal relative position with regard to each other, by being compressed between thin sheets of glass, and so made to lie all in one plane instead of in a spherical mass; or if they are otherwise constrained to depart from their usual habit of arrangement, then, when the constraint is removed, they tend strongly to assume the space-relation to each other characteristic of normal development. On the other hand, if this physical constraint lasts too long, or if the usual medium in which the egg develops, — sea water, say, — is modified by changing its physical character (density), or its chemical composition, then this change in environment produces a structural change in the character of the embryo, or larva, into which the egg develops.

In a word, the experiments of the students of *Entwicklungs-Mechanik* show that, while there are strong intrinsic influences in the egg, which guide its development under usual or normal environmental conditions along a definite path, yet any sufficient modification of the extrinsic conditions (environment) affecting the developing egg or embryo can change this path and produce a modified individual.

Well, we shall see (in our next paper) that exactly the same struggle or correlation exists between heredity (intrinsic influences) and environment or education (extrinsic influences) all through the post-embryonic development of any animal and the childhood and adolescence of a human being. And the outcome of this development,

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all the physical, mental, and spiritual characters of the new individual, is the resultant of these sometimes opposing, sometimes reinforcing, intrinsic and extrinsic factors or influences.

My little girl is what she is so far, and will be what she is at any time in her life, because of the interacting influences on her of her biological inheritance (intrinsic factors) and her social inheritance (environment and education). I cannot do anything now to change her biological inheritance, but I can do much to control her social inheritance. We are back to our question of the beginning of this paper. 'A lot goes just naturally with being born, and this may be good, or less good, or even bad. Can this good be made better, and how much better, and this bad be made less bad, or even not bad at all, by doing something to children after birth?'

In our next paper, I propose to seek for some light on this by an examination of the facts of the 'new heredity.' By the new heredity I mean what has been learned in the last fifty years. It is more than had been learned in all time before.

(*Dr. Kellogg's next paper will be 'The New Heredity'*)

AMERICA AND THE OPIUM TRADE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

In a recent issue, one of the great London newspapers contained a long article on the question of the Irish settlement, expressing satisfaction on the removal of a cause of friction between England and the United States. 'But the greatest cause of all for relief is that now America can have ordinary and natural relations with Great Britain. Whatever it is natural for the two nations to do in relation to each other can now be done. No longer will there be the embarrassment of something that cannot be talked about openly and freely. There will be no uneasy self-consciousness in their relations. If any among us ever again try, as some have tried in the past, to prevent the consummation of treaties or agreements of generous understanding, by taking an anti-British point of view, they will be asked what justifies their position, and they can no longer justify it by allusion to Ireland. That allusion, on more than one occasion in the past, has been enough to prevent the relations of normal friendliness between the two nations.'

There is another allusion, however, to one of Great Britain's policies, which cannot be talked about freely and openly, without uneasy embarrassment, and which at any moment may be used to arouse anti-British feeling, to create political capital or political trouble. That allusion is to Great Britain's opium trade, established by law in many of

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her Crown Colonies and Dependencies in the Far East, and to the immense output of Indian opium, which is sold once a month by the Government at public auction at Calcutta and is chiefly responsible for the spread of the drug habit throughout the world. At the present moment, Great Britain is rather sensitive to such allusions; and as time goes on, and the facts regarding this traffic become more and more widely known in America, it may prove even more embarrassing than the Irish question.

In America, all matters relating to public health receive careful attention. No other country gives such careful study to questions that affect it, or makes such determined efforts to improve it and raise it to a higher level. In the last few years our attention has been drawn to a condition which has now become a grave menace to our national welfare, something which is extraneous, artificial, and wholly uncalled for, yet which is assuming such proportions that we must recognize it as a threatening danger. This is the great increase of the drug habit. To meet this danger, most drastic laws regulating the sale and distribution of drugs have been in force for a number of years; yet we see these laws, theoretically perfect, totally unable to cope with the situation. They deal adequately with the legal sales of habit-forming drugs, but leave us quite at the mercy of an organized ring of drug smugglers and peddlers, whose agents are at work in every city of the country, creating a market for their wares. This ring of international drug-dealers is also at work in every capital of Europe; their machinations extend throughout the world. America, however, is particularly exposed to their attentions, by reason of our long, unprotected Canadian and Mexican borders, which make smuggling easy.

In June, 1919, a pamphlet was issued by the United States Treasury Department, Public-Health Service, showing that at that time the United States was the greatest opium-consuming country on record, our *per capita* consumption being 36 grains, as compared with one for Italy, two for Germany, and three for France. A clinic for the treatment of drug addicts, opened in the spring of 1919 by the New York Health Department, gave some interesting statistics. Of the several thousand patients under treatment, it was found that one third contracted the drug habit while under the age of twenty, and one half while under the age of twenty-five. This should prove of interest to those who contend that the increase in drug-taking is due to prohibition. This Treasury Report, 'The Traffic in Narcotic Drugs,' was compiled and issued one year before the Prohibition Amendment, and it can hardly be believed that these young boys and girls, under twenty or under twenty-five, took to drugs because their alcohol supplies were cut off. These two problems, drink and drugs, have run parallel for a number of years, but are otherwise unrelated.

Another fact of importance was brought out during the few weeks that the New York Drug Clinic remained open. That was the difficulty of effecting cures. All those who wished it, and there were many, were sent to a hospital on North Brother Island, where they remained a few weeks, until the drug was thoroughly eliminated from their systems. When their general health had been built up, they were finally returned to Manhattan as cured. Ninety per cent relapsed within twenty-four hours, and the rest a short time afterward.

Why? Because, as soon as they reached the dock, there were agents of the drug ring waiting to trace their movements and to tempt them at the first possible opportunity. In other words,

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they were back again in an environment where drugs were freely procurable; and it is no part of the system to let a good customer escape. When one considers that the medical dose of morphia, as given after operations, accidents, or acute illness, is one eighth, one sixth, one quarter, and occasionally one half of a grain, and contrasts it with the daily doses of drug addicts, who consume fifteen, thirty, sixty, and, in one instance at the Clinic, one hundred and twenty-five grains in twenty-four hours, it is easy to realize why the peddler wishes to create and maintain his customers.

These smuggling gangs are powerful and well organized; and the profits are so enormous that the trade is well worth the risks involved. The conditions that exist in New York could be duplicated in other cities, both in Europe and America. At present, the London and Paris papers contain almost daily accounts of raids on these peddlers and smugglers; and the reason that these cities are not as alive to the danger as ourselves is because matters of public health are of less interest to Europeans than to Americans.

The cause of this immense supply of drugs is the immense overproduction of opium, for which Great Britain is chiefly responsible. The great output of the world's supply of opium comes from India, where every step of its production, manufacture, and sale is regulated by a special department, the Opium Department, and is conducted as a government monopoly. The planter who wishes to raise poppies must first obtain a government license, specifying the number of acres to be sowed. If necessary, the Government advances him money, *free of interest*, the only crop so subsidized. When ripe, a government agent collects the crop and takes it to the government factory at Ghazipur, where it is manufactured into opium of two classes: provision opium, destined for export, and excise opium, which is for consumption in India, the Straits Settlements, Hongkong, and other British Crown Colonies and Dependencies, where the opium trade is established by law.

Once a month, at public auction in Calcutta, the British-India Government sells its chests of provision opium to the highest bidder. Thus it passes into the hands of private firms and individuals, is shipped to Europe or America or elsewhere, made into morphia or other alkaloids, and so distributed throughout the world, by fair means or foul. It is estimated that the amount of opium required to satisfy the medical needs of 'all the Americas, from Alaska to Patagonia,' is one ton. This is the amount needed for illness or accident, as given in doses of a fraction of a grain of morphia. On this basis, let us allow one ton for Europe and the same for Asia — three tons would suffice for the relief of pain and suffering, the legitimate and proper use for drugs of this kind. Yet last year at Calcutta 741 tons of provision opium were sold. This excessive amount, therefore, is obviously produced for but one purpose, to supply the needs of drug-takers.

So much for provision opium, sold for export. Let us now consider the other form, manufactured at the government factory at Ghazipur, known as excise opium, destined for consumption in India and other dependencies of the British Empire, where it is sold frankly and openly, to supply the wants of drug-users. In these remote colonies the British Government sells opium through the medium of drug shops, where it is purchased as freely as cigarettes. The Government also licenses smoking-rooms, where it may be smoked on the premises. In India, there are 17,000 licensed shops.

The sales of opium, together with fees and excise duties, form a considerable

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part of the Indian revenue. During the ten years ending with 1918–19, the receipts from opium (consumed in India, not exported) increased at the rate of 63 per cent.

The opium trade is also legally established in the Straits Settlements, where the local government makes nearly one half of its revenue from opium sales and excise duties. In British North Borneo and Sarawak there is also an opium revenue. In certain of the unfederated Malay States under British protection, the opium revenue forms 45 per cent of the total. In all these countries this business is a government monopoly.

In Hongkong a slightly different system prevails, the Government not conducting the business directly, but selling off the privilege once a year, at public auction. The privilege thus farmed out is known as the Opium Farm, and the syndicate buying it has the right to establish as many shops and smoking-rooms as the traffic will bear. The latest available report, for the year 1918–19, shows that 532 tons of excise opium were produced for consumption in India and elsewhere. These 741 tons of provision opium and 532 tons of excise opium, a total of 1273 tons, may be reckoned as overproduction, when compared with the world's actual needs for medical purposes, estimated at three tons. Roughly speaking, it takes seven tons of opium to make one ton of morphia.

II

Recently a film was shown in London, illustrating Sir Ross Smith's flight by aeroplane from England to Australia. One of the pictures was taken in Basra, Mesopotamia, one of the places where he alighted en route. This picture showed a native sitting at a stall selling opium; and overhead was a crude sign, 'Licensed by the British Government.' Mesopotamia has not long been in possession of the British, being one of the mandated territories acquired since the war; and, as the *Telegraph* said in a leader on June 15, 'In Mesopotamia and in Palestine we are in possession, we are the only organized authority.' No time is lost, at all events in Mesopotamia, in establishing the opium trade on a paying basis.

This makes us pause and wonder what is happening in those other mandated territories, in those great German colonies in Africa, acquired by Great Britain since the war. Is the opium trade being established there likewise? It is not a pleasant reflection to think that, by our assistance in winning the war, we have placed something like one million square miles at the disposal of the British Empire, consisting largely of primitive peoples, unfit for self-government, yet fit to become customers of the British opium monopoly. Unfortunately, there is nothing in Great Britain's past or present history to make such an assumption unlikely.

Let us remember that, in these remote, half-civilized countries, over which Great Britain holds sway, the people have little or no voice in the management of their own affairs. Contrast this with the fact that in Great Britain's self-governing dominions, — Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, — the opium trade is not established by law. These self-governing colonies contain no licensed drug shops or smoking-rooms. In fact, as in the British Isles themselves, the greatest care is exerted to exclude harmful drugs and to prevent people from having access to them.

This double standard of ethics is striking. When we in America see the pitiful plight of those who have become addicted to the drug habit; when we realize what it means in the way of moral, physical, and economic deterioration, it is difficult for us to realize that

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Great Britain deliberately, and for the sake of revenue, brings about this condition among those helpless peoples whose welfare she professes to have at heart.

The excuse given is that the Oriental is not hurt by opium. This is palpably untrue. The Chinese were enormously injured by it. China protested against the importation of British opium, and fought and lost two wars in a vain endeavor to protect herself. It was at the conclusion of the second war, that China, defeated, was obliged to sign the Treaty of Tientsin in 1856, by the terms of which treaty she was obliged to receive as much opium as the English traders chose to bring in. It was after 1856 that China began to raise poppies on her own account, and on a large scale, in order to compete with Indian opium, and to keep her money from being drained out of the country.

The Japanese fear opium as much as Europeans and Americans, and protect their own people as sedulously as we attempt to protect ours. When America acquired the Philippines, we found the opium trade established by our Spanish predecessors, and at once abolished it. Ever since, however, we have been fighting against the smuggling from Hongkong. There is probably no one, outside the India Office, who can truthfully say that drugs are discriminating in their action, and are harmless, if not actually beneficial, to the Oriental races.

A word as to China's situation. From 1856 until 1907 that country was deluged with opium, imported under treaty terms. In 1907, however, as a result of the pressure of public opinion, in which American opinion played no small part, China and Great Britain entered into an agreement. By the terms of this agreement, covering a period of ten years, the Chinese agreed to reduce the area under poppy cultivation ten per cent each year, and Great Britain agreed to reduce her imports of opium ten per cent each year. No one believed it possible that drug-sodden China could live up to her share of the bargain, yet she did so, admirably. Great Britain also kept the faith, and by April, 1917, the bargain ended, and China was officially free.

Then what happened? This bargain showed a sincere desire on the part of the Chinese to rid themselves of opium, but it involved no such moral turnover on the part of the British-India Government. The China market must be given up, since public opinion so willed it; but other markets must be found for the opium output. There was no intention to abolish it. Thus it came about in the latter years preceding 1917, when the trade with China was dwindling, that another outlet presented itself. The opium business suddenly underwent a change. The direct, simple route to China was closed, officially, but at that time the immense possibilities of morphia were discovered. Therefore, shipments of opium were made to England, manufactured into morphia in London and Edinburgh and, as morphia, exported to Japan. Japan became the willing cat's-paw, the go-between, and has since been smuggling immense quantities of British morphia into China. To our shame, be it said, America has also taken a hand in this traffic, and certain of our large wholesale drug manufacturers are now busy making morphia for Japan to ship into China. It is also certain that a portion of this British and American morphia is finding its way back into the United States.

The result of this giant smuggling trade, twenty-eight tons of morphia being sent last year into China in this manner, is that the Chinese are again growing opium. This time they are not raising it in competition with opium legally imported, as under the Tientsin Treaty terms, but in competition with

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this immense smuggling trade, which again threatens to drain the resources of the country. A bill is pending before the United States Senate, making such shipments of morphia from America illegal; but so far, nearly a year since its introduction, Congress has not seen fit to pass this bill. But suppose it were passed, what then? It would be easy for an American or British firm to establish a morphia factory in Mexico or some other complaisant country, and carry on the trade from there. There is always this immense output of opium to be disposed of; and while the supply continues unabated, an outlet for distribution will be found.

The possibility of making morphia, however, in a remote country, secure from observation, has already been appreciated by the British-India Government. The latest report on the operations of the Opium Department for the year ending October 31, 1920, shows that the difficulty of making alkaloids in the Tropics has been overcome, and that already the government opium factory at Ghazipur is experimenting with morphia production.

The significance of this new departure must be recognized. The opium monopoly is now not only making provision opium, for export, and excise opium for domestic consumption, but is manufacturing morphia as well. According to this most recent Blue Book, just off the press, we find that 'under the first assistant chemist in the factory, the manufacture of alkaloids was continued with skill and enterprise; but, unfortunately, in August, 1920, all shipments of alkaloids were stopped under telegraphic orders from the Government of India, and it is necessary to find other markets.' We may be sure, however, that 'other markets' will be found.

Appendix IX of this Blue Book reads as follows: 'Showing the Opium Alkaloids manufactured at and issued from the Ghazipur Opium Factory for the season of 1919–20: —

	lbs.	*oz.*
Crude codeia	100	
Morphine pure	8	11
Morphine hydrochlorate	1012	11
Morphine acetate	1	15
Morphine sulphate	33	9
Morphine tartrate	9	4
Codeia	81	7
Narcotine	16	1

'This, of course, is a very small output of alkaloids, but it is a beginning, and will doubtless be developed. At present it is handicapped. The rate of exchange, the restrictions placed on the import, manufacture, and export of opium alkaloids in Great Britain by the introduction of the Dangerous Drugs Bill, and the acceptance of the Hague Convention by the signatories of the Peace Treaty, have caused a serious fall in the market for drugs. The question of finding other markets for our alkaloids is under consideration. . . . One hundred and twenty-five pounds of morphia and sixteen pounds of codeine were sold in India and realized Rupees 21,761. . . . By advertising our laboratory products, a large demand for medical opium in cake and powder and for alkaloids is arising.'

This suggestion is full of sinister possibilities. Morphia manufacture in England and the United States is a paying enterprise, but the profits go to private firms, not to the Government. And if twenty-eight tons of British and American morphia can be sent to Japan in a single year, for reëxport to China, why should not Indian Government morphia compete for this market? Especially since 'the ice-making machine referred to last year has arrived, and will, it is hoped, be in full working order by the beginning of next summer.' One wonders whether one of the 'other markets' for this morphia will not be Russia?

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III

In the spring of 1922, the League of Nations, meeting at Geneva, will take up this opium traffic and try to abate or abolish it. The Opium Section of the League is a reiteration of the principles agreed to at the Hague Opium Convention of 1914, by which most of the great countries of the world agreed to restrict the importation, sale, and distribution of drugs, by uniform and comprehensive legislation. America signed the Hague Convention in 1914, and is prepared to act in this matter of uniform legislation, which will be in line with the action taken by those countries which are members of the League. By means of this concerted action by the great nations of the world, it is hoped that the drug traffic will be controlled. Each country will agree to import sufficient opium for its own medical requirements, to be disposed of within its own borders, subject to such legal safeguards as may be necessary. There will be no reshipments, no exporting in bond, such as now make possible the morphia traffic with China, via Japan.

This should do much to lessen the demand for opium at the monthly auctions at Calcutta. However, if certain countries are omitted, or fail to make adequate laws, this will destroy the whole scheme. If Patagonia, for example, refuses to limit her imports, and its Government certifies that it requires a hundred tons 'for medical purposes,' the necessary loophole will be afforded. The entire output of Indian or other opium can go to Patagonia, to be smuggled out again as best it can. However, let us hope for the best; let us hope that no one 'fixes' Patagonia.

There is another point of supreme importance in connection with this action of the Opium Section of the League of Nations, which is the fact that the Crown Colonies and Dependencies of Great Britain do not come under the jurisdiction of the League. Their affairs constitute a domestic question, to be regulated by Great Britain alone. India, the Straits Settlements, and Hongkong, where the opium trade is legally established, can continue as usual. India can produce heavy crops of poppies, and, thanks to the skill and enterprise of the chemists at the government opium factory at Ghazipur, and the arrival of the ice machine, this opium can be made into morphia equal to the best British or American. With such bases as the Straits Settlements and Hongkong, and those great areas in Africa, ready to be utilized at any moment either as markets or points of departure for smugglers, what will have been accomplished? The coming meeting at Geneva will hinge, its success or failure will depend, upon how this question is settled.

There is one ray of hope. The India Office cannot make this fight to retain its perquisites, to keep India and the Crown Colonies outside the provisions of the Hague Convention, reëxpressed in the League of Nations, in the face of strong public opinion — a public opinion, American and English, which will not tolerate double-dealing; a public opinion which will not witness, without protest, an England joining in this concerted world-effort to abolish the opium evil, and passing Dangerous Drugs acts for the protection of her people at home, yet maintaining the opium traffic in her colonies: maintaining, for purposes of revenue, these excellent bases, able to absorb the whole output of India, which may become smuggling headquarters of first-class importance, and so nullify this world-attempt to curb the opium menace.

This public opinion, however, must come from America. Never before were we in a better position to make our opinions felt, our desires known; for in the last few years America has become

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the dominant nation of the world, and Europe is looking to us for help and guidance. The European peoples are tired. They are weary and despondent. Now, when the countries of the world are seeking our assistance, our coöperation and good-will, now is our time to express an opinion on this matter. The great mass of the people of England are ignorant of this opium trade, wholly unaware of what their Government is doing in their name. They are not allowed to become conversant with the facts, and the press is closed to all information concerning them. Now and then one hears of an occasional protest, a sporadic outburst on the part of some individual; but it is never followed up, never given publicity, and nothing comes of it.

The governing classes, however, know all about the opium policy, and these represent influential England and direct her affairs at home and abroad. In addition, there are vested interests, manufacturers and importers, who naturally see nothing wrong with a policy of this kind. They probably constitute a large, though hidden influence, and the combination is formidable. But, roughly speaking, it may be said that ninety per cent of the English people are ignorant of what their Government is doing in their name, and would gladly and wholeheartedly join us in protest against it. However, they are not, like ourselves, of a crusading spirit. Therefore, if America chooses to express herself, we need only deal with a small body of influential statesmen, those who direct British policy. At present, they are rather sensitive to criticism of this opium trade, and are sufficiently keen politicians to realize the immense political capital that can be made out of widespread resentment on this subject in America.

The time has now come for us to express our opinion on this matter, in no uncertain voice. In a few weeks the Opium Section of the League of Nations meets in Geneva, and its success or failure depends upon whether or not certain British possessions are to be included, and shall be allowed to take the same steps to abolish dangerous drugs that the rest of the world proposes to take. If they are included, all will be well. But if Great Britain insists upon keeping them out of this common action, maintaining them as centres of production and distribution, the whole value of this world action will be nullified. And there is good reason to believe that Great Britain will try to keep them outside the League, on the excuse that this question of opium is a domestic question; and she will probably succeed in this effort unless public opinion is aroused and is cognizant of what is likely to occur. For our own sakes, we should see that this does not take place. We want the drug evil abolished, and at its source. And we must also feel sympathy for those helpless peoples who are being exploited in this manner.

If America speaks, England will listen. No great power can pursue a policy of this kind without coming into contact with the moral forces of the world, and having these forces call a halt. America is a potent factor in the world to-day, and the statue of George Washington does not stand in Trafalgar Square for nothing. It represents appreciation of, and admiration for, those great qualities which our two nations have in common, and our desire to unite and march forward together in mutual understanding and good-will. We cannot afford to take opposite sides on the question of opium — that must never be the rock upon which we split.

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INDIA AND THE OPIUM TRADE

BY GIRJA SHANKAR BAJPAI

In view of the growing interest in the United States of America in the opium traffic, particularly with a view to its suppression for moral and humanitarian reasons, it will not be inopportune to explain the attitude of India, one of the four great opium-producing countries of the world, toward this question. Reformers, in their zeal to destroy what is commonly called the 'opium evil,' have often misrepresented, no doubt unconsciously, the policy of the Government of India. Its monopoly of the manufacture of opium; its strict control of the cultivation of the poppy, from which crude opium is prepared; its supervision of opium sales, both wholesale and retail, and whether sold for purposes of consumption in India or export to other countries, are frequently assailed in the press and from the platform, as so many manifestations of a sinister and immoral purpose to exploit and encourage a human weakness, for purposes of revenue. Critics whose outlook is tinged with political bias even see in these steps a subtle attempt of British Imperialism — for is not the Government of India controlled by Great Britain — to corrupt British dominion in the East by poisoning the people of the Orient with this most deleterious of drugs. Political motives and pecuniary greed, it is claimed, are the true mainsprings of this monopolistic policy.

These allegations, however, will not bear examination in the light of facts. To take first the question of opium consumption in India itself. Before the advent of British rule, there were two classes of consumers in the country: those who used it as medicine, and those who took it as a narcotic. Its use as medicine was legitimate; its use as a drug in every way reprehensible. But there was no control over consumption of either kind, or production for either purpose. Those who wanted opium for medicinal purposes could grow it or buy it without let or hindrance. Those who used it as a narcotic were equally free. They could own it in any quantity, take it in any measure, use it in any form. They could swallow it solid as a pill, or smoke it as a paste in their pipes. They could dream under the magic spell of its fumes in the quiet of their homes, or in public places especially maintained for smoking opium. There was no prohibition against public dens, any more than there was against inhaling it in private. It was the golden age of the *Tiryaqi*.

British legislation, while not interfering with the traditional use of opium as medicine, sought rigorously to put down its pernicious misuse. To maintain the public saloon was made a crime. To possess a preparation of opium for smoking, or instruments used for such a purpose, became a crime. To sell more than two fifths of an ounce of opium to a purchaser became a crime. For a private person to be found in possession of a larger quantity became a crime. To engage in trade without a license became a crime.

These opium laws were not a dead letter, but were rigidly enforced. The effectiveness with which they have been

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applied may be gathered from this one fact. The writer of this article spent five years as a magistrate in two of the most cosmopolitan cities in Northern India, — centres of pilgrimage, to which people thronged from every part of that vast continent, — but never once had he to try a case arising out of a breach of these laws. Government control has eliminated the opium den; it has all but eliminated opium-smoking. It has blocked every avenue of abuse.

But the law, through its preventive machinery alone, could not have accomplished this. Had private cultivation and manufacture of opium been allowed, abuses would never have been completely suppressed. Control of cultivation and control of sale were conditions precedent to the effective carrying-out of the law. And if control had accomplished nothing but the suppression of opium dens and the cessation of opium-smoking, it would have been fully justified. Monopoly of production came to destroy an evil, and not to fulfill it.

But, it will be said, India consumes 900,000 pounds of opium every year; surely so much could not be required for purely medicinal purposes. If abuse in the form of smoking has ceased, it must exist in some other form. The reasoning may be logical, but the inference is false. The consumption per capita of opium in India works out at 26 grains, or 10 grains less than the corresponding figure for America, if the statistics given by the American publicist, Miss La Motte, are correct. In spite of an increase in population, this figure has remained stationary since the Royal Commission on Opium presented its report in the eighteen-nineties. The constancy of the figure can only prove two things: (1) that the consumption of opium in India is not on the increase, as some controversialists infer from the fact that opium revenue has increased; and (2) that the demand for such consumption is limited to customary uses of the drug, which public opinion does not condemn and the law cannot touch.

The Occidental systems of medicine may consider even 26 grains per head of population to be too large a quantity for medical purposes; but it does not follow that Indian homœopathy takes the same view. Modern remedies, even where such have been discovered, are not cheaply or easily available everywhere in India. Tropical fevers and diseases of the stomach, such as dysentery, are instances in point. To the people of the land these are not new diseases, and as to most of these, original empiricism regards opium as both a preventive and a prophylactic. In old age people use it as a tonic.

All this may be rank superstition or heresy to the allopath; but in a country where modern medical facilities are inadequate to medical needs, it would be inhuman to deprive the people of a cheap and tried remedy. It would also be impolitic to force a privation which might be actively resisted as an interference with custom. Beliefs which have the sanction of centuries can change but slowly. Such changes also, as the overthrow of scientific dogma, can be achieved by education alone. The task of educating 320,000,000 people cannot be rushed, and the Government of India cannot justly be blamed for leaving to time what time alone can accomplish.

But as to the question of export to foreign countries. Government monopoly of this is historic. The Moguls, or rather the Emperors of Delhi, held it that their monopoly was ineffective, and the East India Company had ultimately to revive it, as, in the case of their servants, the opium trade became a crying scandal. The Crown continued the system which the Company had been compelled to adopt. Any other

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course would have benefited no one but the smuggler. It would have made the observance either of the Shanghai Agreement or of the Hague Convention impossible. Given an effective demand for the commodity, given the usual incentive to human daring and cupidity which gain never fails to supply, it is much more difficult to control its distribution if production is not under control than if it is.

One reason why Persia has not ratified the Hague Convention is that, having no control over the production of opium, she feels powerless to control trade in the drug. Turkey is outside the Convention for this reason as much as for any other. If India has succeeded in keeping faith with the Convention, — and of the four countries which produce opium she alone has done so, — it is because her control of production makes it possible for her to bolt and bar the door on traffic which she does not sanction.

In 1909 she made an agreement with China that, *pari passu*, with arrangements made by the latter to suppress the production of opium within its territories, the export of Indian opium to China would be reduced. That agreement was honorably kept, and since 1917 no opium has been exported to China from India. This arrangement cost India four million sterling a year. And although there has been a recrudescence of opium cultivation in China on an enormous scale, India has shown no disposition to reopen the question of exporting opium to China. On the contrary, she has tried to assist the Chinese Government in closing all avenues of illicit trade by strictly regulating the manner of sale of opium, and the quantity sold in India for export to territories adjacent to China.

After the agreement with China, the amount of opium to be exported to regions other than China and the Far East was fixed at 13,200 pounds per annum, 800 pounds less than the figure arrived at by taking an average of such exports over the period of years immediately preceding the date of the agreement, when China was importing all her requirements and no inducement to smuggling existed. This was merely to leave no margin for illicit trade. And to control further the possibilities of such traffic, arrangements have been made with the Governments of British North Borneo, Hongkong, and Singapore, by which Indian opium is sold direct to the administrations.

India is endeavoring to make similar arrangements with all other Governments whose nationals use Indian opium. A more genuine proof of the earnestness of her desire to help to the fullest extent in eliminating abuses of opium it is not possible for any country to have given. India has discharged her obligations to the Hague Convention in the letter and in the spirit. It is a singular requital of her honesty and good faith that, of all the countries in the world, she alone is singled out for criticism which is as extravagant as it is unmerited and unjust.

One word about India's financial policy in its relation to the opium monopoly. Excise duties on intoxicants are a source of revenue in almost every civilized country. Excisable articles vary with the habits of each country, but not this fiscal principle. If this opium revenue were derived from human degradation, the sooner it should perish, the better: the treasures of El Dorado multiplied a millionfold were a base profit to make by so destructive a traffic. But such is not the case. The fundamental principle of Indian excise policy is to raise the maximum revenue from the minimum consumption. The obvious and natural effect has been to restrict consumption. During the last few years the price of opium has been

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raised fifty per cent. This, and not increased consumption, as is sometimes alleged, is the real explanation of the increase in opium revenue.

If government monopoly of production were abolished, it would impoverish the public exchequer without benefiting a soul. An army of officials would have to be called into being, at immense and wholly unremunerative cost to their state, to prevent private production of, and illicit traffic in, opium. Countries that import Indian opium would not consume one ounce less of the drug than they do now. The supplies now obtained from India they would then get from Persia and Turkey, where production of the drug would gain fresh stimulus. Smuggling would grow apace along the Indian coast. In view of such a prospect it is only sound, practical statesmanship to continue that government monopoly through which effective control can alone be exercised.

What next? The world must move forward; the abuse of opium is a dangerous evil and must be drastically dealt with. The first step in the direction of effectively suppressing it is the cooperation of all the opium-producing countries in a common endeavor to that end. The League of Nations, which, under the Treaty of Versailles, stands charged with this duty, has already taken the necessary initiative. Powers which have not yet ratified the Hague Convention (of which Persia and Turkey are the most important) must be asked to do so now. Until these two powers have adhered to the Convention the campaign against abuse cannot be carried to a successful conclusion.

Once this is accomplished, it will be high time to devise means to curtail such uses of opium as old-time custom considers to be legitimate, but scientific opinion regards as superfluous. The decisive factor in this branch of reform will be the awakened conscience of the people concerned. International opinion may expedite the awakening; international action will be both impracticable and unwise. In such a programme of reform, a programme which recognizes the difference between the practical and the ideal, which leaves to international initiative what is rightfully its province, and to national action what is purely a matter of domestic concern, India will wholeheartedly coöperate; and if others play their part as she has played her part toward the Hague Convention, the opium evil will finally disappear.

But let us end with a note of caution. However worthy the cause of reform, let not our zeal for it obscure or disturb the truth; for zeal which is not tempered with tolerance is a dangerous ally. And let us not attempt too much, lest we accomplish too little. The complete suppression of the abuse of opium must be the immediate goal; its restriction to what modern scientific opinion regards as permissible should be the ultimate ideal. Some other policy may promise the semblance of success; in substance, it will fail.

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SIR JOHN, MISS AMY, JOSEPH, AND CHARLES

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It has long seemed to me a fitting thing that the nomads among men should give some account of their wanderings to the Spartan souls who carry on the world's work. This becomes almost an obligation on the part of those who wander from choice; for they enjoy the privilege only because most of their fellows forego it, that harvests may be gathered, wheels kept turning, and children born and reared in something better than gypsy fashion. Some attempt at a compensation must be made for the great boon of freedom, of foot-looseness. Wayfarers who return disillusioned from their travels should, whenever occasion offers, acknowledge the fact, to the end that those who have remained behind may be the more content with their home-keeping ways. As for the others who return refreshed in body and spirit — well, this too, perhaps, should be as frankly admitted, if for no better reason than that the Spartan souls may have the sterner enjoyment of self-denial. Thus may all itinerants render some small service to Society, and — those who will — take the road light-heartedly again.

I must confess at the outset that, after a long voyage among island solitudes, I find myself anything but disillusioned by the experience. I sailed for months together over unfrequented seas, touching at islands surpassing in beauty any that I had ever before seen or imagined. I traveled on foot over lofty mountain-ranges, and mused through long afternoons from some high vantage-point, looking out over an empty azure world. I explored once-populous valleys which the jungle has long since claimed again for her own; and, at night, I slept under the stars among the ruins of a forgotten civilization.

I do not know what, if anything, I was seeking among these lost and lonely lands. Assuredly it was not romance; and experience had taught me that a conscious search for adventure is as likely as not to prove unsuccessful. But the matter is of no consequence. Finding it necessary to settle down to something, I decided to settle down to wandering; and now, long afterward, I am still surprised at the wisdom displayed in the choice, both of a vocation and of the rich field where I was to follow it.

One adventure, however, I did consciously seek from the beginning of this year of idleness; and, contrary to probability and to all expectation, it was realized. This may have been due to the fact that the conception of it was accidental, the adventure itself trivial, and that I entered upon it almost against my will. After a brief sojourn in a tropical island port, — a jumping-off place in the South Pacific, — I had taken passage on a trading schooner, and was busy packing my belongings into a sea chest which I had just bought at a Chinaman's shop. While going through my books, trying to decide what ones I would have most need of during the long absence, it oc-

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curred to me that I had become foolishly dependent upon books for diversion and companionship. 'What an unfortunate habit it is,' I thought, 'that of forever probing into other men's minds instead of examining the content of one's own! To be sure, it is a comfortable recreation. It gives one a factitious sense of intellectual wealth; but there is something ignoble about it when done to excess. Why not give it up, for a time at least? Why not leave all my books behind?'

I stopped in the midst of my packing, struck by the daring nature of the idea, trying to realize what a bookless year would mean among remote islands where reading offers almost the only intellectual distraction. Should I make the experiment? I thought of a dozen good reasons why I should not, but I was forced to put them aside. They were not good enough. No, if I lacked courage now for this temporary enfranchisement, I should remain a book-slave to the end of my days. I decided to abandon my traveler's library. I would not even take a dictionary or an almanac, not a printed page of any description — not so much as a newspaper wrapped around a pair of boots.

But because the spirit cried out against so complete a renunciation, I altered the plan to this extent: although I would take no books of my own, I would not refuse any which chance might throw in my way. This would give an added zest to the adventure, and it would be interesting to see what sort of literary driftwood had been cast up on these distant islands. Probably I should find nothing. At most, there would be so little that I would be in no danger of overindulgence in reading. So, hastily repacking my box of books, not daring to take a last look at these old friends, I left them where they would be well cared for, and set out for the waterfront. I felt that, as soon as I had reached it, I should be committed to my experiment. There could then be no question of turning back.

It was just midday, the hour for the siesta, and the avenue bordering the harbor was deserted except for three or four fruit-venders dozing in the shade of their sidewalk booths. The schooner upon which I was to sail lay alongside the wharf. Bunches of green bananas and mountain plantain, baskets of oranges, limes, and mangoes were fastened to the rail along either side, for we were bound for the Low Islands, where none of these fruits are to be had. Native passengers were scattered over the forward deck, with their food-boxes and bedding-rolls piled around them; and in the shelter of a bit of canvas rigged over the main boom, the captain of the vessel, himself a half-caste native, was sleeping beside his Polynesian sailors.

The scene was as picturesque, as bizarre, as my northern, inland-bred fancy could desire; and at another time an hour of leisure would not have sufficed for the enjoyment of it. But now I was eager to be off. The bell in the cathedral tower struck the quarter past, and we were not to sail before two, at the earliest. What should I do meanwhile? I walked up and down the wharf and fell to thinking of my books, and from thinking to longing for one of them, as a man who has just renounced smoking longs for tobacco. It was clear that I must find diversions to take the place of reading, something to tide me over these first weeks of abstinence.

One occurred to me at the moment: I might make a list of all of the people I had ever known with any intimacy. It seemed absurd, but I was in no position then to be discriminating; and so, dragging my sea chest into a shady corner and getting out my notebook, I began jotting down the names of people

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associated with very early childhood: Nancy Throckmorton, our old nurse; Mr. Francis, who used to saw our wood in winter; Dr. Holland, who lost a leg in the Civil War; John Keipp, who gave me my first hair-cut; old Mr. Phlaum, who had a little photographic studio on wheels — I soon had an astonishing list. Here was a diversion which would occupy my leisure indefinitely. One name suggested another; and they recalled memories, odors — the smell of Mr. Prouty's harness-shop, where we used to go for whiplashes; of chalk in musty schoolrooms; of rain and muddy streets. Little gusts of boyhood emotion swept across the senses. I saw the shadows of naked branches on the snow in the moonlight, and my mother going down a stairway with a lamp in her hand, and the darkness creeping up the walls behind her.

I was interrupted in the midst of this occupation. Someone touched my arm, and, looking up, I saw the proprietor of the hotel where I had been stopping. 'You forgot this,' he said, holding out a book. 'One of my girls found it in your room when she was tidying up. It was in the clothespress. You see what trouble I take for my guests? Ah, this heat! We must have some rain soon. Well, *au revoir et bon voyage!* You come back and see me some time.'

He went bustling off through a long warehouse and into the clear sunlight beyond, his slippers raising little clouds of dust which hung motionless in the air long after he had gone. Then, timidly, I looked at the book which he had left. Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, and Spain.* My heart leaped when I read the title, and I shouted mentally, 'It isn't mine!' It wasn't. It must have been left in the clothespress by some former occupant of the room. Therefore I might keep it. Since the renouncement of my own books became final at the waterfront, I might in good faith accept this gift of chance. And what a gift it was! Froissart's *Chronicles!*

It was an 'Everyman' reprint; and, as I held it in my hand, the cover fell open at the familiar Shakespeare quotation opposite the title-page: 'This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so.' Well I knew it! I turned the pages at random, and my eye fell upon the following paragraph: —

When the men-at-arms perceived that the first battalion was beaten and the one under the Duke of Normandy in disorder and beginning to open, they hastened to mount their horses, which they had close at hand. As soon as they were all mounted they gave a shout of 'St. George for Guienne!' and Sir John Chandos said to the Prince, 'Sir, sir, now push forward for the day is ours! God will this day put victory in your hand. Let us make for our adversary, the King of France, for where he is will lie the main stress of the business. . . . I well know that his valour will not let him fly, but he must be well fought with, and you have before said that you will this day show yourself a good knight.' The Prince replied, 'John, get forward. You shall not see me turn my back this day; I will always be among the foremost.' He then said to Sir John Woodland, his banner-bearer, 'Banner! Advance in the name of God and St. George!'

Looking up from the page, I saw the captain of the Kaeo lift his head and look round inquiringly, as if he had been roused from sleep by that ghostly cry made audible across the centuries. And indeed, such is the magic of Froissart, the air of the drowsy little port seemed loud with the shouts of men who have been in their graves these past five hundred years; with the thunder of hoofs and the shock of the meeting. I closed the book and the tumult died away. I heard again the creaking of the schooner's gangplank, and where had been the plains of Maupertuis and the distant towers of Poictiers, lay the empty

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lagoon, placid in the shelter of the hills, with the shadow of a cloud moving slowly across it.

II

Thus hopefully began my small adventure, but it would have been too much to expect that the first good fortune would be often repeated. For many a day Sir John Froissart was my only companion; but I did not then wish for another, either in the flesh or between the covers of a book. As the weeks passed I became more and more enamored of the lonely life of the islands. Infrequently I encountered other white men who were enamored of it, too, but to a far greater extent; men who have willingly cut themselves off from their kind, not for a few months, but for years, for all time. Because of a mistaken sense of compassion for their loneliness, perhaps, I find myself often thinking of these exiles. It seems to me that, if I forget them, they will cease to exist. There was an appalling completeness to their isolation which half convinced me that I have been mistaken in believing such a life more desirable than the herded existence most of us know.

And yet there are a few men, singularly endowed, for whom it is, unquestionably, more desirable. I remember very well my meeting with the first of these, for it was then that I made what may be called a second addition to my wanderer's library. I had long since left the Kaeo, and was traveling on a thirty-ton native cutter, which was picking up small lots of produce at islands either too poor or too remote to be visited by the larger vessels. The captain was a Low Islander named Tahari, an Atlantean man, an excellent sailor, but with no knowledge of navigation. He depended entirely upon his compass, so that, if we were carried off our course by winds or currents, we often cruised about for several days in search of an island, and made landfalls fifty, or even a hundred, miles distant from where we thought we were.

This happened one day in late summer, when we had had an unusually anxious time of it. Even Tahari had lost his confidence, and sat at the wheel scanning the unbroken skyline in gloomy silence. At length, by sheer luck, nothing else, we sighted an atoll which lies on the outermost fringe of the far-flung archipelago known as the Cloud of Islands.

It was a white man who welcomed me when the difficult landing over the reef had been managed. He was about thirty years old, rather slightly built, and dressed native fashion, in a *pareu* and a pandanus hat. His hair, where not protected by his hat, had been burned to a rusty yellow, and the naked part of his body was quite as brown as those of the natives. I did not see him at first, for I was picking my way among the sea urchins through the shallows behind the reef; but, hearing English spoken, I looked up quickly. I shall not soon forget how his face beamed at my reply.

'Jove!' he said, 'what a piece of luck! I thought you might be French, and I have n't talked with an Englishman — I can't remember how long ago it was.'

I told him that I was an American, which seemed to please him none the less. He himself, he said, was English only on his father's side. His mother was a Dane, but he had been born and reared in the south of England. There were several tons of copra to be loaded, and as it was then late in the afternoon I willingly accepted his invitation to spend the night ashore. His house stood apart from the others in the village, and like them was wholly of native construction, containing but one room, which was furnished with a wooden chest, a cot, a table, and one chair. I

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looked around the walls for a shelf of books, but there was none.

Our dinner that evening consisted of a tin of vegetable soup and some fish broiled over an open fire. Afterward we went for a stroll along the lagoon beach, and, our talk having turned to books, I said that I was a little surprised to see none in his house. He then told me that he had formerly been a great reader, but had lost all his books on the way to the islands. He had missed them greatly, at first, but now found that he got along very well without them.

'The unfortunate thing,' he said, 'about books, good books, to a man out here, is that they are too stimulating. If I were to begin reading again, I should become restless. I should want to do something, go somewhere.'

'Well,' I replied, 'would that be such a misfortune? Don't you intend ever to leave this place? Does n't the life become monotonous after a time?'

'Not to me. I have enough to think about. I have no desire to leave.'

'But what do you do with your leisure?' I asked. 'I should think you would feel the need of some distraction?'

'Oh, I fish, and — well, if you were not with me to-night, I should be walking as we are now, along this beach. What need has one for books, for distractions, in a place like this?'

'I know,' I said, 'I can understand that a man might be very happy if — '

I did n't finish the sentence, and we were both silent for several minutes. I was trying to imagine what a life of such unrelieved monotony would do to a man in ten years, in twenty. What would this chap be like at the end of his days, if he remained isolated from his own kind? Three years had had no noticeable effect upon him, except, perhaps, that it had given him a pensive cast of countenance and a dreamy, half-reluctant manner of speaking. But I could not see him as an old man. Neither could I imagine what sort of a boyhood his had been.

He did,however, make one reference to his boyhood, in addition to the earlier one as to where it had been spent. We had returned to his house, and he was telling me of the pleasure he got from the reading of old newspapers left him by some trader. He read everything in them, he said. He liked these broken glimpses of the outside world. News of political events, in particular, interested him. He would conjecture what had led up to them and what might follow, but it was only rarely that he was ever able to learn. Several times he had found his forecasts very accurate. Now and then he came upon a bit of verse copied from some magazine.

'Several months ago,' he said, 'I found something which pleased me very much. I don't know just what it is. It does n't appear to be either prose or poetry; but no matter. It is a description of an autumn day in Venice, but it might have been written of the south of England, where I was born.'

He opened the clothes chest and took from it a scrapbook.

'Oh, yes! Here it is.' He moved the lamp closer, and then, in his soft clear voice, read me the following lines: —

Leaves fall,
Brown leaves,
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.
They fall,
Flutter,
Fall again.
The brown leaves
And the streaked yellow leaves
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downward.
One,
One, two, three,
One, two, five.
All Venice is a falling of autumn leaves,
Brown, and yellow streaked with brown.

He looked up inquiringly. 'Is n't that fine? I don't like reading it often, though. It makes me homesick. I see our old place in Kent on a quiet

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November morning, with the leaves falling in little sudden clusters as they do after a heavy frost. I told you that I'm happy here, but I'm not — quite. I miss the good English autumn. I know that it's mostly a cold drizzling season, but I remember only the best of it. But what do you call this sort of writing — is it something new?'

The lines had been clipped from a Sydney newspaper, but the author's name was not given. Long afterward, I found them again in a book of Miss Amy Lowell's. I remember very well the circumstances. I was sitting at a table in the reading-room of a great public library. It was just about the dinner-hour, and most of the frequenters of the place had gone. There was one man, a Mexican, or a Cuban perhaps, sitting opposite me, and at a distant table I saw a pair of hands busily sorting some papers within the circle of light made by a green-shaded lamp. I had noticed this before, however, or it may have been afterward. At the moment I was seven thousand miles away, on an atoll in the mid-Pacific. I saw the chap with the sunburned hair, with his scrapbook before him and a lamp at his elbow; and I could hear him saying, —

One, two, three,
One, two, five, —

with the picture in his mind of leaves falling on a windless autumn day in Kent.

III

On leaving the island of the homesick Englishman, Tahari set a course for an atoll one hundred miles to the southeast; but head-winds and variable currents caused him to lose his bearings again, and we went farther astray than ever we had up to that time. After several days of aimless wandering, we sighted a small schooner far to windward. It was an extraordinary piece of luck. Only those who know that lonely part of the Pacific can realize how unusual such a meeting is. When she was close enough for an examination through binoculars, I saw that she was carrying an immense deck-cargo of lumber, which was stacked around the galley, cut into short lengths, and corded in every foot of available space. When she was within hailing-distance, her captain, a white man with a great bushy beard, shouted, 'Ver you going, — Sout' Amerika?'

'Not if I can help it!' I shouted back. 'I'm coming with you if you 'll take me'; for I had decided that the South Pacific is no ocean to be sailing with a man of Tahari's accomplishments.

The schooner came into the wind, and the situation having been made clear, the white man consented to take me as passenger, and I was carried over in the small boat. Tahari went with me, and was put right as to his position. We had, in fact, been sailing straight for the coast of South America, about four thousand miles distant. Tahari bade me a cordial farewell and went off into the blue with renewed confidence; and although I afterward made many inquiries, and was constantly on the lookout for a thirty-ton cutter painted blue with yellow trimmings, I neither saw nor heard of it again.

My new captain was a Norwegian-German, a man of about sixty, who had spent most of his life in the islands. He was subject to moods of the most gloomy depression, and talked so convincingly of committing suicide, that I thoroughly believed, at first, that he meant to do it. The cause of his depression was his sense of man's insignificance. 'I feel so léetle, leetle, leetle!' he would say, as we sat on deck looking at the stars. 'I vont to chump oferbort. You vait! Von of dese days ven I get my courach!' But within a few hours he would brighten up, and be as genial and care-free as his Paumotuan sailors.

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He lived at one of the southernmost atolls of the Low Archipelago, and was on his way home from Pitcairn Island, where he had gone to salvage lumber from a shipwrecked vessel. He gave me an account of the change in the life at Pitcairn due to the building of the Panama Canal. That old-time hiding-place of the Bounty mutineers had once been the loneliest of all islands; but now quite frequently steamers bound through the canal to New Zealand and Australia stop there for an hour or two. One came at the time of his visit, and he had carried a load of fruit off to her in his small boat. One of the passengers had given him a bundle of books to take home with him.

'Books?' I said; 'what kind of books?'

'Picture-books. You see for yourself.'

He brought out a small bundle of magazines: a copy of *Vanity Fair*, some *Saturday Evening Posts*, and several motion-picture periodicals.

'I gif dese to my chilern,' he said, 'but dis von is too long to read. Maybe you vant?' and he handed me a copy of Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

Books have, for me, a value beyond that of music or of odors as memorials of time and place, and in a moment I was carried back ten years to a noisy little restaurant on Washington Street, Boston, where I first heard of Conrad, of *Lord Jim*, and to the day spent on a park bench on Boston Common, when I first read it. This first memory has been in no way effaced or supplanted by many subsequent readings; but the latest one I recall with particular relish, because of the combination of events which made it possible. I shall always regard it as one of the excellent minor results of the building of the Panama Canal, more than adequate compensation for weeks of anxiety on a thirty-ton cutter, and the good in an ill wind which drove a three-masted lumber-laden schooner on the rocks at Pitcairn.

IV

When next I had an opportunity to continue my wanderings, I followed a deviating course for two months, almost forgetting my quest for bookish adventure in the interest of changing scenes. For days at a time *Lord Jim* and Froissart's *Chronicles* lay undisturbed in the bottom of my sea chest, while the chest itself, becoming more and more scarred and weather-stained, was carried over beaches of sun-bleached coral in the Low Islands, along slippery valley-trails under the deep shade of the maple trees of the high islands. At length, at the close of summer, it was set down on a verandah that overlooks one of the least frequented ocean-reaches in all the South Pacific. There, in all truth, were

> . . . the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of the midmost ocean.

I doubt whether, since the dawn of steam navigation, a smudge of smoke has ever stained the purity of the skies above it. Once in five or six months, a small schooner, such as the one in which I was traveling, creeps above the rim of the horizon, bringing a bag of mail to the solitary white resident, another exile, and supplies of tinned food sufficient to relieve a diet of cocoanuts and fish during the period until the next visit. During the rest of the time he is alone of his kind, on an atoll numbering forty-five inhabitants.

I spent a week with him while the schooner was visiting another island seventy-five miles distant. I was reluctant to accept his hospitality for so long a time; but it seemed genuinely offered, and when he told me he had a library I might enjoy browsing through, I could not refuse so excellent an opportunity for carrying on my researches. 'My library,' he called it. I could see that he was proud of it, and he had reason to be. After a brief examination,

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it was clear to me that here was no crazy edifice built of odds and ends of literary driftwood, but a fine structure, thoughtfully and solidly erected. It was like a bridge, spanning this island solitude and the outside world; like a splendid aqueduct, along which flowed a stream of living thought.

During the mornings I explored the island with my host, or we fished from a canoe anchored to a mushroom of coral which rose from the bottom of the lagoon about a mile offshore. We slept during the heat, and in the evenings sat with books piled around us, reading and talking until the small hours.

I have never seen any place congenial to the reading of books that could compare with my host's verandah. The nights were cool and fresh; there were no insect annoyances, and one could read hour after hour, without so much as a moth knocking against the shaded lamp. A broad stairway gave directly upon the waters of the outer lagoon, about a half a mile wide at that point. Beyond lay the barrier reef, where the surf, piling up in smooth combers, broke evenly, with a reverberating boom, followed by a long-drawn-out sigh as the sea foamed over the shallows to the beach. Beyond that, in turn, lay the open sea, unbroken by any land for over sixty-five degrees of longitude. Oh! it was the idealization of a book-lover's paradise; and that I should have found there a volume which had been the object of a long and fruitless search — it was another of those fortuitous circumstances which made my so-called bookless experiment so worth while.

The book was the narrative of the voyage of the missionary ship Duff to the islands of the South Pacific — a voyage undertaken in the years 1796–97–98, when such travel was a hazardous business. I had long known of its existence, but all my inquiries had been to no purpose. *The Voyage of the Duff?* No one seemingly had ever heard of it, and yet I knew that, at the time of its publication, in 1799, the list of subscribers had numbered more than fifteen hundred. What had become of all those old copies, with their charts of islands then almost unknown, and their engravings of strange idyllic scenes on the shores of heathen lands? The question as to one of them was answered by my host during the first evening that I spent with him. 'Here,' he said, 'is something you will enjoy'; and he placed the volume in my hands.

Enjoy it? Indeed I did! It is a story to refresh one weary of the extravagant straining after atmosphere of modern books of travel. It is made up largely of excerpts from the diaries of those who were sent on this first great christianizing enterprise of the London Missionary Society — a consecutive story, in minute and fascinating detail, of their wanderings from the time of leaving England; their sojourn in the islands, where mission stations were established; their observations on the life around them; their attempts at christianizing savages; and the book closes with an account of the return of the Duff, three years later, empty of her passengers, who had remained in exile to carry on the work for which they believed themselves chosen by a Divine Providence.

Night after night I read on in this obscure Odyssey, marveling at the freshness of its interest after all these years, the dignity and beauty of its language, the simple unquestioning minds of its creators and their stores of mountain-moving faith. It was impossible not to smile now and then at their ejaculatory piety. Nothing happened during the entire course of their adventures, but the hand of the Lord was in it. One of them thus chronicles an event which took place on shipboard during the five months' voyage to Tahiti: —

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This afternoon we witnessed a remarkable interference of Divine Providence in our favour. The pitch-kettle being placed on the fire by the carpenter whilst caulking the decks, the man who was left in charge of it suffered it to boil over. Immediately it blazed up with surprising fury. He had, however, the presence of mind to lift it off the fire and prevent the dreadful conflagration. Through the goodness of God no harm was done, and the fire put out in an instant. Oh! the wonders of His care who hath said: 'He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of My eye!'

The bounty of nature, the genial climate, and the beauty of the islands gave the missionaries cause for much concern. They were in constant fear lest they should consciously enjoy themselves in this tropical Eden; lest they should forget their duties as mortifiers of the flesh. Shortly after the arrival of the Duff at Tahiti, another of them wrote in his journal: —

Oh Lord! How greatly hast Thou honored me! a poor *worm!* Lord, Thou hast set me in a heathen land, but a land, if I may say so, flowing with milk and honey. Oh! put more grace and gratitude into my poor cold heart, and grant that I may never, like Jeshurun, grow fat and kick.

Alas! two of the ship's company did follow the example of Jeshurun — John Micklewright, the captain's steward, and Samuel Templeton, the cabin boy. Five months at sea, under the close supervision of the missionaries, with 'the songs of Zion rising continually over the deep,' as the record says, was a little too much for them. At the first opportunity, they escaped into the bush; they could neither be captured nor persuaded to return.

But if I yield further to the temptation of quoting, I shall never have finished. It is a pity that there is no cheap reprint of this absorbing tale of heroism and adventure. It is as worthy as Froissart's *Chronicles* of being made accessible to the public at large, although it might not be a profitable venture.

My host's copy, not having been found in a clothespress by his maid-of-all-work, I forgave him for not assuming it to be mine. My memory of it, and of the week spent in reading it, suffices. As for the man himself, I can still see him striding along the one street of the village, his mind occupied with a round of small duties, and the innumerable concerns of the islanders. I have often wondered, since, what could be the secret of his content. Not mere love of books. He is too rugged for that. In energy, in the healthiness of his outlook, in the conscious enjoyment of the life he had chosen and the keenness of his interest in what is taking place in the world at large, he stands apart from all the white men whom I met during this year of lonely wandering. He seemed master of an environment which is notoriously hostile to men of our race; and yet, somehow, he gave the impression that he mastered it daily, that the fight was never at an end. 'There we are! That's done!' he would say of some trifling task; and one felt that he regarded it as a thing of great significance. His satisfaction in the accomplishment of it seemed grotesquely out of proportion to the task itself. It is long since we said good-bye, but my recollection of him is as clear as tropical sunlight, and as warm as his hospitality during one of the pleasantest weeks I have ever read.

V

After a period of overindulgence, it was in keeping with the nature and intent of my experiment that there should be a long interval of abstinence; and so it happened. Then I made a fourth and last addition to my library, which came so seasonably to the day, that I am reluctant to speak of it, lest it be thought that Chance played too persistently benevolent a part in my

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trivial adventures. However, I can but tell of the event as it occurred.

I was at that time a passenger on a three-masted schooner whose captain, one of the most genial and reminiscent of all South Sea skippers, has been trading in the Eastern Pacific since the late seventies. One of the first things I noticed was that he used his dividers for cleaning his pipe, and that he took no observations. The log, beautifully burnished and polished, hung from a hook in his cabin. I saw no sextant, although there was a chronometer ticking in a little cabinet above his bunk.

'I keep it wound up,' he told me later. 'Sort of habit. You get used to doing a thing, and you can't leave off; but for all the use I make of it, I might as well chuck it overboard.'

This was during the early part of a voyage to the Marquesas, and I was a little uneasy, remembering my experience with Tahari.

'But how can you be sure of your position?' I asked.

He looked at me for a moment and then he shouted, 'Tané! Tané! Come aft!'

Tané, a native boy, with one yellow fang protruding beyond his upper lip, came from the galley.

'Draw me a pail of water,' said the captain. Tané drew it and the captain poured it slowly back over the side, examining it critically meanwhile. Then, without a hint of a smile, he said, 'We 'll pick up Fakarava at four-thirty.'

We did n't, however. We did n't sight it until twenty minutes to five, and then it was from the masthead. The captain explained that the error was due to the fact that the water had been drawn too close to the vessel's side. 'It 's got to be clean,' he added. 'If there 's any foreign matter in it, it throws me off my reckoning a couple of miles.'

On the eighteenth of December we entered the pass of an atoll which was to be our last stop before proceeding to the Marquesas. Here was another white resident, a Scotchman, a man with a drooping moustache and an air of persistent melancholy.

'He has reason to be discouraged,' the captain told me as we were going ashore. 'He has been through three hurricanes, and each time he lost everything he had — house, trade-goods, everything.'

After some talk about the price of copra, the Scotchman was invited to have dinner on board.

'Are you going to have Irish potatoes, Joe?' he asked.

'I'm sorry, Mac. We have n't a spud left. We used up the last of them about a week ago.'

The exile said nothing, but, clasping his hands, he pressed them tightly together in a gesture so eloquent of bitter disappointment that any expression either of regret or sympathy seemed useless.

After a moment of silence, the Scotchman said, 'You have n't any books you want to trade, have you?' Without waiting for a reply, as if to forestall a further disappointment, he added, 'No, I don't suppose you have.'

'You're wrong there, Mac, old man,' said the captain. 'I've a bundle of them all ready for you. Come aboard to *kaikai* anyhow. I've got some tinned peas that will melt in your mouth. You'll forget all about the spuds.'

'You better come and have a look at my books first,' he replied. 'Maybe you won't want to trade.'

We followed him to his store, a tumble-down shed made of bits of corrugated iron, the boards of old packing-cases, and roofed with biscuit-tins hammered out flat. The room was almost bare of trade-goods. There was a half-barrel of flour in one corner, and some unsacked copra in another. A bolt of *pareu* cloth,

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faded at the edges, lay on a dusty shelf, among odds and ends of fishing gear; and back of the counter there was a pile of empty nail-kegs. The Scotchman brought out his reading-matter, a copra sack half filled with it. I made no examination of the contents then, except to assure myself that by the word 'books' he meant, as did the captain, magazines—story magazines of the sort which have a 'Camp-Fire Column' among the back pages, where the readers get together, to discuss with the editor the merits of *The Purple Abyss* and *The Lagoon of Passion*.

A week later I was traveling on horseback in Typee, one of the largest as well as the most gloomy and lonely of Marquesan valleys. The schooner had gone on to the next settlement the day before, but I had decided to make the journey overland, for I wanted to see what changes had taken place in the valley since Melville had written of it eighty years ago. I found a settlement of twenty or thirty inhabitants on the sea-coast, but in the depths of the valley there was no one. Melville's old friends have been long in their graves and they have left no descendants. For miles on both sides of the stream, the great stone *paepaes* — the foundations on which they built their houses — are overgrown with brush and trees, but standing four-square still, enduring memorials of a splendid primitive race.

It was a cloudless midsummer day — midsummer for the tropics, but I remembered that it was Christmas day at home. I tried to picture the scene there: the snowy fields, the frosted window-panes, people walking briskly along the streets, blowing out clouds of steam, the wan light of a winter afternoon, the gathering dusk, with lights coming out in houses where families were gathering for their annual reading of the Christmas Carol.

There was no seasonable reminder of the day in Typee Valley. The tops of the mountains and the high plateaus were in full sunshine, and in the depths of the valley itself the air was mild. My horse picked his way slowly over the stones, through a tunnel of greenish gloom. Swallows, tireless little creatures peculiar to the islands, flew round and round in pools of sunlight and shadow, the flutter of their wings scarcely ruffling the surface of silence. Occasionally it was more deeply disturbed by the bawling of wild cattle far up in the hills; or that most melancholy of birds, the kuku, burst suddenly into its monotonous song: a despairing Oh-oh oh-oh-oh dying away to silence. No, there was not a hint of Christmas in Typee Valley, and I was glad to get back to the schooner where I could at least talk of it to the captain of the Tahitian Maiden. I found him in his cabin sorting, by dates, the books which the Scotchman had given him.

'Well,' he said, 'what do you smell?'

I sniffed the air and then said that I smelled dried copra — as usual.

'What! Do you mean to tell me that you don't smell beef, fresh beef? You've never been a sailor, that's plain. The boys have been hunting this morning, and in about an hour you're going to have some of the finest beefsteak you ever tasted. How 's that for Christmas dinner? And here's another Christmas present for you, one of Mac's books.'

He handed me a volume, originally in paper covers, but these had been torn off. The first page had been well thumbed and the print dimmed with grease and dirt. But it was still legible, and in the first paragraph I learned that Marley was dead. There was no doubt of it, he was as dead as a door-nail.

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THE WATERS OF BETHESDA

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

My spirit was a troubled pool
That stirred with every passing wind,
And I was thirsty for the cool
Green depths of a long tranquil mind.

Now let me rest, I cried, and sleep,
While hours that vanish one by one
Marshal the stars across the deep,
And the still beauty of the sun.

Let there be no more rain to fill
My rocky chalice, harsh and brown;
Let me know quietness until
The warm earth-mother drinks me down.

There came a silence everywhere,
And no clouds sailed and no wind stirred.
Sun and stars shone stark and bare—
I had the answer to my word.

All night the stars stabbed through the dark,
All day the sun shot from the sky
Swift, molten arrows to its mark—
The lidless circle of my eye.

In the white torment where it lay,
My troubled spirit learned, poor fool,
The glory of that stormy day
When passing angels stirred the pool.

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THE QUARE WOMEN

II. TAKING THE NIGHT

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

WHEN Aunt Ailsie returned from her visit to The Forks on Saturday, she gave Uncle Lot a full account of the strange women in the 'cloth-houses' on the hill — their names, ages, looks, and unmarried condition, and the activities they carried on.

'But the prettiest sight I seed, paw, was Fulty and t' other wild boys that runs with him a-setting there so peaceable and civil, a-hemming handkerchers. And the amazingest was Fulty and Darcy a-playing together in the same set and nary a shoot shot.'

Uncle Lot turned these things over in his mind as he sat on the porch after supper, gazing up into the virgin forest of the mountain in front. After a while he quoted: —

'"The lips of a strange woman drop honey, and her mouth is smoother than butter; yea, the furrin woman is a norrow pit, and they that are abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein."

'I give you the benefit of Solomon's counsel, Ailsie, afore you went in to see them women; but you tuck your perverse way, and now you have seed for yourself. What made Fulty and his crowd of boys set there so mild and tame, with needles instid of weepons in their hands? What caused Darcy and Fult to forgit their hatred and play together like sucking lambs? Why, nothing naetural or righteous by no means — naught but a devil's device, a bewitchment them furrin women has laid upon 'em. I can relate to you right now what them women is, beyand a doubt. A body knows in reason that five good-lookers like them is bound to have husbands somewhere or 'nother; and my ingrained opinion is that the last of 'em is runaway wives that has tired of their men and their duty, and come off up here to lay their spells on t' other men. Which is as good as proved by what you have told.'

Aunt Ailsie gasped. 'O paw,' she said, 'if you was to talk to 'em you 'd know they wa'n't that kind!'

'If I was to talk to 'em,' declared Uncle Lot, judicially, 'I 'd examinate and cross-question 'em tell I got at the pine-blank facts of the case. I 'm a fa'r lawyer myself, having sot on so many grand juries, and I would n't leave ary stone onturned tell I proved upon 'em what they air!'

After this, Aunt Ailsie dared not inform him that she had asked two of the women to take the night with her Monday night.

The following day — Sunday — Uncle Lot started off at daylight for a distant 'funeral occasion,' and she improved the time by giving her house a searching cleaning. She also swept the

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yard all around, under the big apple trees, until not a speck or a blade of anything was left upon it.

Then she walked up the branch half a mile to her son Lincoln's, and said to his wife, —

'Fetch the young-uns and come down to-morrow early, Rutheny, and help me bake and get ready for company. I axed two of them women on the hill — Virginny and Amy — to take the night with me, and now I 'm afeared I won't have things fixed right. And don't name nothing to Lot about their coming.'

Ruthena and her four youngest came early in the morning (her other four were helping their father hoe corn), and all day a deal of cooking went on. As it all had to be done over a big open fireplace, there was some back-breaking work. When Uncle Lot came down from the field to dinner, traces of the preparations were hastily removed; but after he left, things proceeded again rapidly.

When it came to setting the table, Aunt Ailsie looked disapprovingly at her yellow-and-red checked oilcloth. 'Them women had fair white linen on theirn,' she said.

'Maw, them fine linen burying-sheets you wove thirty year gone, and kept laid away so careful ever sence — if I was you, I 'd take 'n use one of them. I will iron hit out good, and hit will look all right, and not be sp'ilt for buryings. And if I was you, I 'd put t'other on the women's bed — I heared Cynthy's Charlotty say they follered laying between sheets instid of quilts and kivers, like we do.'

'Yes, and they had fine linen handkerchers on their table, too, alongside everybody's plate,' in a discouraged voice; 'but I hain't got no sech. Minervy, you run out and pick a pretty flower-pot right off — they had posies in the middle of their table, and I aim to make 'em feel at home if I can.'

II

Half an hour before sundown, the two guests, Amy and Virginia, arrived. Before sitting down on the porch, they must first get acquainted with Ruthena and her four little ones, and admire the pretty looks of the latter.

'And they hain't all I got,' volunteered Ruthena; 'I 'm twenty-five year old, and got eight young-uns.'

'And these here women is twenty-eight, and hain't got even a man!' said Aunt Ailsie, in a distressed voice.

'Eight is quite a large family, is n't it?' remarked Amy.

Ruthena opened her eyes. 'Why, no,' she said; 'a body expects to have anyhow twelve, don't they?'

'Not where we came from,' replied the guests.

Their attention was next drawn by the big loom that filled one end of the porch, and the two spinning-wheels, a large one for wool, a small one for flax, that stood near it. This led to questions about Aunt Ailsie's weaving, and to the display of shelves and 'chists' full of handsome blankets and lovely 'kivers' (coverlets). Although all her children had been freely dowered with both when they married, Aunt Ailsie still had many left.

'I have follered weaving all my life,' she said; 'hit is my delight, all the way along: shearing the sheep, washing the wool, cyarding and spinning and dyeing hit, and then weaving the patterns — hit is all pretty work. But best of all is the dyeing — seeing the colors come out so bright and fair.'

The coverlet patterns were beautiful, but not more so than their names — 'Dogwood Blossom and Trailing Vine,' 'Star of the East,' 'Queen Anne's Favor-rite,' 'Snail-Trail and Cat-Track,' 'Pine-Bloom,' 'Flower of Edinboro.' A perfect one in old-rose and cream was pulled out and laid across the burying-

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sheet on the visitors' bed. 'That is my prettiest. I weaved hit when Lot and me were courting, for my marriage-bed. You shall lay under hit to-night.'

From the large room where the 'kivers' were kept, and which seemed spacious in spite of its three fat beds, its home-made bureau, chest, and shelves, several splint-bottomed chairs, and a large fireplace, the guests were taken into 't' other house,' the remaining large room, which held a dining-table, a cupboard, a bed, and an immense fireplace where the cooking was done. On the hearth were pots and spiders, and from the rafters hung festoons of red peppers and shucky beans, and hanks of bright-colored wool.

Then they made a round in the yard, beneath the apple trees, to look at the strong old log-house from every side.

'This here oldest house,' said Aunt Ailsie, designating the kitchen-room, 'was raised by Lot's paw eighty year gone. Lot, being the youngest boy, stayed at home with the old folks, and when him and me was married, he raised t' other house and put the porch in front and back. We have lived here forty-six year.'

There was not a window in either 'house' — only doors back and front.

The interest of the visitors in the spinning and weaving, and even in the old house itself, Aunt Ailsie could understand, but not the delight they expressed in the scenery roundabout — the rocky branch, the cliffs and steep mountain-slopes in front, the precipitous cornfields reaching halfway up the ridges in the rear.

'I have looked upon creeks and mountainsides too long to enjoy 'em proper,' she sighed. 'Though maybe, if I was to get away from 'em, I 'd feel lonesome-like, like Fulty did down at Frankfort. Hit was mighty hard on him down there.'

The two women shuddered at the thought of the free, wild boy chafing for a year within penitentiary walls.

'And hit done him more harm than good, too; he 's been more wild-like ever sence. But, women, whilst I ricollect hit, I feel to tell you afore my man Lot gets in, not to pay no notice to nothing he says or does. He follers Solomon's counsel about strange women, and hit 's untelling what he may do or say when he sees you here.'

'Hit is that,' agreed Ruthena; 'paw 's a mighty resolute man.'

'And he hain't heared the news yet about your taking the night with us,' added Aunt Ailsie, anxiously.

Shortly after this, Uncle Lot, hoe in hand, and all unsuspecting, stepped gravely up on the porch, and stopped in blank amazement.

'Here 's two of the furrin women, paw, drapped in to see us — Virginny and Amy's their names.'

The two arose and put out friendly hands, which Uncle Lot inspected and touched gingerly. Then, hanging his hoe in a crack in the chinking, he passed on through 't' other house,' to wash.

Returning, he seated himself on the porch at a safe distance, and after a dignified silence, began, with a cold gleam in his eye: —

'Women, I hear you come up from the level country.'

'Yes, from the Blue Grass.'

'Quite a ways from home you traveled?'

'Yes, one day by train and a little over two by wagon.'

'Aim to stay quite a spell?'

'Through July and August, we hope.'

'Like the looks of this country, hey?'

'We think it beautiful.'

'Hit kindly does a body good to break away from home-ties now and then, and forget about 'em a while?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'I allow you left your folks well?'

'Quite well.'

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'And they make out some way to do without you while you 're gone?'

'Oh, yes, very well indeed.'

'Hit's a lonesome time for a man-person to be left with the cooking and the young-uns on his hands. Mostly I don't favor women-folks traipsing over the world no great.'

'Not if they have husbands and children to leave behind. Though,' added Virginia, 'even a busy wife and mother is better for a little change now and then, and ought to have it.'

Uncle Lot cast a sidelong, triumphant glance at Aunt Ailsie, and returned to the attack.

'Quare notions is abroad nowadays,' he remarked, 'and women-folks is a-taking more freedom than allus sets well on 'em. Rutheny here, she never even stops to ax Link may she ride in to town — she jest ketches her a nag and lights out. Eh law, and even my old woman is allus a-pining to see new sights, and werried of where she belongs at.'

'Maybe she's stayed at home too long — everybody needs a change of scene occasionally. We should love to take Aunt Ailsie down for a visit to us in the Blue Grass when we go back.'

'Women, I 'd give my life to go!' fervently exclaimed Aunt Ailsie.

Uncle Lot started up, his features working. 'Never whilst I draw breath!' he declared; 'I don't aim to see my woman toled off from the duties she tuck upon her when she tied up with me, and ramping around over creation with a passel of — of — of strange women. Men in the Blue Grass may put up with hit, — may *have* to, — but I won't. Whilst I live, I'm the head of my house and my wife, and home she 'll stay! And other women I could name would be a sight better off in their homes, too, with their rightful men!'

Aunt Ailsie hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters. 'You know well, paw, that I hain't never in life gone again' no wish of yourn, nor crossed you ary time in forty-six year. And I would die before I would go again' your idees. All I said was I would *like* to go with the women; but the rael thought was fur from me. And hit's about time now for you to go feed the property, so's we can eat and get cleaned up afore dark. I allow,' she ventured bravely, 'these gals will maybe take the night with us.'

Uncle Lot glared fiercely upon the visitors, started to speak, struggled for a moment between the claims of indignation and of hospitality, and finally stalked off majestically to the stables, whence he did not return until summoned by a loud blast of the gourd-horn.

Link and the four remaining children had already arrived, and the supper, a most elaborate one, — fried chicken, fried eggs, string beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn bread, three kinds of pie, and six varieties of preserves, — covered every inch of the table save where the plates were set. Though there was plenty of room, Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena refused to sit down, or to permit any of the 'young-uns' to do so, the two men and the guests being 'waited upon' first, while the eight children stood about, in absolute stillness, with eyes glued to the faces of the strange women. Even the 'least one,' not yet a year old, was still. During the meal, Uncle Lot maintained a stony silence; but Link was pleasant, and there was plenty of talk among the women-folk.

Aunt Ailsie snatched a bite at the second table, and then, their help in dishwashing being refused by Ruthena, the visitors accompanied Aunt Ailsie to the bars, to see the cows milked. Dusk was falling, frogs were singing, mist rolled along the narrow strip of bottom.

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Returning, all gathered on the porch, while the soft darkness came on, and a bright crescent moon rose slowly over the mountain in front, lighting up its mist-filled hollows. Amy was reminded of a famous scene in Scotland, and spoke of it.

'Scotland?' repeated Aunt Ailsie; 'I 've heared my maw's granny say hit were the land she come from. She said hit was far away, yan side the old salt sea, and she was four weeks sailing acrost.'

'And now there are steamships that cross in eight days — mine did.'

'Tell about when you crossed, and what you seed, and all about them far and absent countries,' urged Aunt Ailsie; and the eight 'young-uns,' who sat around in the same breathless silence, could almost be heard pricking up their ears.

Amy told of her trip, while all save Uncle Lot hung upon her words. Once he asked, dryly, 'And who looked atter you on the way?'

'One of my college chums went with me; we looked after each other.'

He grunted unbelief. 'Hit hain't in reason that any woman in her right mind would start off on sech a v'yage without a man,' he said.

III

Amy proceeded with her narrative. When London was mentioned, Aunt Ailsie said, 'I have heared of London-town in song-ballats all my days. Do you mind, paw, in "Jackaro," the gal's paw being a rich marchant in London-town? And there's a sight more where hit comes in.'

'Some things are best forgotten, Ailsie,' admonished Uncle Lot.

'These old ballads you used to sing were made in England and Scotland, hundreds of years ago, and brought across the sea by your ancestors,' said Amy. 'I wish that Uncle Lot could feel willing for you to sing some of them for us.'

'None of those devil's ditties don't never rise under my roof no more,' declared Uncle Lot, inflexibly.

'We have heard Fult sing a few,' said Virginia; 'he has a very good voice.'

'Yes, and a good heart, too, women,' asserted Aunt Ailsie. 'I holp to raise him, even more than his maw, and though he hain't nothing but a grand, I loved him as good as ary child I ever had. And I allus hoped he would n't take up with them Fallon ways. Of course, blood is blood, and nobody could n't be Fighting Fult's son and not have some of his daddy in him. But until Fighting Fult was kilt, Fulty never so much as raised his hand in no meanness, or tuck any part in the war betwixt Kents and Fallons.'

'How long had there been trouble between the two families?'

'Nigh thirty year now. Hit started way back yander, over a brindle steer, and kept on till all the Fallons and Kents, except Uncle Ephraim, was pretty well mixed up in hit, and all the in-laws on both sides, which tuck in a big part of the county; and a lot was kilt and a sight more wounded. Fighting Fult, he was the meanest man in all these parts, and never went out without three pistols in his belt and a Winchester on his arm; and Red Rafe Kent was nigh about the same; and both was sure shots. And every court-time, or 'lection, or gethering of any kind, hit was the same old story — one crowd riding into town, and t' other facing hit, and a pitched battle, and war and bloodshed. And Rafe, he was sheriff a big part of the time, and Fult jailer, and siege would be laid to the jail, and hit would be burnt down, and all manner of lawlessness, and no jury never dairst bring in no verdict, and times was terrible. And when the women-

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folks would see the nags dash into town and hear the shooting start, they would snatch their young-uns and crawl under the house, and the men that follered peace would take to the hills. And things never got no better till Fighting Fult was kilt off by Rafe, and Rafe was kilt off by Fulty. Then there was a spell of peace, while Fulty was down in Frankfort that year, and then another year fightin' in Cuby. But sence he come back, and Darcy has started up the war again, there hain't naught but trouble and sorrow for nobody.'

'Tell hit straight, Ailsie,' said Uncle Lot, sternly: 'Darcy Kent never started up the war again no more than Fult, and not as much. Fulty, he come back from Frankfort and Cuby and gethered him a crowd of boys and started in pine-blank like his paw had follered doing — drinking liquor and riding the creeks and shooting up the town and breaking up getherings. And first court that come on, the grand jury indicted him for hit.'

'Yes, and you sot on that jury and holp to,' interrupted Aunt Ailsie, reproachfully.

'I holp to, and will every time he needs hit,' declared Uncle Lot, firmly. 'And Darcy, he was filling out his paw's term as sheriff, and hit was his business to sarve the warrant on Fult. And when he done so, Fult refused to give hisself up, and drawed his weepon, and before you could blink, both had shot each other, though not fatal. I don't say Darcy never had hate in his heart for Fult — naeturely he would, atter Fult had kilt his paw. But I do say he never started up the war again.'

'You allus was hard on Fulty, and minded to fault him,' complained Aunt Ailsie, in gentle bitterness. 'Seems like a body ought to show mercy on their own offsprings.'

Uncle Lot exploded. 'Don't let me never hear no more sech talk! I am a jest man, and a law-loving; and anybody that does lawlessness and devilment, be they my offsprings or other men's, is a-going to meet their punishment from me. "My kin, right or wrong," has allus been the cry of this country, and hit's ruination. As for me, kin or no kin, blood or no blood, let the wrong-doer be punished, I say, and will say till I die!'

'If every man in our state had that strong sense of justice,' observed Amy, 'the reproach would soon be lifted from us.'

'It reminds one of the spirit of the old Roman judge, who sentenced his two wicked sons to death,' said Virginia. 'I must tell you how I admire it in you, and how sincerely I agree with you.'

Uncle Lot seemed to be overcome with astonishment at their speeches. 'Women,' he said after a moment, 'you are the first people, women or men either, less'n hit is old Uncle Ephraim Kent, that ever upholt me in my principles, or tuck the measure of my char*ac*-ter. The folks in these parts can't noways see the jestice in nothing their own is consarned in. Ailsie here has helt hit again' me every time I holp to indict Fult, or spoke a word again' his wrong-doing. And as for Cynthy, his maw, she won't hardly speak to me; and, though she is my offspring, is the bitter-heartedest and keen-tonguedest women hit ever was my lot to meet up with. But for her agging him on, hit is my belief Fulty never would have rid up and shot Rafe that day he was eighteen, and the war hit would long sence have been forgot. Yes, the women-folks has holp not a little to foment the trouble and keep hit a-going. And when I see women that is able to take a right and a jest view, hit purely surprises me so I hain't able to express hit. But this much I can say, and feel to say, that I am downright beholden to you, and have maybe jedged you a

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leetle hairsh and onkind, being prejudyced in my mind again' strange women by Solomon's counsel.'

'I told you them was right women, paw, from the start,' said Aunt Ailsie, triumphantly, 'and you would n't noways take my word for hit. But hit's a-getting along time for all hands to lay down; and whenever you gals feel to, say so.'

They expressed their readiness, and Aunt Ailsie brought a stick of lightwood from the kitchen fire, and, followed by the guests, Ruthena, and the eight 'young-uns,' went into the big bedroom. One end of the stick was fastened in a chink in the wall, and Aunt Ailsie, Ruthena, and the eight settled themselves expectantly on beds and chairs. After waiting some time for them to pass out, Amy and Virginia began in desperation to get ready for the night. Sitting on the edge of the burying-sheet, they first took down their hair and brushed and plaited it.

'Now what do you do that for?' inquired Aunt Ailsie; 'I never heared of folks combing their hair of a night.'

'It feels better to sleep with smooth hair.'

Then began the embarrassing experience of undressing before the fascinated gaze of ten persons. First, the gingham dresses came off, then nightgowns were slipped over heads and bodies, while further disrobing proceeded. The pieces of underwear, as they were handed forth, one by one, were eagerly examined by Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena.

'Never seed so much pretty needlework in all my days,' declared both. 'But them stiff-boned waists, what air they?'

'Corsets,' replied the women.

The corsets were passed around, with many exclamations of interest and surprise. ''Pears like hit would be mighty trying to walk around all trussed-up that way,' commented Aunt Ailsie.

But Ruthena was other-minded. 'Maw, I aim to have some myself, right off,' she said.

'Now, women, them shifts you have got pulled over your heads now — what is the reason for them? I see you tuck off the ones you had been a-wearing.'

'They are nightgowns.'

'I sleep in the same I wear of a day.'

'We like to go to bed in something fresh — it is better for health.'

'Never heared tell of that before; but I gorrontee hit would. Do you allus strip off everything you wear of a day?'

'Yes.'

'Pears like you 're a sight of trouble to yourself.'

'I aim to make me a nightgown, maw, but I won't know how to make no pretty one, like them,' sighed Ruthena.

'Oh, yes, you will; we 'll show you how, and help you,' said Amy.

The two, being at last undressed, knelt by the bedside to say their prayers. Aunt Ailsie tipped excitedly out of the door and clutched Uncle Lot's arm.

'You allowed them was wrong women, and runaway wives,' she whispered, 'Come watch at 'em down on their knees a-praying, as pretty as angels.'

She drew him to the door, and he looked on, evidently much impressed. Once or twice he shook his head.

Then Aunt Ailsie and Ruthena took off their shoes and heavy, home-knitted stockings, and went to bed in the rest of their clothing, while the three least ones, being barefooted, turned in, just as they were, with their mother, and the five older ones reluctantly departed to kitchen and loft. Uncle Lot then sauntered in, and, shedding brogans, socks, and trousers, took his place beside Aunt Ailsie, all conversing casually meanwhile. Evidently the process of 'laying down' was not regarded as one

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requiring privacy, or to be accompanied by any self-consciousness or false modesty.

In the morning, before sunrise, the guests were awakened by a blast of the gourd-horn, calling the men in from the stables; and jumping into their clothes, they washed their faces on the back porch, smoothed their hair, and hurried in to breakfast.

The table was again loaded with fried chicken, fried eggs, string beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn-bread, three kinds of pie, and six varieties of preserves. Uncle Lot himself was almost pleasant. Aunt Ailsie took advantage of the thaw to say, when the meal was nearly over, —

'Uncle Ephraim Kent is a-getting larning, paw. Amy here is a-teaching him, and he is going through the primer fast, and allows to read his grandsir's old Bible afore the summer 's over.'

Uncle Lot nodded approval. 'That's good work for the old man,' he said.

'Paw,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'the women allow I might larn to read myself; that I hain't too old or senseless — that is, if you was agreeable.'

Uncle Lot considered deeply before replying. 'Hit has allus been my opinion,' he said, 'that women-folks hain't got no use for larning. Hit strains their minds, and takes 'em off of their duty. Paul, he says, "the man is the head of the woman"; and though I hain't got no great of larning, I have allus believed I was all the head-piece needed in the family.'

'Yes, that is true — the man should be the head of the family,' agreed Virginia. 'But in another place, you know, Paul says, "there is neither bond nor free, male nor female, in Christ Jesus"; and it does seem that everyone, whether male or female, ought to have the comfort of reading the Bible.'

'Well, there 's something in that — I hain't never thought on hit in jest that light. I 'll study on hit careful, women, and try to do jestice on all sides, and spend my opinion on you when I reach hit.'

'We are sure you 'll do what is right. And one more thing we want to ask you before we go — won't you come in to our Fourth-of-July picnic on the hill Wednesday? We 've sent word throughout the county for everybody to come to a basket picnic that day, and we hope to have a pleasant time. But people tell us we are doing a dangerous thing, and running a risk; and it will be most desirable to have the presence of a law-loving man like yourself.'

'Hit is dangerous,' pronounced Uncle Lot. 'There hain't no known way to keep liquor out of sech a crowd; and there never is a gethering without drinking and shooting. And if the two sides was to meet there, hit 's untelling where the trouble would end.'

'We think that we 're making things safe,' said Amy. 'But still, it would be best to have a man of your opinions and influence present.'

'Well, I 'll study on hit.'

'Women,' said Aunt Ailsie, 'what is a "Fourth-of-July"?'

'It 's the day our nation was founded, a hundred and twenty-four years ago.'

'The time we fit out the British, hain't it?' inquired Uncle Lot.

'Yes.'

As Amy and Virginia started down the rocky, winding branch, — for they had to leave early to help with the work on the hill, — Uncle Lot turned to Aunt Ailsie and said, weightily, 'Them women may be quare and furrin and fotched-on, but, in my opinion, they hain't runaway wives. And, in my jedgment, if Solomon was here, he would allow they hain't *strange* women, neither.'

(*A further chronicle of the 'Quare Women' will appear in July.*)

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DEEPER MISGIVINGS

BY GINO SPERANZA

THE ladies left us to our coffee and cigars; the dinner was over — a conventional little dinner-party for the newcomers in an exclusive New England summer colony. Testing the new infusions into that literary-artistic body must always be an anxious affair; but imagine the anxiety when it comes to trying out newcomers with alien names!

I had felt throughout the dinner a slight *malaise* pervading the party: there had been too guarded a choice of subjects of conversation, and the exchange of impeccably disguised glances of the examiners over our reactions could at times be intercepted. It happened that I, for one, among the guests was neither of immigrant stock, nor a titled foreigner, nor even a distinguished alien. I was — and my hosts must have ascertained this before inviting my family to dinner — a man who had been brought up much as they had been. I had had about the same education in about the same, if not in the identical schools and colleges they had attended, and had mixed in the same society. Had it been possible for me to say that my father had come over in the steerage, or that my mother had landed at Ellis Island dressed like a wayside Umbrian Madonna, the dinner-party might have been an easier affair; I could have been easily classified then.

It may have been the outward similarity with themselves, or it may have been the postprandial expansiveness that comes with coffee, which now put my hosts and their friends off their guard. 'At yesterday's town meeting,' said one of them, — apparently out of a clear sky, but actually in continuation of the general trend of repressed thought, — 'at yesterday's meeting they raised our assessments and voted to macadam the South End.'

You should know that by 'they' my host meant, and his friends understood, those Polish, Italian, and Finnish employees of the local mills who constituted a working majority in the town board which met in the shadow of the white-steepled Congregational Church of Middle Parish, Connecticut. They were American citizens,— duly authenticated as such, by a piece of paper with a red seal and the picture of a bald-headed eagle, — who had learned the ropes of the American political system even faster than the American language; they had the right to increase the taxes of the Dartmouth professor, of the Massachusetts architect, and of the New York novelist, who were my fellow guests, and to apply the money so obtained to macadam the South End, inhabited mostly by mill-workers.

My host's political introduction opened the floodgates of discussion. For a few minutes I was forgotten; that is, the fact of my alien name was overlooked, and the talk was free and wholehearted. It was the unburdening of a people who felt, rather than clearly realized, that they, as a class, or as 'the Old Stock,' were being forced to the defensive. But what struck me here, as it had struck me in quiet talks at friendly gatherings and in club corners, was a certain lack of courage, a certain ab-

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sence of virility and clear-thinking in facing and struggling with the issues underlying the anxiety and doubts in their minds. The 'reaction' of this Old Stock, which had won the wilderness and successfully challenged imperial oppression, seemed to have dwindled down to a compound of spiritual *malaise* and discouragement. All the discussion suffered from a lack of the blunt and robust plain-speaking that one finds in the speeches and pamphlets of the Revolutionary period, and was at times almost insincere in its 'editorial circumlocution.' On the emotional side, the talk showed an underlying poor morale, in an exaggerated observance of 'forms' and a hesitancy about fighting back openly; on the intellectual side, it betrayed an absence of 'horse sense,' as the forefathers of these people would have called it; a lack of grasp of principles underlying questions, and a reliance upon simplicist — even foolish — ways and means of grappling with problems. Ideologies seemed to have supplanted ideas, theories to have driven out principles, statistics to have replaced history. At best, — and this applies to most of the books that have been written on the problem of the alien element in America, — the stress seemed almost wholly on the problems of immigration and naturalization; whereas the real problem, frankly and courageously faced, is the problem of the New Stock, of the millions of 'foreigners' born within the United States, and their 'foreign' children and grandchildren — that vast mass of us who are American citizens, but not Americans.

It is this fundamental difference between New-Stock and Old-Stock Americans that will be dwelt upon in this article, a difference which the legalistically minded will deride and assail as reactionary, but which nevertheless exists as a basic spiritual, mental, historic, and ethnic fact. For, deeper than the circumstance that this is our common country, both for you of the Old Stock and for us of the New, and that you who have built it strong and great cannot outdo us, who profit by your labors, in the desire to serve it — deeper than all this lie differences which do not divide us as American citizens, do not touch our common loyalty, but which exist and are profound.

Nationality does not mean or involve simply loyalty to the flag and willingness to serve it. Nationality in a state is much like personality in a human being; it is the resultant of influences far subtler and more removed than the accident of place of birth and naturalization, or even of teaching and earnest personal intent and devotion. It is the product of actions and reactions, — physical, intellectual, spiritual, — working slowly and cumulatively through decades and decades. You call us Americans, and such we mean to be; but we are not nationally so. The American nation and American civilization are not, as some persons to-day so glibly assert, the work of the last fifty years, when the vast majority of us and of our fathers joined you. All that is fundamentally and constructively, politically and spiritually, American was reared on these shores decades before our coming. We have simply utilized — some of us sordidly, many of us worthily, I trust — the great structure already reared, drawn our strength and power from your abounding strength and power, built our homes in the quiet and safety of a freedom achieved by you. The very most that some of us can claim is that the forbears of our stock fought in your wars, or joined your sons who died that the Union might live. But was there ever a simpler and clearer duty than this — that some of those who have received your bounty of freedom and opportunity should be willing to pay a part of the debt?

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Yet all this has not made us, and could not make us, Americans. We of the New Stock have behind us a body of traditions different from yours; they are consciously present to some of us, culturally; they are powerfully active in all of us, unconsciously. Though many of us have trod no other soil but yours, yet has our spirit, through our ancestry, traveled across other lands than this. Such a body of traditions, consciously or unconsciously, is present *visibly in the newcomer*, in habits of *life;* it is present, in the second and in succeeding generations, *invisibly*, in habits of *thought*. The World War brought us face to face with differences which have always existed between us, but which either lay dormant, or dwelt restlessly, doubtfully, and indefinitely in your minds and ours. The fact is that what we of the New Stock build on is an entirely different foundation from that 'ethnic and cultural unity' of which your fundamental institutions are 'the most durable expression'; and the truth is that, though 'American' is an 'adjective of similarity' applied to Anglo-Saxons, Irish, Jews, Italians, and Germans living in this land, yet it is a similarity of place and institutions, '*acquired, not inherited, and hence not transmitted. Each generation has, in fact, to become Americanized afresh.*'

When it is said that many of the aliens coming here contribute something precious to American civilization, it is implied that they bring something distinct from and novel to such civilization. In other words, it is recognized that something is added which, though it may improve the original heritage, will also tend to modify it. But is there anything really *vital*, really constructive to American civilization, which we of the New Stock have brought to you? Bear in mind that it is not what the *individual* of alien stock contributes that historically and sociologically counts; it is what is dumped upon you by the alien *mass* that tells. It is the insufficient consideration and valuation of the *effects of mass* on the history and social and spiritual life of America, which impairs the arguments and nullifies much of the effort and legislation spent on so-called Americanization. It is not the Jacob Riises, it is not the Mary Antins, or the Patris, the Boks, and the Yezierskas, — even if they were centuplicated, — who can affect the real problem or influence results: it is the mass — *the vast inflow of some thirty-three millions of strangers of all races and their progeny, in less than a century, into American civilization, which is counting, and will count, as the supreme problem.*

Nothing in historic record compares with this human flood; what comes nearest to it are those movements of population in Europe which history indifferently calls 'invasions,' or 'barbaric irruptions' into the Roman Empire. With due allowance for differences of time and of conditions of civilization, those ancient invasions and the modern migrations to America have much in common. Historians are pointing out that some of those irruptions of barbaric hordes were essentially mass-movements of population, even though a frightened civilized Europe called them a scourge of God. And it is significant that even the comparatively small German migration to our colonies, which resulted in the 'Pennsylvania-Dutch' settlements, was likened by German writers to the inrush of the Teutonic hosts into the Roman Empire in the early centuries of our era. Indeed, they called such migration '*die moderne Völkerwanderung.*'

This law of mass and numbers is quite fully recognized in another of our domestic problems — that of the negro in the South. There it is realized that the descendants of the na-

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tive white stock, except in some parts of Texas, live on the defensive among nine millions of blacks 'whose mode of living tends, by its mere massiveness, to standardize the "mind" of the proletarian South in speech, manner and the other values of social order.'

No doubt, we are all hampered in the full recognition of the operations of this law of mass by moral considerations; but, as a recent historian has pointed out, — giving as an example the gradual extinction of the American Indian by the mass-invasion of the whites, — 'Man, in the individual treatment of his fellow, is, indeed, bound by the laws of justice and of right; but in the larger processes of history we are confronted by problems that the ethics of the individual fail to solve.'

That the future of the Republic might be endangered by the workings of this law of mass was present in the minds of the 'Fathers,' even though their descendants seem to have forgotten it. Thus, Thomas Jefferson, as early as 1781, asked whether 'the present desire of Americans . . . to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as possible' was really good policy. And in his answer he argued that 'in proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation; they will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass.' Likewise, James Madison had occasion to express his misgivings. The country was discussing a bill for the naturalization of foreigners, based on the prevailing theory of making admission to citizenship easy, so as to accelerate the settlement of vacant lands. But Madison had the courage to raise his voice against such rapid 'Americanization' processes, and called the attention of Congress to 'considerations of a higher nature than those connected with filling up the country by an accession of mere brute numbers.'

Most of our current laws, policies, and opinions regarding immigration and the New Stock, however, give little or no consideration to this law of mass, but are based very largely on non-historic, purely economic, or, occasionally, sentimental reasons. At most, Americans are impressed by the physical or outward manifestations of the force operating under this law — by what they see at Ellis Island, by the East Side, by the large blocks of illiterate voters. But how little heed do they give to its less obvious but more significant workings! I need not refer here to the subtler forms of change going on in American civilization; in all likelihood I should not be believed if I set forth some of them, inasmuch as there are no statistics or official data to 'prove' how men think and feel, and what they aspire to and hope for. So let us merely survey briefly a few of the more evident results of the alien penetration.

Thus, though there has never been in this country a distinctly political class, yet, except in a few cities, the conduct of government has been almost exclusively in the hands of the Old Stock. This is rapidly changing in both rural and urban sections. Questions of German or Italian frontiers have already actually affected electoral results in the United States.

So, also, while the machinery of government is not the government itself, yet it bears heavily upon its actions; and I ask, 'Are you aware how rapidly the civil service is passing to a personnel of the New Stock?' Politics has been, and still is, largely in the hands of lawyers in this country; now, it is not without significance that many of our foreign-born and of the second generation — especially from countries without any remotely Anglo-Saxon constitutional and legal traditions — enter the

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profession of law. In a report of the Bar Association of New York in 1921, it is pointed out that in New York City, of a total of 10,563 male lawyers, 15 per cent are foreign-born and more than 50 per cent are either foreign-born or of foreign extraction. And the report goes on to say: 'Many of these men come to the Bar with little knowledge of American institutions, and with little or no appreciation of those ideals and traditions which have in the past dominated the spirit of our Anglo-American legal system. . . . The result is that the Bar is carrying an almost insupportable burden of a large membership unfitted by education or experience to bear its responsibilities, and without the inclination, which comes naturally from familiarity with our institutions, to maintain its traditions. In consequence, the Bar as a whole is suffering in its public reputation and influence, and its efficiency and its capacity to perform the public service, which is its primary duty, is diminishing rather than increasing.'

As it is with politics in the nation, as it is with the law in the Metropolis, so it is becoming in public education in our cities. 'Schools,' it has been said, 'present the phenomenon of ethnic compromises not unknown in Austria-Hungary: concessions and appeals to the "Irish vote," the "Jewish vote," the "German vote" compromise school committees, where numbers represent each ethnic faction, until, as in Boston, one group grows strong enough to dominate the entire situation.'

No wonder, then, that the 'defense' of American rights and of American liberties is becoming to-day a somewhat chorographic and a thoroughly legalistic appeal to the Constitution by men — often with Slav names, or names 'Americanized' by an *ex-parte* order of some judge — who read into it many legal terms and understand little of its spirit. No wonder that to-day an insinuating sophistry replaces historic fact and truth, and 'establishes' that America is not American, but has always been a mongrel state. No wonder that anxiety lest one be thought illiberal allows erroneous and vicious theories to pass as legal tender, and grants respectability to dangerous and even droll sophisms.

What is the remedy? The answer, indeed any answer, can be considered and studied only after we shall have divested ourselves of the burden of ideologies and false notions that warp our judgment on this great and intricate national problem. What is needed to-day is courage and plain-speaking, and putting an end to reticences. This duty rests in equal measure on the Old Stock and the New; both have too long played with half-phrases, often with word-tricks and bathos, occasionally with falsehoods. You of the Old Stock must read the history of your country, and look into your minds and souls with clearer and braver vision; we of the New Stock must strive to make you see our minds as they really work, and to turn our hearts to America as a heritage of ideas and accomplishments which are your patrimony, and which we may enjoy and consider only as a trust. If assimilation is impossible, who can say what wonderful things may be done by collaboration? Far better to know that we are different, than to be satisfied with a counterfeit likeness. Above all, plain-speaking and courage! There has been a time in the history of the United States when brother had to fight brother, so that the Nation might be kept 'one and inseparable,' as a political body; the duty of keeping America *spiritually* one and inseparable transcends every other patriotic duty, both for you of the Old Stock and for us of the New. If this be treason, make the most of it!

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AMERICAN-BORN

Americans are born, not made; and they are not all born in America. The Americanization School in Washington, searching for these American-born among the immigrant races which we make shift to educate and assimilate, uses the American Hero as a touchstone—sometimes with quite miraculous results.

Not long ago the students were asked to write compositions on the lives of Lincoln and Washington; and a lad, one SAM COHEN, only lately come from Poland, and stumbling over our still alien speech, handed in these two 'compositions.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I SEE him, he is before my eyes,
The rider who is hurrying to free his beloved.
Over fields and rivers he is flying on his horse.
A sword in his hand but his face is soft.

Not great is the number of his knights,
But great is their spirit that binds them together tight.
He is flying forward, forward, he is the commander, the eagle,
And they, the knights after him, hearing his command, hearing his call.

Conquering the enemy left and right,
Blood is running from them but their faces are bright
And he the commander, the eagle,
Does n't care that a son of his father's family falls.

Falls dead, not to live here again.
It does n't matter to him, only one thing is in his brain,
To tear the chain and the beloved set free
And with the leader's mind who send him to agree.

He is flying forward, forward,
The commander, the eagle.
And they, the knights after him, hearing his command, hearing his call,
Are pushing the enemy and breaking the wall.

One minute and the Beloved is free.
O! How great is their happiness, I see!
What kind beauty, how she shines? Close your eyes,
Dark has come for her the sun in the skies.

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Smiling is the commander, the eagle.
They, the knights, hearing her command, her call.
Take their commander on their hands
With her the beauty freedom to wed.

Look around, they are here!
You are breathing the air.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHO is the man
Who learned the wisdom from mother nature,
Learned to write without a pen
And whose words were more than sure?

Whose words were for the people's mind
Clear like the skies on summer days
And being so deep and bright
Like the flying birds that have n't any way.

Who is as strong as the lion
And kind as the angels
Whose life it was that goes on
In one of the fairest tales.

Whose name you can hear from east to the west
From north to the south.
In the time when in the youth
Awakes the thoughts.

And from home he goes away
His fortune to try
His father's lips tremble, when he says
See my son go on and be like Abraham Lincoln.

That familiar old battlepiece of Washington and his generals has waked the American spirit to sing in the heart of a Polish boy. No young descendant of Puritan or Virginia settlers could have struck a note more authentic:—

> A sword in his hand but his face is soft.
> Not great is the number of his knights,
> But great is their spirit that binds them together tight.

And the words of Lincoln have unlocked the tongue of a 'foreigner' and made him free of a common language:—

> Whose words were for the people's mind
> Clear like the skies on summer days.

To understanding hearts America need not fear to trust her heritage.

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FLAPPER AMERICANA NOVISSIMA

BY G. STANLEY HALL

I

WHEN, years ago, I first heard the picturesque word 'Flapper' applied to a girl, I thought of a loose sail flapping in whatever wind may blow, and liable to upset the craft it is meant to impel. There was also in my mind the flitting and yet cruder mental imagery of a wash, just hung out to dry in the light and breeze, before it is starched and ironed for use. I was a little ashamed of this when the dictionary set me right by defining the word as a fledgling, yet in the nest, and vainly attempting to fly while its wings have only pinfeathers; and I recognized that thus the genius of 'slanguage' had made the squab the symbol of budding girlhood. This, too, had the advantage of a moral, implying what would happen if the young bird really ventured to trust itself to its pinions prematurely.

The Germans were a century ahead of us in naming this fascinating stage of human life; but their designation of it is most unpoetic, not to say culinary. To them the flapper is a fish all prepared for baking, but not yet subjected to that process. Indeed, *h* and *k* are so much alike that I cannot but wonder if the dull Teutonic lexicographers have not mistaken *Backfisch* for *Bachfisch*. If so, she was meant to be named in that country from those piscene forms which, having been hatched far inland near the source of great rivers, have migrated, or been carried downstream, as they grew, and are found disporting in a broad estuary and adapting themselves to the boundless sea where they are henceforth to live. Perhaps the German who first applied this epithet did not mean to be so much unromantic and ungallant to the sex, as fundamental; for all know that fish not only long preceded birds, in the order of evolution, but were their direct progenitors. On this line of conjecture the French *tendron* is still more fundamental, for it goes back to the vegetable kingdom and dubs girls shoots, scions ready for grafting, buds, or perhaps organs yet undifferentiated and in the gristle stage. Had girls been themselves consulted, they might have hesitated between bird and bud, but surely never would have accepted fish. The angler at the other end of the tackle might possibly have been considered.

We must, then, admit at the outset that the world has not yet found the right designation for this unique product of civilization, the girl in the early teens, who is just now undergoing such a marvelous development. But why bother about names?

As a lifelong student of human nature, I long ago realized that of all the stages of human life this was *terra incognita*. We now know much of children, of adults, and of old age, while the pubescent boy has become an open book. So I began months ago to forage in libraries, and was surprised to find how sentimental, imaginative, and altogether unscientific most of the few books, and the scores of articles, about girls in the

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early teens really were. Very persistent is the tendency to treat this grave and serious theme flippantly — to invoke Puck, Ariel, or Momus as the only muses who can help us in threading the labyrinthine mazes of feminine pubescence. Moreover, since the war, the kind of girl whom most ante-bellum authors depict has become as extinct as the dodo, if indeed she ever existed at all. So we must turn from literature, and come down from the roseate heights, whereon we thought she dwelt, to the street and home, and be as objective and concrete as possible.

II

First, the street. The other day I found myself walking a few rods behind a girl who must have been approaching sweet sixteen. She held to the middle of the broad sidewalk. It was just after four, and she was apparently on her way home from high school. We were on a long block that passed a college campus, where the students were foregathering for afternoon sports. She was not chewing gum, but was occasionally bringing some tidbit from her pocket to her mouth, taking in everything in sight, and her gait was swagger and superior. 'Howdy, Billy,' she called to a youth whom I fancied a classmate; and 'Hello, boys,' was her greeting to three more a little later.

Soon she turned on her heel and wandered back, so that I had to meet her. A glance at her comely, happy, innocent, and vividly tinted face, as I swerved to one side that she might keep the middle of the walk, almost made me feel that it would not surprise her overmuch if I stepped to the very edge of the gutter, and removed my hat, as if apologizing for trespassing on preserves that belonged to her. Had I done so, however, it might have made no difference; for I suspect that she would have remained unconscious of my very existence, although just then we were almost the only ones on the block. If I had been twenty and attractive, she would have been able to describe me to a nicety without for an instant having me in the direct focus of her vision; for we must never forget that, at this very peculiar age, nature gives to the other sex quite as great sensitiveness of indirect as of direct vision, so that they know fully as much of what falls on the periphery of their retina, as of what strikes their fovea — if not, sometimes, more.

I now felt at liberty to look at her a little more carefully. She wore a knitted hat, with hardly any brim, of a flame or bonfire hue; a henna scarf; two strings of Betty beads, of different colors, twisted together; an open short coat, with ample pockets; a skirt with vertical stripes so pleated that, at the waist, it seemed very dark, but the alternate stripes of white showed progressively downward, so that, as she walked, it gave something of what physiological psychologists call a flicker effect. On her right wrist were several bangles; on her left, of course, a wrist watch. Her shoes were oxfords, with a low broad heel. Her stockings were woolen and of brilliant hue. But most noticeable of all were her high overshoes, or galoshes. One seemed to be turned down at the top and entirely unbuckled, while the other was fastened below and flapped about her trim ankle in a way that compelled attention. This was in January, 1922, as should be particularly noted because, by the time this screed meets the reader's eye, flapperdom, to be really *chic* and up-to-date, will be quite different in some of these details. She was out to see the world and, incidentally, to be seen of it; and as I lingered at the campus block to see the students frolic, she passed me three times, still on her devious way home, I presume, from school.

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Sheer accident had thus brought me within the range of the very specimen I sought, and perhaps a rare and extreme type; therefore, all the more interesting.

But a deep instinct told me that I could never by any possible means hope to get into any kind of personal *rapport* with her or even with her like. I might have been her grandfather, and in all the world of man there is no wider and more unbridgeable gulf than that which yawns between me and those of my granddaughter's age. If I should try to cultivate her, she would draw back into her shell; and to cultivate me would be the very last of all her desires. Hence, as was only fair to her, I turned to a third source of information about her, namely, her teachers.

They told me a large notebook full — far more than I can, and, alas! some that I would not, repeat; so that it is puzzling to know what to omit, or even where to begin, in the tangle of incidents, traits, and judgments.

III

Let us start at random, with dancing, on which the flapper dotes as probably never before, in all the history of the terpsichorean art, made up of crazes as it has been, has anyone begun to do.

A good dance is as near heaven as the flapper can get and live. She dances at noon and at recess in the school gymnasium; and, if not in the school, at the restaurants between courses, or in the recreation and rest-rooms in factories and stores. She knows all the latest variations of the perennial fox-trot, the ungainly contortions of the camel walk; yields with abandon to the fascination of the tango; and if the floor is crowded, there is always room for the languorous and infantile toddle; and the cheek-to-cheek close formation — which one writer ascribes to the high cost of rent nowadays, which necessitates the maximum of motion in the minimum of space — has a lure of its own, for partners must sometimes cling together in order to move at all. Verticality of motion and, at least, the vibrations of the 'shimmy,' are always possible.

High-school girls told my informant that they 'park' their corsets when they go to dances, because they have been taught by their instructors in hygiene and physiology that to wear them is unfavorable to deep breathing, and that this is as necessary for freedom of motion as the gymnastic costume or the bath-suit at the seaside; and also that, to get the best out of the exercises of the ballroom, they must not be too much or too heavily clad to be able to keep cool. To her intimates she may confess that she dispenses with corsets (a growing fashion which manufacturers of these articles already regard with alarm) lest she be dubbed 'ironsides,' or left a wallflower. Alas for the popularity of teachers who would limit any of these innovations, however much they may be supported by anxious and bewildered mothers, who know only the old-fashioned steps! Despite the decline of the ballet, theatrical managers who advertise for corps of stage-dancers report that they are overwhelmed by crowds of applicants.

The flapper, too, has developed very decided musical tastes. If she more rarely 'takes lessons' of any kind, she has many choice disks for the phonograph, and has a humming acquaintance with the most popular ditties; and if she rarely indulges in the cake-walk, she has a keen sense of ragtime and 'syncopation to the thirty-second note,' and her nerves are uniquely toned to jazz, with its shocks, discords, blariness, siren effects, animal and all other noises, and its heterogeneous tempos, in which every possible liberty is taken with rhythm.

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Those who sell candies, ices, sodas, or 'sweetened wind,' are unanimous that flappers are their best customers. It somehow seems as if they could almost live on sweets; and their mothers complain that it interferes with the normality of their appetites, digestion, and nutrition generally. A girl may have acidulous tastes and love even pickles; but this is only a counterfoil. She discriminates flavors as acutely as do wine-tasters. She not only no longer chews gum, as she used to do, but eschews chewers of it, and even 'cuts' them — for on just this point I have cases. But she may munch sweetmeats at theatre, school, or even on the street. Thus the late sugar shortage was hardest on her; and how she throve so well with so short a ration of it in 'the good old times' is a puzzling mystery.

If she loves sweetmeats for their own sake, why this new love of perfumery so characteristic of her age? Is her own olfactory sense suddenly much more acute, or is she now like the flowers attracting insects — but human ones? Is there a correspondingly augmented acuity in this sense in the young man? Possibly, in thus making herself fragrant she is not thinking of him at all. If she is, and he has no *flair* for it, she has made a monumental mistake. This most interesting and very important problem must be left to future investigation. At any rate, all those who sell perfumery, who were interviewed, agreed that here, too, young girls are the best customers.

Girls whose dress indicates straitened resources often lavish money upon expensive perfumes which, curiously enough nowadays, they generally prefer not pure, but mixed; so that they sometimes radiate an aura of delicate odors on the street, the components of which it would puzzle an expert to identify. The German physiologist, Jäger, finding olfaction the subtlest of all our senses, wrote two bulky volumes to prove that the soul was really a smell, and concluded that love and aversion were based on emanations too subtle to reach consciousness, but which really mediated attraction and repugnance. If this is so, the soul of the young girl is far sweeter and more irradiant than it ever was before.

She dotes on jewelry, too, and her heart goes out to the rings, bracelets, bangles, beads, wrist watches, pendants, earrings, that she sees in shop-windows or on some friend or stranger. Her dream is of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and gold; but imitations will go far to fill the aching void in her heart; and so in recent years she has made a great run on this market, as those who sell them testify.

The hair, which the Good Book calls a woman's 'crown of glory,' of which amorists in prose and poetry have had so much to say, and which, outside the Mongolian and Negroid races, has always been one of the chief marks of distinction between the sexes, is no longer always so. The old-fashioned, demure braids once so characteristic of the budding girl are gone. Nor is the hair coiled, either high or low, at the back of the head. This medullary region long so protected is now exposed to wind and weather, either by puffs on either side, or, still more, by the Dutch cut which leaves the hair shortest here. Indeed, my barber tells me that he now shaves a space below the occiput for girls more frequently than when, in Italy, he used to freshen the tonsure of young priests above it. It is now more nearly immodest, I am told, to expose an ear than a knee, and special attention is given to the ear-lock. It is very *chic* to part the hair on one side, to keep it very smooth, as if it were plastered down on top; but on all sides of the head it must be kept tousled or combed backward *à la* Hottentot, and the more

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disordered it is here, the better. In all such matters, as in so many others, the girl imitates, consciously or unconsciously, her favorite movie actresses.

At least half the movie films seem almost to have been made for the flapper; and her tastes and style, if not her very code of honor, are fashioned on them. Librarians report that she reads much less since the movies came. No home or other authority can keep her away; the only amelioration is to have reels more befitting her stage of life.

I even interviewed the head of a city traffic squad, who said, as nearly as I can quote him: 'When a fella speeds or breaks the rules and gets pinched, it 's more than a fifty-fifty proposition he had a girl alongside, and was showin' off to her or attendin' to her, and forgettin' his machine. Some of them think it's smart to step up to Judge ——, pull their roll, and peel it to pay a fine, with the girl lookin' on, or to tell her after. She sure likes joy-ridin'; and say, there was an old song about a bicycle made for two, and that 's the way she wants the auto. She loves the back seat empty — no one lookin' on. They ought to have some of us out on the country roads, where they slow down and stop.'

At this point the traffic became congested and took his attention, and I left him.

But I am forgetting the curriculum. In college, some subjects attract girls, and others boys, each sex sometimes monopolizing certain courses. But in high school, wherever the elective system permits choice, most girls are usually found in classes where there are most boys. Girls, too, seem fonder of cultural subjects, and less, or at least later, addicted to those that are immediately vocational. They do far better in their studies with teachers whom they like; and I have heard of an attractive unmarried male teacher who was accused by his colleagues of marking the girls in his classes too high, but whose principal had the sagacity to see that the girls did far better work for him than for any other teacher and to realize the reason why.

In the secondary school the girl finds herself the intellectual equal of her male classmate, and far more mature at the same age in all social insights. Hence coeducation at this stage has brought her some slight disillusionment. Her boy classmates are not her ideal of the other sex, and so real lasting attachments, dating from this period, are rare. Perhaps associations and surroundings here bring also some disenchantment with her home environment, and even with her parents. But docile as she is, her heart of hearts is not in her textbooks or recitations, but always in life and persons; and she learns and adjusts herself to both with a facility and rapidity that are amazing. It is things outside her studies which seem to her, if indeed they are not in fact, far more important for her life.

IV

If any or all of the above seems extravagant, let the reader remember that I am writing so far only of the *novissima* variety of the species, which fairly burst upon the world like an insect suddenly breaking from its cocoon in full imago form; so that she is more or less a product of movies, the auto, woman suffrage, and, especially, of the war. During the latter she completed her emancipation from the chaperon, and it became good patriotic form to address, give flaglets, badges, and dainties, to young men in the street and, perhaps, sometimes, to strike up acquaintance with them if they were in uniform. Her manners have grown a bit free-and-easy, and every vestige of certain old restraints is gone. In school, she treats her male classmates almost as

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if sex differences did not exist. Toward him she may sometimes even seem almost aggressive. She goes to shows and walks with him evenings, and in school corridors may pat him familiarly on the back, hold him by the lapel, and elbow him in a familiar and even *de-haut-en-bas* way, her teachers tell us; and they add that there is hardly a girl in the high school who does not have face-powder, comb, mirror, and perhaps rouge, in her locker, for use between sessions.

Never since civilization began has the girl in the early teens seemed so self-sufficient and sure of herself, or made such a break with the rigid traditions of propriety and convention which have hedged her in. From this, too, it follows that the tension which always exists between mothers and daughters has greatly increased, and there now sometimes seems to be almost a chasm between successive generations. If a note of loudness in dress or boisterousness in manner has crept in, and if she seems to know, or pretends to know, all that she needs, to become captain of her own soul, these are really only the gestures of shaking off old fetters. Perhaps her soul has long been ripening for such a revolt, and anxious to dissipate the mystery which seemed to others to envelop it. Let us hope that she is really more innocent and healthier in mind and body because she now knows and does earlier so much that was once admissible only later, if at all.

So it is 'high time' to be serious, and to realize that all the above are only surface phenomena, and that the real girl beneath them is, after all, but little changed; or that, if she is changed, it is, on the whole, for the better. Beneath all this new self-revelation, she still remains a mystery. She is so insecure in all her new assurance that it may be shattered by a slight which others do not notice; or some uncomplimentary remark by a mate may humble her pride in the dust. The sublime selfishness, of which the flapper is so often accused, which makes her accept service and demand to be served by parents and all about her whom she can subject; her careless irresponsibilities, which render her unconscious of all the trouble she makes, or the worries which others feel for her present and future: and the fact that she never seems to realize what it means to clean up after herself, easily alternate with the extreme desire to serve, herself, and to lavish attention upon those whom she really likes. Despite her mien of independence, she is tinglingly sensitive to every breath of good- and ill-will; and if she has shattered old conventions, she has not gone wrong; and if she knows about many things of which she must still often pretend to be ignorant, she is thereby only the more fortified against temptation.

The flapper, too, can be cruel, and often is so, to other girls. She ought not to be, and, it would seem, does not want to be, for she knows full well from her own experience how slights and innuendoes sting and burn. Perhaps she feels deep down in her soul that she is thus helping to toughen the fibre of her mates, to enable them to meet better the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, which they will encounter later in life.

The metamorphosis of boys into maturity is easy to observe, for nature hangs out signs that all may read — the first thistle-down of a beard, the mutation of the voice, very ostensive declarations of independence in thought and action, etc. Every known race of primitive man initiates its pubescent youth, often by very elaborate rites, — usually significant of a new birth, — into manhood and the life of the tribe; but there are relatively few such rites for girls at the corresponding physiological

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age; although the changes they undergo are perhaps yet more transforming, and beset with more dangers, both of arrest and of perversion.

There are a few buds in the past who have let themselves go with abandon into print, like Marie Bashkirtseff and poor Mary MacLane; while other few have remembered and written voluminously of this stage in their own life, like George Sand and the author of *Una Mary;* and the inmost movings of the soul of a few more have been overheard by accident, as in *A Young Girl's Diary.* Some of these revealers of femininity in its callow ephebic stages have been called traitors to their sex, betraying what should be its most guarded secrets in a way likely to tarnish its glamour for the other sex. But the mental and moral abnormalities here met with have been far more fully explored in ways that show that, at this coming-out stage, the modern female ephebe comes nearer than any human being ever did before to being 'all mankind's epitome.' She has not yet entirely laid aside certain boyish, and even childish, traits, but the floodgates of heredity are open again, and instincts from the immemorial past are surging up. Of course, she seems a bundle of inconsistencies, although there is a fundamental unity underneath them all. She is simply like a climbing vine in the stages of circumnutation, before it has found the support by which it can raise itself toward the sun. Curiously enough, we have had several statistical surveys which show that the vast majority of adult women look back upon the early teens as the richest stage of all their life, especially in the feelings, which are the voice of extinct generations, while the intellect is a more personal acquisition.

V

One of the flapper's chief traits is a passion for secrecy, and this is one reason why her teachers, parents, pastor, doctor, really know so very little about her, for she has developed a *modus vivendi* with each that often disarms suspicion of concealment. Her real inner life is being evolved far beyond their ken. Her very anatomy and physiological development suggest involution, and her crepuscular soul is in an ingrowing stage. With her intimates she always has secrets, which it is treason to friendship to betray. A little younger, she invents, or even pretends, secrets as bonds of intimacy, or gives words an esoteric meaning, and has signs and badges which no one but her chosen few understands. So, too, she may come to believe that others have secrets which they try to keep from her, particularly about vital themes, which she feels she has a right to know. Thus, if too much baulked, she may listen, or imagine hidden meanings which do not exist.

The demure miss who sits silently at our table and in our drawing-room while we talk, who goes through all the paces of schoolwork and social observances set for her, is not the real girl, and she knows it; for her true self is all the more securely masked by conforming to what we expect of her. Her imagination is in the most active stages of creative evolution, although its activities are often so submerged beneath the threshold of consciousness, that she is herself not aware of its fecund spontaneity. She is all the while developing swift *aperçus,* full of insight and judgments about persons; and she is taking attitudes, for she is in the springtide of sentiment and her ideality, to which the world owes so much, could not attain its goal if it were not more or less veiled.

Thus she is not what she seems, and with but a slight tincture of pathology, the passion to deceive may become dominant. The Fox sisters, who gave the first impulse to spiritism in this country, and the five Creery sisters,

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séances with whom filled the early proceedings of the English Society for Psychic Research, were in the early teens, and there have been scores of such masked hystericals, who fooled everybody. The Watseka Wonder was too much for even the astute and detective mind of the late Professor Hodgson; and in reviewing the merry dances which budding girls have led psychiatrists, especially in France a few decades ago, I concluded that, wherever a brand new theory of hysteria, epilepsy, or telepathy was promulgated by any of them, we should first of all follow the maxim, *Cherchez le tendron*. This vast disparity between her inner and outer life really compels the girl to feign what is not, and to dissimulate what is.

She is in the most interesting stage of the long and complex process of getting ready to love and be loved. It is already several years since all boys ceased to seem crude, oafish, and altogether inconvenient, and began — at least, one or two of them — to be interesting. She has also pretty well passed the stage of amatory fetishisms, when she was prone to dote on some single feature, trait, or act, and feel a degree of aversion for others for which nothing could compensate. She is just learning to perform her supreme selective function of passing judgment on personalities as a whole, with all their *ensemble* of qualities. A small but rather constant percentage of girls of high-school age evolve, more or less unconsciously, an ideal hero, or make one of some older youth; and this sometimes seems to serve as a defense against 'falling for' even the best specimen of the other sex among her acquaintances of her own age. George Eliot rather crassly says that for some years a girl's every act may tend to provoke proposals. But, if she wants attention, she flees from it, if she detects serious signs of intention. She has no idea of marrying till she has had her innocent fling, or perhaps tried her hand at self-support. Intuition warns her of the danger of loving or being loved with abandon.

A few years before she was pryingly curious. Eight ninth-grade girls signed their names, round-robin-wise, to a request to be told 'truly where we come from.' The teacher in her perplexity took the petition to the principal, who passed it on to the superintendent; and the latter referred it to the school board, where it rested. This was some years ago, and these girls have long since found some answer.

Eager as she is to know, however, she is really repelled if knowledge comes in an improper form. How she hates those who offend! And if she feels the least vestige of real fascination, how she reproaches, and perhaps even fears for, herself. If she becomes aware of the tender passion burgeoning in her own soul, she guards it as the most sacred of all her secrets; and toward the object of it she may affect indifference, or even rudeness, perhaps repulsing common courtesies as if they were meant to be advances.

If, despite all these instinctive reluctances which kind old mother nature inspires, she loses her moorings and is swept precociously into a great love, the death-thought is always near; for in the primer of virginity Eros and Thanatos are mystic twins. The supreme affirmation of life, if precocious, brings a compensating thought of its negation. She may even dream of going to heaven by water, which statistics show is the favorite route at this age. She may imagine herself a beautiful corpse, laid out with flowers, while mourning friends weep and praise her, realizing at last that she was not appreciated while *he*, the most inconsolable of them all, is dissolved in tears, vowing to devote his life henceforth to the memory of her.

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Girls often idealize one candidate for their affections after another, in rapid succession. One frankly told me that she had been in love with a different one every school term, but none had survived the long vacation. How little a generally desirable young man suspects the havoc he may wreak between a pair of girl soul-mates by partiality to the one and ever so little neglect of the other! Indeed, so tinglingly sensitive are girls, that even the changing feelings toward mates to whom they are relatively indifferent contribute their quota to the fluctuations of mood, which seem so unaccountable to onlookers, when, in fact, all such alternations have a very real and sufficient reason.

Thrice happy the girl who, through these years of seething and ferment, has a father whom she can make the embodiment of her ideals; for he is, all unconsciously, the pattern to which her future lover and husband must conform. But even here there are dangers; for if her fondness for her father is too intense, or unduly prolonged, this may make it impossible for her ever to be happy if mated to a man not in the father image. She may even be a little motherly toward her parents, although her attitude toward her mother is infinitely complex. While we almost never find any of the jealousy toward her which Freudians stress, there is, especially in these days of sudden emancipation from the conventions in vogue a generation ago, an unprecedented tension between mother and daughter, which may be reinforced if the former has failed to give certain instruction in life-problems. Thus, occasionally a girl's devotion to her mother, if it is excessive, may be due to a blind instinct to compensate for thoughts and feelings toward her that she deems not truly filial; and if she has caught herself in a mood of hostility, she may overwhelm her mother with attentions that are embarrassing.

VI

The outburst of growth in the earliest teens, which makes the average girl, for a very brief period, slightly taller and heavier than the boy (an increment which, in its maximal year, amounts to nearly three inches in height and ten or twelve pounds in weight), involves many sudden changes. The sudden upthrust that brings her to the level of grown-ups, and sometimes enables the girl of fifteen or sixteen (she will never be a third of an inch taller than she is on her seventeenth birthday) to look down upon her mother, causes her to be taken for older than she is, and may give her some sense of insufficiency in the new relationships to adults thus thrust upon her. She feels her height, perhaps awkwardly, and must affect the ways of young womanhood when she is yet a child in heart and mind. Perhaps she does not assert her height, and tends to stoop a little, impairing the development of vital organs. It is curious, by the way, to note that, like plants, she grows tall fastest in the spring, and gains in weight and thickness most in the autumn, and that growth in the latter dimension, which comes a trifle later, is not infrequently lost in this country and England, giving us the slender Gibson type.

At the same time, her mental development is by leaps and bounds. She matures more now in one year than she will in five during the twenties, or in ten in later years. In this development she still further distances boys. This has the curious result of narrowing the age-scale of her intimacies. She has little use for girls of less psychological age, and is never less sympathetic with young children and babies; and on entering high school, she not only lays aside many former interests, but even 'cuts' those who persist in certain games and occupations quite permissible for eighth-

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and ninth-graders. As she draws more closely to those in her own stage, she lessens vital contact with those a little older, unless she has a 'crush' for some upper-class individual. Hence the sharp demarcations through secondary and academic grades.

Thus despite the uniformitizing effect of fashions, the contagion of fads, and the intense imitativeness of this stage, individuality is being developed, and the new and ostensive assertiveness has in it the promise and potency of a new and truer womanhood. In all the long struggle for emancipation, sometimes called the war of sex against sex, woman has, and perhaps necessarily, laid aside for the time some of her most distinctive traits, and competed with man along his own lines, and has perhaps grown thereby a trifle masculine. But true progress demands that sex-distinctions be pushed to the uttermost, and that women become more feminine and men more virile. This need modern feminism has failed to recognize; but it is just this which flapperdom is now asserting. These girls not only accept, but glory in, their sex as such, and are giving free course to its native impulses. They may be the leaders in the complete emancipation of woman from the standards man has made for her. Up to this age our Binet-Simon tests can grade and mark, at least for intelligence, but here they baulk, stammer, and diverge.

The flapper's new sophistication is thus superficial. Her new self-consciousness is really naïve, and in her affectations she is simply trying out all the assortments of temperamental types, dispositions, and traits of character, as she often tries out styles of handwriting before she settles upon one. This is all because hers is the most vital and most rapidly developing psyche in all the world. The evolutionary stages of flapperdom are so many, and they succeed each other so fast, and are so telescoped together that we cannot yet determine the order of their sequence, and all my glimpses are only random snapshots of the wonderful quadrennium, the first four teens.

She accepts the confirmation, and perhaps even the conversion, that the church prescribes; but her heart is set on this world and not on the next. She conforms with more interest to the 'coming-out' customs of society; but these are now much belated, for in all essentials she came out unaided, and the age of her legal majority she deems too late. Once it was commonly held that those who were precocious would become blasé later; but if there ever was danger here, it exists no longer. In fact, civilization itself, and all our hope that mankind may attain superhumanity, depends on the prolongation, enrichment, and safeguarding of the interval between pubescence and ripe nubility.

What a reversal of ancient and traditional mores it would be if the flapper, long repressed by so many taboos, were now to become the pioneer and leader of her sex to a new dispensation, and to give to the world its very best illustration of the trite but pregnant slogan, *Das ewig Weibliche sieht uns hinan*. She has already set fashions in attire, and even in manners, some of which her elders have copied, and have found not only sensible, but rejuvenating. Underneath the mannish ways which she sometimes affects, she really vaunts her femininity, and her exuberance gives it a new charm. The new liberties she takes with life are contagious, and make us wonder anew whether we have not all been servile to precedent, and slaves to institutions that need to be refitted to human nature, and whether the flapper may not, after all, be the bud of a new and better womanhood.

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THE OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. II

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

PETE, the Russian melter, came out on the gallery behind the furnaces, and I could see by the way he looked the pit over, that he was picking a man for furnace work. Somebody had stayed out, and they were short a helper. He looked at the fat workman beside me, and then grunted.

This was the third time he had picked Russians, in preference to the rest of us, who were Serbian, Austrian, and American.

The next day I tackled Pete.

'How about a chance on the floor?' I said, standing in front of him to keep him from lurching away.

'Y' get chance 'nuff, don' worry.'

'If I can't get a crack at learning this game here in Bouton, I'll go somewhere where I can,' I said, boiling up a little.

Dick Reber, the Pennsylvania-Dutch melter, came up.

'I want a chance on the floor,' I said.

'All right, boy, go on Number 7 today.'

I made all speed to Number 7. 'Is he doing that,' I thought, as I picked up my shovel, 'because I 'm an American?'

I looked up and saw the big ladle-bucket pouring hot metal into a spout in the furnace-door, accompanied by a great swirl of sparks and flame.

'At last,' I said, 'I 'm going to make steel.'

The steel starts in as 'scrap' — scrap from anywhere in America — anything from a broken casting, the size of a man's trunk, down to corroded pipe, or strips the thickness of your nail salvaged in bales. The overhead crane gathers them all from arriving flat cars by a magnet as big as a cart wheel; the pieces of steel leap to meet the magnet with apparent joy, stick stoutly for a moment, and fall released into iron charge-boxes. By trainloads they pass out of the stockyard and into the mill, where the track runs directly in front of the furnace-doors. There the charging machine dumps them quickly into the hot belly of the furnace. Old furnaces, charged by hand, hold about ten tons; the new, 250 to 300 tons a 'heat.'

That is the first step in starting to make a 'heat,' which means to cook a bellyful to the proper temperature for steel, ready to tap into a ladle for ingot-making. Next comes making 'front-wall.' No self-respecting brick, clay, or any other substance can stand a load of metal up to steel-heat, without being temporarily relined right away for the next draft of flame. We do that relining by shoveling dolomite into the furnace. The official, known as second-helper, wields a Brobdingnag spoon, about two inches larger than a dinner-plate and fifteen feet long, which a couple of third-helpers, among them

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myself, fill with dolomite. By use of the spoon, the second-helper spreads the protection over the front-wall.

But the sporting job on the open-hearth comes a bit later, and consists in making 'back-wall.' Then all the men on the furnace and all the men on your neighbor's furnace form a dolomite line, and, marching in file to the open door, fling their shovelfuls across the flaming void to the back-wall. It 's not a beginner's job. You must swing your weapon through a wide arc, to give it 'wing,' and the stuff must hop off just behind the furnace-door, and rise high enough to top the scrap between and land high. I say it 's not a beginner's job, though it 's like golf — the first shovelful may be a winner. What lends life to the sport is the fact that everybody 's in it: it 's the team play of the open-hearth, like a house-raising in the community.

Another thing giving life is the heat. The mouth of the furnace gapes its widest, and you must hug close in order to get the stuff across. Every man has deeply smoked glasses on his nose when he faces the furnace. He 's got to stare down her throat, to watch where the dolomite lands. It 's up to him to 'place' his stuff — the line is n't marching through the heat to warm its hands. Here 's a tip I did n't savvy on my first back-wall. Throw your left arm high at the end of your arc, and in front of your face; it will cut the heat an instant, and allow you to see if you have 'placed' without flinching. It 's really not brawn, — making back-wall, — but a nimble swing and a good eye, and the art of not minding heat.

After that is done, she can cook for a while, and needs only watching. The first-helper gives her that, passing up and down every few minutes to look through the peepholes in her furnace-doors. He puts his glasses down on his nose, inspects the brew, and notices if her stomach 's in good shape. If the bricks get as red as the gas flame, she 's burning the living lining out of her. But he keeps the gas blowing in her ends as hot as she 'll stand it without a holler. On either end the gas, and on top of it the air. The first-helper, who is cook of the furnace, makes a proper mixture out of them. The hotter he can let the gas through, the quicker the brew is cooked, and the more 'tonnage' he 'll make that week.

'Get me thirty thousand pounds,' said the first-helper when I was on the furnace that first night. Fifteen tons of molten metal! I was undecided whether to bring it in a dipper or in my hat. But it 's not more than running upstairs for a handkerchief in the bureau. You climb to a platform near the blower, where the stuff is made, and find a man there with a book. Punch him in the arm and say, 'Thirty thou' for Number 7.' He will swear moderately and blow a whistle. You return to the furnace, and on your heels follows a locomotive dragging a bucket — the ladle — ten feet high. Out of it arise the fumes of your fifteen tons of hot metal. The overhead crane picks it up and pours it through a spout into the furnace. As it goes in, you stand and direct the pouring. The craneman, as he tilts or raises the bucket, watches you for directions, and you stand and make gentle motions with one hand, thus easily and simply controlling the flux of the fifteen tons. That part of the job always pleased me. It was like modeling Niagara with a wave of the hand. Sometimes he spills a little, and there is a vortex of sparks, and much molten metal in front of the door to step on.

She cooks in anywhere from ten hours to twenty-four. The record on this floor is ten, which was put over by Jock. He has worked on most of the open-hearths from Scotland to Colorado.

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When it 's time for a test, the first-helper will take a spoon about the size of your hand, and scoop up some of the soup. But not to taste. He pours it into a mould, and when the little ingot is cool, breaks it with a sledge. Everyone on the furnace, barring myself, looks at the broken metal and gives a wise smile. I 'm not enough of a cook. They know by the grain if she has too much carbon, or needs more, or is ready to tap, or is n't. With too much carbon, she 'll need a 'jigger,' which is a few more tons of hot metal to thin her out.

That 's about the whole game — abbreviated — up to tap-time. It takes on an average of eighteen hours, and your shift may be anything, from ten to twenty-four. Of course, there are details like shoveling in fluor spar to thin out the slag. Be sure you clear the breast of the furnace, with your shovelful, when you put that into her. Spar eats the dolomite as mice eat cheese.

At intervals the first-helper tilts the whole furnace forward, and she runs out at the doors, which is to drain off the slag that floats on top of the brew. But after much weariness it 's tap-time and the 'big boss' comes to supervise.

Move aside the shutters covering the round peepholes on her doors, at this time, and you 'll see the brew bubbling away like malt breakfast-food ready to eat. But there 's a lot of testing before serving. When it is ready, you run to the place where you hid your little flat manganese shovel, and take it to the gallery behind the furnace, near the tap-spout. There you can look down upon the 'pit,' strewn with those giant bucket-ladles, and sprinkled with the clean-up men who gather painfully all that 's spilled or slobbered of hot metal and saved for a second melting. The whole is swept by the omnipresent crane.

At a proper and chosen instant, the senior melter shouts, 'Heow!' and the great furnace rolls on its side on a pair of mammoth rockers, and points a clay spout into the ladle, held for it by the crane. Before the hot soup comes rushing, the second-helper has to 'ravel her out.' 'Raveling' is poking a pointed rod up the tap-spout, till the stopping is prodded away. You never know when the desired, but terrific, result is accomplished. When it is, you retire just as you would from an exploding oil-well. The brew is loose. It comes out red and hurling flame. Into the ladle it falls, with a hiss and a terrifying 'splunch.'

The first- and second-helpers immediately make matters worse. They stagger up with bags containing fine anthracite, and drop them into the mess. These have a most damning effect. The flames hit the roof of the pit, and sway and curl angrily along the frail platform on which you stand. Some occult reasoning tells them how many of these bags to drop in, whether to make a conflagration or a moderate house-burning.

The melter waits a few minutes, and then shouts your cue. You and another helper run swiftly along the gallery to the side of the spout. At your feet is a pile of manganese, one of the heaviest substances in the world, and seeming heavier than that. It 's your job and your helper's to put the pile into the cauldron. You 're expected to get it in fast. You do.

There are almost always two ladles to fill, but you have a 'spell' between. When she 's tapped, you pick up a piece of sheet-iron and cover the spout with it. That 's another job to warm frost-bitten fingers.

One more step and the brew is an ingot. There are several tracks entering the pit, and at proper seasons a train of cars swings in, bringing the upright ingot moulds. They stand about seven feet high from their flats. When the ladle is full and slobbering a bit, the craneman swings her gingerly over the first mould. Level with the ladle's base,

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and above the train of moulds, runs the pouring platform, on which the ingot-men stand.

By means of rods, a stopper is released from a small hole in the bottom of the ladle. In a few seconds the stream fills a mould, and the attendant shuts off the steel like a boy at a spigot. The ladle swings gently down the line, and the proper measure of metallic flame squirts into each mould. A trainload of steel is poured in a few minutes.

But this is when all omens are propitious. It 's when the stopper-man has made no mistakes. But when rods jam and the stopper won't stop, watch your step, and cover your face. That fierce little stream keeps coming, and nothing that the desperate men on the pouring platform can do seems likely to stem it. Soon one mould is full — but the ladle continues to pour, with twenty tons of steel to go. It can't be allowed to make a steel floor for the pit. It must get into those moulds. So the craneman swings her on to the next mould, with the stream aspurt. It 's like taking water from the teakettle to the sink with a punctured dipper. Half goes on the kitchen floor. But the spattering of molten metal is much more exciting. A few little clots affect the flesh like hot bullets. So, when the craneman gets ready to swing the little stream down the line, the workers on the platform behave like frightened fishes in a mill pond. Then, while the mould fills, they come back, to throw certain ingredients into the cooling metal.

These ingots, when they come as virgin steel from the moulds, are impressive things — especially on the night turn. Then each stands up against the night air like a massive monument of hardened fire. Pass near them and see what colossal radiators of heat they are. Trainloads of them pass daily out of the pit to the blooming-mill. But my spell with them is done.

II

I stood behind the furnace, near the spout, and Nick, the second-helper, beside me, was yelling things in Anglo-Serbian into my face. He was a loose-limbed, sallow-faced Serbian, with black hair under a green-visored cap, always on the back of his head. His shirt was torn on both sleeves and open nearly to his waist, and in the uncertain lights of the mill his chest and abdomen shone with sweat.

'Goddam you, what you think! Get me' — a long blur of Serbian, here — 'spout, quick mak' a' — more Serbian with tremendous volume of voice — 'furnace, see? You get that — — mud!'

When a man says that to you with profound emotion, it seems insulting to say 'What?' But that was what I did.

'All right, all right,' he said; 'what the hell, me get myself, all the work' — blurred here — 'son of a — third-helper — wheelbarrow, why don' you — — *quick now when I say!*'

'All right, all right, I 'll do it,' I said, and went away. I was never in my life so much impressed with the necessity of *doing it.* His language and gesture had been profoundly expressive — of what? I tried to concentrate on the phrases that seeped through emotion and Serbian into English. 'Wheelbarrow' — hang on to that; 'mud' — that 's easy: a wheelbarrow of mud. Good!

I got it at the other end of the mill opposite Number 5.

'Don't use that shovel for mud!' said the second-helper on Number 4.

So I did n't.

I wheeled back to the gallery behind Seven, and found Nick coming out at me. When he saw that hard-won mud of mine, I thought he was going to snap the cords in his throat.

'Hell!' he said, when articulation returned, 'I tell you, get wheelbarrow

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dolomite, and half wheelbarrow clay, and pail of water, and look what you bring!'

So that was it — he probably said pail of water with his feet.

'Oh, all right,' I said, smiling like a skull, 'I thought you said mud. I 'll get it, I 'll get it.'

This is amusing enough on the first day; you can go off and laugh in a superior way to yourself about the queer words the foreigners use. But after seven days of it, fourteen hours each, it gets under the skin, it burns along the nerves as the furnace heat burns along the arms, when you make back-wall. It suddenly occurred to me one day, after someone had bawled me out picturesquely for not knowing where something was that I had never heard of, that this was what every immigrant hunky endured; it was a matter of language largely, of understanding, of knowing the names of things, the uses of things, the language of the boss. Here was this Serbian second-helper bossing his third-helper largely in an unknown tongue, and the latter getting the full emotional experience of the immigrant. I thought of Bill, the pit boss, telling a hunky to do a clean-up job for him, and when the hunky said, 'What?' he turned to me and said, 'Ain't these hunkies dumb?'

Most of the false starts, waste motion, misunderstandings, fights, burnings, accidents, nerve-wrack, and desperation of soul would fall away if there were understanding — a common language, of mind as well as of tongue.

But then, I thought, all this may be because I 'm oversensitive. I had this qualm till one day I met Jack. He was an old regular-army sergeant, a man about thirty. He had come back from fixing a bad spout. They had sledged it out — sledged through the steel that had crept into the dolomite and closed the tap-hole.

'Do you ever feel low?' he said, sitting down on the back of a shovel. 'Every once 'n while I feel the way I do now, like telling 'em to take their damn job, and — You sweat and burn yourself, and strain your guts out, and then they swear at you — that 's what gets my goat.'

I went out of the open-hearth shelter slowly, and watched the line — nearly a quarter of a mile long — of swinging dinner-buckets. Some were large and round, and had a place on top for coffee; some were circular and long; some were flat and square. I looked at the men. They were the day-shift coming in.

'I have finished,' I said to myself automatically; 'I 'm going to eat and go to bed. I don't have to work now.'

I looked at the men again. Most of them were hurrying; their faces carried yesterday's fatigue and last year's. Now and then I saw a man who looked as if he could work the turn, and then box a little in the evening for exercise. There were a few men like that. The rest made me think strongly of a man holding himself from falling over a cliff, with fingers that paralyzed slowly.

I stepped on a stone, and felt the place on my heel where the limestone and sweat had worked together to make a burn. I 'd be hurrying in at five o'clock that day, and they 'd be going home. It was seven-twenty. That would be nine and a half hours from now. I had to eat twice, and buy a pair of gloves, and sew up my shirt, and get sleep before then. I live twenty minutes from the mill. If I walk home as fast as I can drive my legs, and bolt breakfast, seven hours is all I can work in before three-thirty. I 'll have to get up then to get time for dinner, fixing up my shirt, and walking to the mill.

I wonder how long this night-shift of gray-faced men with different-sized dinner-buckets will be moving out to-

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ward the green gate, and the day-shift coming in — how many years?

The car up from the nail mill stopped, just before it dove under the railroad bridge.

'I 'm in luck.'

I suddenly had a vision of how the New York subway looked: its crush, its noise, its overdressed Jews, its speed, its subway smell. I looked around inside the clattering trolley-car. Nobody was talking. The car was filled for the most part with Slavs, a few Italians, and some negroes from the nail mill. Everyone, except two old men of unknown age, was under thirty-five. They held their buckets on their laps, or put them on the floor between their legs. Six or eight were asleep. The rest sat quiet, with legs and neck loose, eyes open, steady, dull, fixed upon nothing.

III

Another day went by, hewing cinders in the pit. I tried to figure to myself persuasive or threatening things I could say to the melters, to let me work on the floor. A shrewd-looking little man with moustachios worked near me.

'Did you ever work on the floor?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,' he said: 'too damn much hot; to hell with the money!'

They pay you two cents more an hour on the floor. At twenty minutes to five I went upstairs to my locker. Dick Reber, senior melter, stopped me. 'Need a man to-night; want to work?' he said; 'always short, you know, on this damn long turn.'

'Sure,' I said.

That was one way to get promoted, I thought, and wondered how I 'd stand fourteen more hours on top of the ten I had had.

'Beat it!' yelled the melter.

Jack and I got our flat manganese shovels, and went on the run to the gallery. We were tapping at last. This furnaceful had cooked twenty-two hours. Nick was kneeling on water-soaked bagging, on the edge of the hot spout. He dug out the mud in the tap-hole with a pointed rod, and sputtered oaths at the heat. Every few minutes the spout would burn through the bagging to his knees. He would get up, refold the bagging, and kneel again.

Finally the metal gurgled out, a small stream the size of two fingers. Nick dodged back, and it swelled to a six-inch torrent.

'Heow! Crane!'

Pete Grayson had come out, and was bawling something very urgently at the pit crane. The ladle swung closer; we could feel the increased wave of heat.

He looked over at us, and held up two fingers. That meant that both piles of manganese that lay on the gallery next the crane were to be shoveled in.

'Heow!' yelled the melter.

Jack and I leaped forward to the manganese, and our shovels scraped on the iron gallery. I saw Jack slapping his head to put out a little fire that had started on the handkerchief wound round his neck. I slapped a few sparks that stung my right leg.

There was something queer about this heat. The soles of my feet — why in the devil should the gallery burn so! There was a blazing gas in the air — my nostrils seemed to flame as they took it in. This was different from most manganese shoveling. My face glowed all over in a single concentrated pain. What was it? I saw Jack shoveling wildly in the middle of that second pile. We finished it in a panic.

'What was the matter with that damned ladle?' I asked, as we got our breath in the opening between the furnaces.

'Spout had a hole in the middle,' he said: 'ladle underneath, see!'

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I did. The fire-clay of the spout had given way, and a hole forming in the middle let the metal through. That made it necessary, in order to catch the steel, to bring the ladle close, till part of it was under the platform on which we worked. The heat and gas from the hot steel in the ladle had been warming our feet, and rising into our faces.

'Here 's a funny thing,' I said, looking down. One of the sparks which had struck my trousers burned around, very neatly taking off the cuff and an inch or two of the leg. The thing might have been done with a pair of shears.

IV

I came out of the mill whistling, and feeling pretty much 'on the crest.' I 'd worked their 'damn long turn,' and stood it. It was n't so bad, except that ladle that got under the manganese. I ate a huge breakfast and climbed into bed with a smile on my lips.

The alarm clock had been ringing several minutes. I turned over to shut it off, and found needles running into all the muscles of my back. I struggled up on an elbow. I had a 'hell of a head.' The alarm was still going.

I fought myself out of bed, and shut it off; stood up and tried to think. Pretty soon a thought came over me like an ache: it was 'fourteen hours.' That was beginning in fifty-five minutes, fourteen hours of back-walls — and hot ladles, and — Oh, hell! — I sat down again on the bed, and prepared to lift my feet back in.

Then I got up, and washed fiercely, threw on my clothes, and went downstairs, and out into the afternoon sun.

Down by the restaurant, I met the third-helper on Eight.

'Long turn would n't be so bad, if there were n't no next day,' he said, with a sort of a smile.

In the mill was a gang of malignant men; things all went wrong; everybody was angry and tired; their nerves made mistakes for them.

'I wish it were next Sunday!' I said.

'There ain't any Sundays in this place,' he returned. 'Twenty-four hours off between two working-days ain't Sunday.'

I thought that over. The company say they give you one day off every two weeks. But it 's not like a day off anywhere else. It 's twenty-four hours sandwiched between two workdays. You finish your night-week at seven Sunday morning, having just done a week of one twenty-four-hour shift, and six fourteens. You 've got all the time from then till the next morning! Hurrah! How will you use it? If you do the normal thing, eat breakfast, and go to bed for eight hours — that brings you to five o'clock. Will you stay up all night? You 've had your sleep. Yes, but there 's a ten-hour turn coming at seven. You go to bed at eleven, to sleep up for your turn. There 's an evening out of it! Hurrah! again. But who does the normal thing? Either you go on a tear for twenty-four hours, — you have it only twice a month, — or you sleep the twenty-four if the week 's been a bad one. Or — and this is common in Bouton — you get sore at the system and stay away a week.

'Hey, you, get me a jigger, quick. Ten thou'.'

'All right,' I said, and shut off my mind for the day.

I usually had bad words and bad looks from 'Shorty.' Jack calls him 'that dirty Wop.' Late one afternoon he produced a knife, and fingered it suggestively while he talked. So I always watched him with all the eyes I had.

One day we had shoveled in manganese together over a hot ladle, and I noticed that he was in a bad mood. We finished, and leaned against the rail.

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'Six days more,' he said very quietly.

I looked up, surprised at his voice.

'What do you mean?'

'Six days more, this week, me quit this goddam job.'

'What 's the matter?'

'Oh, — — me lose thirteen pound this job, what the hell!'

'What job will you get now?'

'I don't know, I don't know; any job at all better,' he said very bitterly.

Having adopted the quitting idea, six days were too much to endure. A little later, Jock was ready to make front-wall. He saw Shorty and said, 'Get me that hook and spoon.'

Shorty stood and looked at Jock, with the utmost malignity in his face. 'Get your — — hook and spoon yourself.'

Jock was greatly surprised, and returned, 'Who the hell are you?'

Instantly Shorty snapped, 'Who the hell are you?'

And then he was fired.

This is the second 'quitting mad' I 've seen. The feeling seems to be like the desire that gets piled up sometimes in the ranks of the army, to 'tell 'em to go to hell.' It 's the result of accumulated poisons of overfatigue, long hours, overwrought nerves, 'the military discipline of the mills.'

At last, Saturday night. Everyone felt Sunday coming, with twenty-four hours of drunkenness or sleep alluringly ahead. The other shift had tapped the furnace at three o'clock. We might not tap again, and that was nice to think about. A front-wall and a hot back-wall we went through, as if it were better fun than billiards.

'Look out for me; I 've got the de 'il in me,' from Jock, Scotch first on Number 8.

I looked up, and the crazy fool had a spoon — they weigh over a hundred — between his legs, dragging it like a kid with a broomstick. As it bounced on the broken brick floor, he yelled like a man after a Hun.

'Who 's the maun amang ye, can lick a Scotchman?' he cried, dropping the spoon to the floor.

'Is this the best stuff you can show on Number 8?' said Fred slowly. He dived for Jock's waist, and drew it to him, though the Scotchman tried to break his grip with one of his hands, and with the other thrust off his opponent's face. When Fred had him tight, he caught one of Jock's straying arms, bent it slowly behind his back, and contrived a hammerlock.

'You 're no gentleman,' — in pain; 'you 're interruptin' my work.'

Fred relaxed, and Jock jumped away.

'Come over to a good furnace and fight it out!' he yelled from a distance.

The charging machine in its perpetual machine tremolo shook past and stopped. George slid down from his seat, and came over to Number 8's gang.

'Well, Fred, how in hell 's the world usin' yer?'

'Ask me that to-morrow.'

'Well, guys, good night; I 'm dead for forty minutes.'

He picked up a board some six feet long and about six inches in width. He laid himself carefully on it, and was sleeping inside of a minute.

I looked at him enviously for a few minutes. Suddenly it occurred to me that the board lay over a slit in the floor. It was the opening through which the pipes that attach to the gas-valve rise and fall. When gas is shifted from one end of the furnace to the other, the pipes emerge through the slit to a height several feet from the floor. Finally Fred made the same discovery, and a broad smile spread over his face. He continued to watch George, his grin deepening. At last he turned to the second-helper.

'Throw her over,' he said.

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Nick threw the switch. Slowly and easily the valve-pipes rose, lifting George and the head of his bed into the air perilously.

An immense and ill-controlled shout swelled up and got ready to burst inside the witnesses. George slept on, and the bed passed forty-five degrees. In another second it rolled off the side of the pipes, and George, scared, half-asleep, and much crumpled, rolled over on the furnace floor. It was several seconds before he recovered profanity.

The pure joy of that event spread itself over the entire shift.

I walked home with Stanley, the Pole. He always called me Joe, the generic name for non-hunky helpers.

'Say, Joe,' he said, as we came under the railroad bridge, 'what 's your name right?'

'Charlie,' I answered. 'By the way, where have you been?'

'Drunk, Charlie,' he answered, smiling cheerfully.

'Ever since I saw you in the pit?'

'Three week,' he stated, with satisfaction; 'beer, whiskey, everyt'ing. What the hell, work all time goddam job, what the hell?'

GIFTS

BY AMORY HARE

Give a man a dog or a gun,
Give a dog a man to love,
Give a woman a patch of sun
And a bit of green with the sky above
Where her babes may laugh and run;

Give a gull the blowing spray,
Give a ship one faithful star,
Give my heart but a single day
Where any of these things are —
And I'll find my heaven the swiftest way
That ever a heaven was won!

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UAN THE FEY

BY JAMES BOYD

I

Of all the builders in Hy Brasil, the lost Atlantic isle, Uan Shane was the most promising. For a thousand years the Shanes had made firm and solid the fanciful towers and cheerful roofs which that country was ever adding to its magic sky-line. Each Shane had in turn been a wielder of great knowledge and power among all tools and materials, and, among men, a formidable voice proceeding from a menacing beard. They knew all stones and woods and irons. They knew the pine for girders and for the backs of lutes. But if any man had said that one pine was for strength and the other for sweetness, they would have emitted a great voice at him. They loved materials as some do women — grossly and passionately. Their thumbs, passing over a panel or forging, could tell them more than most men's whole minds. With a hatred as bitter as a lover's they hated everything but the best.

Uan's own father, on finding that a gargoyle on a hammer beam in the Hall of Gryphons had been mortised on, not carved in place, threw the woodworker into the sea, with his carving after him, and tore off the bronze roof with his own hands, to put in another. On the day the new beam swung into place Uan himself was born, and that night the elder Shane gruffed at him through his beard and ran his thumb over the feebly expostulating body.

'He's soft,' said the Shane and scowled.

'Babies are soft,' said the mother. 'Soft in the face; I call him "Uan."'

'A lamb — that 's pretty.'

'And what 's a lamb but a young sheep?'

The great bushy man saw little of the boy as he grew up. The Shane was always busy. He built a church for the Powerful Gods and a church for the Little Gods, and was to build one for the Friendless God. But his mind suddenly failed him, and he could not understand the requirements of this project. At length they found him bowed forward among the plans on which he had written laboriously, just before he died, the one word, 'absurd,' and then, evidently, with a firm final gesture, had crossed it out.

The boy had by this time become a man and a skillful builder, able to take his father's place. In the dimmer recesses of his mind lay the stores of old experience of the bygone Shanes and in the foreground his own quick brain wove to and fro — a brain keener than that of any Shane before. Instead of their incoherent fury for work, a flame of joy in making things burned in his heart, its smoke a curling wisp of quizzical fancy, its ashes God knows what lost visions of ease and comfort. This was to be a builder before whose dreams-come-true the works of the bearded Shanes would be lifeless things, without form and void.

But here came the first premonition of failure. Uan had no beard and none

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to come. Nor had he the omnipotent invective and fierce sudden judgment that went with it. The resounding curses of a Shane had smothered the sound of hammers on every building for a thousand years, and for a thousand years workmen had scuttled before them, abject but grinning, terror clutching at their livers, but in their hearts pride in being the object of so majestic and unspeakable a blast. The Shane anathema, in which the profane and sacred were fantastically mingled, was regarded as an accolade, and men believed that no worker could pretend to craftsmanship until his shoulders had shrunk beneath the corroding fulmination of a Shane.

Uan had not been in his father's place a day, before it was felt throughout Hy Brasil that the thousand years of roaring Shanes had ended. Some indulgently pointed out his youth, and hopefully prophesied that trenchant words would come to him with time. But the wise, who were numerous there as never elsewhere or since, all knew that change was impossible. Toward himself Uan was inexorable, but he looked on others with a whimsical kindliness born of too great understanding.

The workmen quickly saw this and acted as workmen do, also as do shipchandlers, scullions, acolytes, bargemen, and all other persons. The most of them eased off and set themselves to discover, by nicely calculated progressive experiments, the tenuous minimum of labor which would still hold their job. The others felt stirring within them the magical pulse of fellowship between man and man, and knew for the first time what it was to put their hearts in their work.

In consequence, Uan's buildings had both a beauty and a sloven flimsiness never seen before. Towers soared, singing like larks, from battlements of ill-matched, half-dressed stone. Bronze carillons, carved with warriors and dragons and veined with threads of silver, swung softly throbbing chimes from crazy campaniles which creaked discordantly at every note. And still Uan built on, childishly happy in his own toil, and racked with futile pity for even the petty failings of others; until, at length, he met the day which changed his life.

II

He was just completing the common room of the Elder Druids. The low vaulted ceiling was checkered with the reflection of the black-and-white slate floor. High in the wall, broad flat windows ran around the room, and above them a carved band of oak leaves and mistletoe, and a magical inscription in the ogham character, which looked like the markings on some weird and mighty yardstick, measuring its own dark words and the whole unknown.

From below the windows, down to the floor stretched fresh, white plaster waiting to be painted the green of oak leaves. Nothing else remained to be done, and as Uan stood there, the master painter, slow and soothing in movement and yellow with the sickness of his calling, glided up and spoke softly of the amount of paint they would need.

Uan turned to the wall and began putting down the figures on its clean stretch — a handy place where they would soon be painted out. The soft pencil made velvet lines on the smooth surface. The figures flowed easily; more easily and gracefully than he had ever been able to form them before. It was fascinating. He made his calculation, then kept on. Somewhere behind him the voice of the master painter, dimly heard, droned with a pleasant, numbing intonation. Above, the inscrutable ogham characters, half-seen, marched processionally around the mysterious hall.

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The figures flowed from his hand and took shape. He saw that they could be turned into swans and gnomes and leprechauns. Every figure could be made into something beautiful and strange. He went on to draw more; then to join them all together with oak leaves and acorns fancifully entwined. A pattern wove itself in his mind and started to grow upon the wall. In it were all the beauties and marvels and fears of the Druids and of the Old Days, peeping alluringly or menacingly out of the foliage, always half-hidden by the leaves, as they had been for centuries in the great forest itself.

The master painter's voice had long since faded away. Once Uan had a dim, troubled sense of some obscure disturbance in his far-off forgotten life. He never saw the little knot of workmen, who had gathered and stood, with shaking head and finger along nose, divided between fear and morbid pleasure at the fate that had made the master builder mad.

Night was coming on, but Uan only called for a light, and the workmen, with the respect of simple men for the insane, brought him rush torches and, making a sign to guard themselves from evil, left him. The rushlight flickered, luminous tides surged and ebbed on the walls. A horned owl peered through the casement and tapped with his little hooked beak on the pane. Uan, not looking up, put owls and curling sacrificial fires in the ever-growing leaf-screen. He became drowsy; the torch sputtered in the sconce and went out, with a pulsing afterglow like the death-struggle of a living thing. Uan stumbled blindly home.

For nine days he was bound by the spell of those unfinished walls. He drew, then painted, till every part of them was covered. The room glowed with the crude, strange loveliness of his unskillful toil. As the last white patch of plaster vanished, the madness flowed out of him. He stood back weak and dazed. A moment before he had been slaving in the grasp of inexorable frenzy. Now he felt only that he had been left shaken and wrung out by a senseless force. With every second his experience seemed more meaningless. Looking dumbly at the curiously colored walls, he saw how crude they were. He felt that he had been a fool.

He thought of all the bygone Shanes lying in a row inside the great stone ring at Kroona — grim and able men, more able, doubtless, now than before; perhaps grimmer, too. His heart turned cold and stagnant as he pictured how pallid a figure he would appear, among that gathering of old giants, when called upon to stand in the dark ring and render his account.

He must restore the ancient tradition of the Shanes. He called his foremen together, and with a manner most crisp and practical, discussed their next undertaking: a bathing-pool for pigeons in the castle garden. He asked why the plans were not ready, and, with more asperity than he had ever shown before, why, on the occasion of his taking a few days for his own diversion, all his force should stop work.

The foremen were overjoyed at his improvement. They busied themselves with intricate drawings in charcoal on boards of white pine, and details painted in color on the skins of goats. Work started; bricks of mottled browns and rough-dressed drums of mulatto stone were hauled to the ground by dun oxen; a wall rose against a terrace, and columns were set in front of it in a flat arc. They were roofed with shingles of dark-green glass, which grew smaller as they rose to the summit to mingle with the grass of the terrace, and threw a deepening emerald glow on the portico beneath.

Here stood the basin, or pool, itself.

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It had been turned in flowing lines on a gigantic potter's wheel and fired the color of the walrus tooth. Now in the green light its creamy curves looked like the waves of a shallow Northern sea. The wall behind was covered with coarse plaster. A plumber was making ready to let the water into the pool, and on the grass outside, as if they knew, the pigeons had gathered, preening and sidling and bubbling among themselves. There were pigeons with necks of purple and lavender, of jasper and opal; pigeons violet, bronze, silver; pigeons the color of ash trees and of autumnal oaks.

Uan stood in the portico watching the man link up the last length of hammered pipe with the great basin. Behind him suddenly he heard the sound of wings, like the water-whistles in the cave of witches on Mount Niknikor. Three pigeons with burnished necks flew in under the roof, their speeding grace silhouetted against the light tan of the wall behind. They were gone, but their image seemed to linger faintly on the smooth expanse — to linger and to move. Uan's hand, holding a broad builder's pencil, stretched forward toward the wall and began sweeping in sharp curves like pigeon-wings. He felt himself drawn forward with the strength of a dream; he heard himself murmur, 'If only I could make them move!' All other things faded away before a great longing to fill that wall with the glory of flying birds.

The laborer, tinkering away, oblivious, had remarked, 'Now this white lead — it's not what it was in the days of Shamus Shane, God save his teeth!' Receiving no answer, he had looked up to see the changed man working feverishly at the wall. The plumber, who kept beagles at home, said afterward that Uan looked like a hound running mute on a cold scent. He said that he had dropped the length of pipe in his hand and run away, fearing that he might hear the young Shane give tongue and thus himself become bewitched.

But it was Uan who was again enchanted; this time with the soaring beauty of flight. Working more freely than before, he had by nightfall covered the wall with countless pigeons winging across the sky. He came down each day and painted them every color that pigeons might be, and two colors that they should be and are not. Having finished, he stood back among the ring of pigeons on the grass and gazed at his work. It was marred by many faults, but in spite of all, there across the wall stretched a flock of pigeons, flying fast and strong. He saw that they did move. As he looked, the birds beside him rose and tried to join them; and he knew that his work was good.

After that there was no longer much hope for him. He began one or two more buildings, but each time the white walls drew him, and he forgot all else until he had covered them with wonderful half-mad conceits. More than half-mad the workmen thought him, and soon it was known throughout Hy Brasil that the young Shane, and with him the great tradition, had fallen into the clutches of some shameful demon. His men left him, half in contempt and half in fear and hatred. He got no more jobs, only sidelong glances of suspicion or, among the better class, of smug pity.

Sometimes he would wander out into the countryside and stay for a little while at the croft of a shepherd or goose-tender, or in the little houses of the foresters and peat cutters. And when he could persuade them to let him, he would paint a queer design over the mantelpiece or door lintel.

As time went on, the little money he had saved as a promising young man was spent and he went into the coun-

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try more than ever. It is true that in town the keepers of two low taverns esteemed his art and frequently fed him for decorating their walls. But this was because it furnished entertainment for their patrons to see him working. As soon as the picture was finished, he was asked to paint it out and do something else. So he used to practise there until some strong idea would come to him, and then he would be off to the uplands, in search of a friendly cottage and a mellow wall.

In the uplands, the men's faces are ruddy and wrinkled like frosted persimmons; their hair is black and curly, and their eyes are black and merry. For long they welcomed the mad stranger and gladly let him paint as he wished. He did processions of geese and of swine, and bare birch trees against a cold, intense winter sky, the backs of women churning, and the hands of poachers splicing night-lines, and many other matters besides.

They used to gather to watch him work, nudging each other and sidling as the pigeons had, murmuring in simple delight as their slow minds recognized a familiar scene. Always they held him in a little awe, as being not wholly human; a wizard, perhaps; harmless and kindly, but a wizard.

As time went on, however, dark whispers began to be heard of his wizardry. Not many at first, only now and then a low word from the corner of a twisted mouth, with the eyes fixed on Uan. But little by little they grew, until at last it came to be known that certain of these pictures had been seen to move — the square backs rising and falling before the churn, the geese advancing majestically. Above all, a gleaming mass of blue adders on a rock, which he had painted for the headman at Kroona, were said to weave sinuously in and out among themselves at some seasons of the moon. And then, one morning, the headman, himself, was found dead among the embers, his lips blue and on his wrist a little blue scar, the death-mark of the adder.

III

The countryside rose against Uan and hunted him with mattocks and brush hooks; he strapped his paint-box on his back and fled away over the frozen bogs.

It was night when he reached the City, the night before the Feast of Mistletoe. Two wolves that had followed him turned back at the first house. Candles at every window gilded the snow, and muffled groups with links hurried past, their faces dark as Sikhs in the death-still cold.

The streets seemed stark and rigid in the winter night as he passed by. But ahead he saw a glow against the sky, and, coming to the open place before the Druid's Great Temple, he met a procession with candles, marching in. He followed into a long high hall. The people knelt close together all down its length. The flames of their tapers flickered and blended in an aureole over the humble stooped throng. Through the soft undulating light, the gray stone columns rose like oaks and spread branches in the gloom above. At the temple's end, a Druid in a white goat's-hair robe was intoning a rune and weaving a subtle pattern in the air with a long, thin knife. Before him lay a small lamb, patient and confused. Uan turned his head aside. At length the people's hoarse, swelling chant told him that all was over. Still singing, they filed out, leaving him alone. Their processional sounded ever fainter, yet ever higher and fiercer, till it died away.

He stole forward to the raised dais at the end, where a great bronze basket of coals glowed and the odor of burned flesh dulled the keen edge of the winter air.

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He knelt beside the embers, shuddering as the warmth reached his bones. Soon he began to relax in the grateful heat. He was a little tired, but his body seemed light, immaterial, and he felt his heart expand and stretch itself in its new liberty. Lighter and lighter he became, until at length he was suspended in nothingness, warmed without and within, and thinking unhindered and flowingly of many mysterious things. He thought of the djins and Little Men of the bogs; of hares in the snow, with the wind eddies blowing their fur the wrong way and fear always lurking in their placid eyes; of woodchoppers swinging their waists with sturdy grace; of the old gray priest with the knife; of the lamb's soft helplessness. All the things in wood and cottage that had stirred him came back to him again and filled him with the knowledge of beauty, its thousand shapes — some grotesque or terrible — flowing together to form the curling wave of life.

Contentedly he began repeating to himself the runic prayers he had learned as a little boy — half-prayers, half-charms to keep bees from swarming or to make butter come or such small affairs. Thus he stumbled along with great things in his heart and dull jumbled words on his lips; then knelt at last in peace. A bat, roused from winter's sleep, wheeling his lop-winged, furtive flight among the shadowy, carved, stone branches, came down so close that his shadow, gigantic and unearthly, flapped on the high blank wall behind. When it was gone, Uan still kept looking at the wall. Near the ground the buff of the sandstone was bright as a sunset haze; higher it merged into dull gold, then into bronze and deeper and deeper velvet browns, till lost in the unplumbed blackness of the roof.

The fire, glowing on the wall and in his body, drew them together. For the moment he had insight into the beauty of life. He was in the temple where men, who neither understood this beauty nor the gods who gave it, made their vain sacrifices. He would paint there an offering from his spirit, which would be understood by the gods and, perhaps, by men. He moved over to the wall and began making small sketches in one corner, humming a marching song, happy. His idea took shape. He dragged over two benches, whose unwilling groans reechoed down the great nave, and standing on them commenced work high up on the wall. He was in no dreamy trance now, but cheery and vigorous, elated with the knowledge that he was doing what he had been born to do. He worked steadily as the night hours passed, jumping down only to stir the coals for a better light or to warm his hands.

Toward morning the picture had taken shape. A man of the uplands, in a shepherd's cloak, was kneeling by a peat fire in a woodland clearing. His square, blunt hands held in his lap a brown, earthen bowl of milk. Out of it, a little lamb, with feet oddly planted, was drinking eagerly, its muzzle buried up to the gentle, witless eyes. The man was sturdy and rugged; his position had the awkward grace of the upland people. His face, brown and ruddy, was so kindly that many would have thought him a little mad. He was looking at something in the distance and laughing in a shy, friendly way. It was a wolf on the edge of the clearing, gazing back at him with the most intense interest. His gray pointed ears were cocked, his brush waved recognition, and his tongue peeped out in a doglike grin. But in his longing eyes gleamed also the iron wilderness pride, which would not let him come.

The first streaks of a dawn as cold and yellow as the cat's eye slanted high upon the wall where Uan painted. They

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dropped down and mingled with the brazier's glow, and from the union sprang a puny, bastard light, shedding drab unreality on the artist and his work.

With the day came three men, laborers with their tools, who had stopped in to pray. They stared, huddled in a group, nodding their heads, jerking furtive thumbs. One spoke under cover of his hand, and all three shuffled out. Uan had not seen them. He was eagerly putting on the last little touches, hurrying before the fear that dawn's bitter death-cold would chill him before he had done. The singing tide of happiness was ebbing and might not flood again. He prayed for a better light, and worked.

Brighter and brighter grew the great brown wall. The first thin warmth of the early rays struck gratefully upon his upraised arm. With a last rush he put in the finishing strokes; then he dropped down on the bench, and weary peace came over him. Always before, he had stepped back to look at his paintings. This time he had given all that he had, and for the rest he was beyond caring. He sat there gently rocking, tired to the marrow of his bones, but quietly radiant with the contentment of the gods. He did not turn to look at the picture, but it seemed to him that light from it, striking his drooping shoulders, warmed him more deeply than ever the dawn could do.

With a blare of color the sun's own eye at last blazed down the nave. He swung around to greet it. As he did so the oak doors at the far end gave slowly back and a struggling crowd pushed in. In front were the three laborers and the ancient Druid. Uan's heart was lifted up, his face shone in the last passionate dying glow of his vision. Springing up, he raised his long brush, as if it were a sword, in the victor's salute.

Then he understood. Dropping his hand, he waited with a sad smile.

The crowd had checked at first sight of him. The Druid stood aside. With a rising growl, they started down the hall, running hard and close together; their soft shod feet, pounding the stones with quick, blunt thumps, sounded the long roll of a muffled drum. They hit the benches where he stood like a flying wedge. There was a crack of timbers and Uan, gripping his brush, was plunged in a sea of clutching hands. He was swallowed at once, but the place was marked by a ring of kneeling figures. They crouched on him, their necks stooped like vultures, leaning their weight forward on their rigid arms till their buzzard shoulders peaked higher than their ears.

'The swine!'

'Daubing the temple!'

'Insulting God!'

Then one: 'Who has a knife?'

'No, not in here.'

But all looked at the Druid. The color flowed from his face and he licked his dry lips. Then he held out the knife. Over their heads it passed from hand to hand till it reached the crouching circle. It rose and fell.

'Stand back, fools,' said a voice; 'have you never seen blood before?'

They fell back, and a second time all looked at the Druid. He raised his arm stiffly and commenced to beat time, chanting on a low note the sacrificial chant. They joined in and formed a column, swaying in rhythm, moving their goatskin sandals with a sifting sound. The chant rose a note; they heaved the body on their shoulders. Again it rose; they moved forward with their burden out through the door. Their song rang and quivered for a moment, like a bowstring in the bright morning air, and then was drowned in the hoarse, full-throated wolf-scream of the city mob.

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MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

My first friend outside the family was Lady Macbeth.

My mother deprecates my choice, and contests my statement. She reminds me of Mother Goose.

I answer that Mother Goose was the friend of all the other children as well; and, besides, she was never exactly outside the family.

If I must have a Shakespearean first friend, my mother suggests Peaseblossom.

Peaseblossom came much later. It is easy to be sure, by all the chronological methods of a big family, always more or less like the negro's, 'De fus' Chuesday after de secon' big fros'.' The Shakespeare Club read *Midsummer Night's Dream* the second year I was lame — the fall we had the white rabbits. Judy's rabbit was Puck and mine was Peaseblossom. And, anyway, Peaseblossom was never an intimate friend. He was just a charming acquaintance. I had known Lady Macbeth for years and years before that, ever since the winter before I was four, when the Shakespeare Club read *Macbeth*.

All the grown people in the family belonged to the Shakespeare Club — papa, mamma, grandpa, both the aunts, Uncle Doug and Cousin Emily. To this day I have never known a club I liked so much; for its single purpose was to bring together, in our little Virginia town, a few congenial people to whom Shakespeare was at once daily bread and festal wine, and who, meeting fortnightly, read a play aloud, by parts assigned beforehand. Naturally, the grown people read the Shakespeare-Club play aloud more than once before the meeting; and so it chanced that in the winter I was three, going on four, Lady Macbeth became my friend.

I liked her for several reasons: first, because she had such an interesting way of washing her hands; and since jam and mud pies and other delights make so many a damnèd spot on fat small fingers, it was charming to have such a zestful way of getting them out, or failing, as dramatically, in the attempt.

The second reason is more subtle. It was because Lady Macbeth liked the witches. So, of course, did I. I knew well enough why I liked them. It was because they talked poetry, with most engaging rhymes, while most of the Shakespeare people talked in long, marching lines, to which I listened adoringly, but without the sense of ease I had with the witches' jingles, which sounded much like those of Mother Goose herself. I did n't know why Lady Macbeth liked them. Most grown people did n't. The lady with the chestnuts was mean to them. Even mamma discouraged my chanting of lines like the fascinating ones about the finger. (Part of the charm of that couplet was that it conveyed no flicker of meaning, and part that it might rhyme two ways, so one liked to try the effect repeatedly — 'babe, drabe' — 'bab, drab.') But mamma urged me to confine my repetition to the big magic of

> Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray.

Looking back, it seems to me rather

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remarkable testimony to the Shakespearean magic, that it so worked on the sensitive camera of a little girl's mind, that I realized then, without even the mistiest fragment of real understanding of the plot, that somehow Lady Macbeth and the witches were allies. Certainly, there was no particular precocity involved. My father's big Gordon setter, Banquo, and the good soldier and most redoubtable ghost were so intermixed in my mind, that I was more than a little afraid of the sweetest-tempered bird-dog that ever let half a dozen children pull the burrs out of his coat; and, to this day, Banquo's name in the caste brings me a flashlight picture of a beautiful blue-coated hunting-dog.

Finally, an element of combativeness entered into that first friendship, as into so many later ones. Hardly anybody liked Lady Macbeth. Most grown people liked Mr. Macbeth better. Grown older, I confess that there are, shall we say, flaws in the character of my Scotch friend; but even now I am unwilling to hear a blanket indictment against her; I found her so companionable then.

The next person for whom I remember feeling just that delightful sense of intimacy, as if we two had a bond that others did not share, was Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk.

There is no haziness at all about the reason for that. Jack had found, and fearlessly followed, a way to climb up and up into the beautiful deep blue sky that arched above the valley of Virginia, whither I, lying on my back in the deep grass of the orchard, could only follow him with all my longing heart.

It was with exactly the same thrill that in after years I knew Cyrano, and stood, dumbly desiring at his side, as he declared, —

Vous voyez, le rayon de lune vient me prendre!

My friendship with King David was on less lofty terms. I loved him, of course, for his courage and generosity; and he too loved the deepness of the sky, though he usually saw it when it was full of stars, and wolves howled scarily, yet somehow musically, far away. But the personal tie between us was that we both wanted to be good, and made such halting work of it. There were other bonds, too. Most 'middle ones' in a big family find a familiar ring in the big brothers' chiding of young boasting. Those older children always seem to 'know our pride and the naughtiness of our hearts.'

And then, the youngest son of Jesse had one excruciating experience whose bitterness I only, surely, of all living creatures shared. I had rolled dizzily off the foot-log into the Herrings's creek, and the beloved grownies at Retirement had dressed me in warm, dry things that had belonged to a bigger little girl. So I knew just how miserably shy the boy David was when they put the big King's armor on him. No wonder he was 'ruddy.' No wonder he begged them to take it off.

My friendship with Dr. Johnson developed, I think, when I was about seven. It might rather be called, indeed, an intimacy than a friendship, for it was based upon a common crime. I never really liked him. I make the declaration with an uncomfortable sense that the eye of A. Edward Newton is upon me — but I never did. He had such an explosive and alarming way of saying 'Sir,' or 'Madam.' And if you had chanced to say anything with which he did n't agree, you must have felt annihilated when he boomed his verdict against you.

Nevertheless, there was a definite sense of companionship with the great Doctor — a companionship which grew out of the knowledge that a sin, which I had believed set me apart from all the Christian world beside, was

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shared by the great lexicographer. This was our guilty secret: I disliked, to the point of fearing, to step on a crack, and Dr. Johnson felt safer if he touched all the lamp-posts. He, too, was 'an evil and adulterous generation.' To this day, when I see that great figure rolling down Fleet Street, touching all the posts, I see beside him, her small hand feeling rather safe and warm in his huge one, though not for worlds would she have spoken, a fat little brown-eyed girl in a brown-and-white-checked apron, who carefully sets her calfskin shoes clear of every crack — and whether they walk in London or in Harrisonburg, I can't for the life of me be sure.

There were other friends on the Harrisonburg streets; indeed, everybody was a friend to 'the Captain's children,' from the Presbyterian minister himself to Mr. Magallis's yellow cat. I had a few who were peculiarly my own. One of these was Mr. Adolph Wise, who kept a shoe store five days in the week — five only, for all our shops were closed on Sunday, and on Saturday Mr. Wise read the beautiful Hebrew Scripture in the Synagogue. It made Mr. Wise somehow kin of Isaiah, who, if not precisely a friend, was one of my heroes, like General Stuart.

We children hardly ever went beyond our own hill without some watchful elder. Yet it is among my certain memories that I would stand, a quiet, fascinated child, to hear Mr. Adolph Wise intoning to himself, at a high counter in the back of his store, while his brother sold shoes in the front, sonorous, singing Hebrew words, which I was sure were 'the same that God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus.'

With some critics it may discount the reliability of my memories if I mention that I remember the French Revolution. But for the detail that I know it is n't true, I would be willing to swear in any court that I saw the attempted flight of the Queen and that I visited the little Dauphin in prison. I knew him well and loved him dearly, and even now I can see him plain; but his misfortunes set him far apart from a happy, ordinary, little girl, who was interested in every daily detail of life, from the batter cakes at breakfast to the last flicker of firelight before she fell asleep at night.

The carpenter by the bridge at home is one of the friends of this, my inner circle, though so far as I remember he spoke to me only once. On that day he said, calling me by my mother's name, for he 'did n't hold with' calling little girls by a family name, 'Little Nettie, here's a flower for you. Put it in water. Keep it and watch it, and it will open to the last bud at the tip.' For more than twenty years, as we count time down here, Mr. Bassford has been among the blossoms of Paradise, but none of 'those eternal flowers' blooms more lastingly than that pale gold wand of flowers given to a little girl who rolled her hoop across his bridge, oh, years and years ago. Everybody at home had a garden. I had even planted flowers and watched them grow; but I think nobody else in my childhood gave me a cut flower, bidding me 'keep it and watch.'

That stalk of hollyhock lasted, I think, a little over two weeks, one pale gold rosette growing limp and droopy at twilight every day, another opening every morning — a little smaller, a trifle paler than the earlier ones that had bloomed in the sunshine of Mr. Bassford's garden. Nature study was not yet upon us in those days, but when I read, afterward, about the flower in the crannied wall, I knew exactly how Tennyson felt when he wrote it. And Tennyson completes the list of these friends of my secret circle.

It is hard to resist telling of other best and dearest people of spirit or of

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flesh and blood; of the day when the Autocrat made me free of the city of Boston, or of my introduction to English politics by way of Macaulay's *Life and Letters;* but by that time an element of conscious selection differentiated those loves from just such hazy, happy bonds as I have talked of here.

It seems hardly fair to leave out the *Pilgrim's Progress* people, but they were always rather companions of my pilgrimage than friends of my heart. Agnes Repplier might class the Tinker's story among 'Books That Have Hindered Me,' for my choice of that goody company — with shame I confess it! — was Pliable. Some way his versatility refreshed my soul, while Christian and I plodded on.

Tennyson was not yet Lord Tennyson when first I knew him. I read and chuckled, though resentfully, over 'Baron Alfred T de T' long after Lady Clara Vere de Vere was on my calling list. In the fall that I was five, Tennyson came on my horizon. Not dawned: that is not the word. There is a feeling of evening sunshine in that memory. It was the year that I fell out of our apple tree and broke my hip. I remember a good deal of pain, ameliorated by a sense of importance rarely permitted the 'middle one,' in a family of children; but the great event of that year was, and is, that it was then I first met Tennyson. No wonder that, when I read the modern critic's scorn of the great Victorian, 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon.'

While I do myself the honor of saying that Tennyson was my intimate friend, when I was a little girl, nevertheless, from the first I felt that he was a little aloof, and that I was dignified by that friendship, much as if I had been presented at court — and that, King Arthur's, not Victoria's.

Every circumstance of our first meeting was auspicious. Cousin Emily gave me the book, and Cousin Emily was beauty's very self, with pale-gold hair plaited above her beautiful blue-veined temples and white brow. The book was blue and gold; it had no pictures, and it was called *Songs from Tennyson.* And, crowning joy, it was read to me by the big brother whom I most worshipfully adored. He was ten that summer, and he played on a base-ball nine, but he read *Songs from Tennyson* to me, his five-year-old sister, out in our orchard, under our apple tree. The music of the poems absolutely healed my pain as long as the reading lasted. Perhaps a modern doctor would call it hypnosis. Certainly I neither understood nor wanted to understand the lovely words.

I knew most of the Songs by heart. On wakeful nights, when the splint that held the broken hip grew heavy, I used to recite the 'Death of the Old Year' till the bells swung me to sleep. But, whether it celebrated a hunter's triumph or was addressed to a human 'old dear,' I sometimes dreamily wondered, but never cared to inquire. How amazingly is foolishness bound up in the heart of a child!

Gold of the book, on its edges; gold of Cousin Emily's hair; gold with the green of the apple leaves above me; drifting gold of the maple trees along the road outside; gold in the sunset sky; gold of the hunter's moon. But why, why is it all Tennyson's gold?

I have it, oh, I have it.

> The splendor falls on the castle walls.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.

So, even so, —

> Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever.

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JANUS-HEADED IRELAND

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

IRELAND has always had two heads — one in Ulster and the other in the South; but to-day there is a Janus-headed nation of Sinn Feiners. Why should a little country like Ireland have so many heads?

Last summer, when the fate of Ireland and the peace of the British Empire hung by a thread, three travelers from three corners of the earth arrived in London. From South Africa came Premier Jan Smuts, a delegate to the Imperial Conference; from New York, Martin H. Glynn, former governor and one of the silent leaders of the Irish campaign in the United States; while from the Antipodes, *via* Rome, came Archbishop Mannix of Australia.

Although Smuts and Glynn did not meet, they laid the foundation for the peace conference between the British Cabinet and official representatives of the Dàil Eireann, which created the Irish Free State.

How and why did they succeed when there had been so many previous failures? Why, after Ireland had obtained a republic in everything but name, did the heads of Ireland begin to quarrel among themselves?

I

In two earlier papers I have related the checkered course of the peace negotiations in 1920 and the early months of 1921, strewn with the wreckage of good intentions and hard work. There had been many stumbling-blocks in the way of a reconciliation, the most important being the unconquered determination of the Irish in the United States 'to see it through'; the blunt refusal of Mr. Lloyd George to recognize De Valera, Griffith, and Collins as representatives of the *de facto* Irish Parliament; Ulster's burning passion for self-government; and, finally, Collins's cool, calculating confidence in an Irish victory.

In mid-April, 1921, the British Prime Minister issued to the Irish 'Extremists' his ultimatum, based upon Collins's uncompromising declaration in an interview with me, in which he declared:—

'When I saw you before, I said that the same effort which would get us dominion home rule would get us a republic, and I am still of that opinion. We have got the British beaten, practically so, and it is only a question of time until Ireland will be cleared of Crown forces.'

To this Lloyd George replied, in a letter to the Anglican bishops: —

'So long as the leaders of Sinn Fein stand in this position and receive the support of their countrymen, a settlement is, in my judgment, impossible.'

This was the situation in England and Ireland on the eve of my last journey from London to Dublin prior to the peace conference.

It is no exaggeration to say that the British Empire was never in greater danger than it is to-day [the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* wrote]. If you picture the flames we are lighting, or those that Irishmen are lighting, you will realize that the status of

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Ireland places us as a governing power in a category in which no apologies can help us.

Expressing the opinion of the Conservatives and denouncing the 'orgy of murder' the *Spectator* exclaimed: —

> No fewer than 33 innocent persons were murdered within two days. . . . We imagine that the Irish Republican Brotherhood, who work in secret even as they kill in secret, are alarmed by all the rumors of peace that are in the air. They do not want peace, they want human life.

'We don't want a united Ireland,' they were shouting in Belfast; 'we want a United Kingdom.'

'The British Government will let us down to-morrow if they think they can get anything out of it,' Sir James Craig, the Ulster Prime Minister, was warning Orangemen.

At a big political rally, an old Belfast laborer evoked applause by saying bluntly, 'We want no more meetings with De Valera, and we 'll have no more. We cannot go further at present with the assassins and murderers of the loyal people of Ireland.' Another candidate ended his speech with the words: 'I believe that, if we win this fight, we 'll be striking a fatal blow to the Roman Catholic faith. We 're not tired of the Union Jack. Let 's keep the flag flying over the North of Ireland.'

That declaration was, and still is, the danger-note in Ulster.

Returning to Dublin during the Reign of Terror which preceded the peace conference, I learned that all my Sinn Fein friends were in prison or 'on the run.' At the homes and schools where, on former visits, I had left messages for them, so that they could arrange to communicate with me 'when the coast was clear,' the servants replied that Griffith was in Mountjoy jail; that De Valera was 'away'; that Collins had not been in Dublin, and they did not know where Fitzgerald, Brennan, or Childers could be found. Even Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the historian and 'Grandmother of the Rebellion,' whose spacious Georgian house in St. Stephen's Green was the terminal of the Sinn Fein 'underground railway,' was not in!

That night I met the members of the American Commission for Relief in Ireland — young men who had been sent from the United States to investigate reports of starvation and suffering among the Irish people. As this was the first 'intervention' of any American organization, it created a week-end tempest in British official circles. The British condemnation of America's 'mixing in' in the Irish question was in sharp contrast to the joy of the Irish leaders and people. At this time nine tenths of the Sinn Feiners believed that it was only a matter of weeks before the American army and navy would be fighting on the side of Ireland. Someone had had lithographs printed in New York, for distribution in Ireland, of the 'first Irish battleship,' the Emerald Isle. It was an imposing poster of a giant warship, painted green, with the name in gold letters on the bow. This was to have been used in Ireland to advertise the Irish 'navy'! Thousands had been struck off and shipped to Ireland, only to fall into the hands of Scotland Yard before they could be distributed. This was only a mild example of Irish enthusiasm. Propaganda in Ireland led the public to believe that the sympathy of the world could be, and would be, mobilized into foreign intervention.

After the long and expensive campaign in America, De Valera and the Dàil sent Dr. McCartain to Soviet Russia, where he arrived on March 20, 1921, to negotiate a treaty, ask for recognition, and obtain ammunition and commercial rights. Only a few weeks before, Scotland Yard obtained copies of secret Sinn Fein correspond-

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ence with Irish leaders in the United States, showing that many Irishmen here as well as in Ireland believed that the United States would soon be at war over Ireland's freedom.

The first time I discussed this question with Griffith and Collins, they were convinced, 'from their reports from De Valera,' that American intervention was imminent; and when the Commission for Relief began its difficult task, they considered it the first step toward official coöperation. Whenever I talked with the Irish leaders, they were hopeful of American aid. At this time Griffith, Collins, Mulcahy, Barton, and Fitzgerald had absolute faith in De Valera's promises of American aid. Had not the Dàil Eireann, at his request, appropriated $1,500,000 for the campaign in the United States, prior to the Presidential election, for the purpose of obtaining this assistance? Had not Scotland Yard intercepted correspondence from De Valera, when he was still in New York, reporting on the political preparations which he was making for the recognition of Ireland and all that that embodied? Had not the Irish leaders in America split on this very question, even before De Valera returned to his native heath?

In the United States, as in Ireland, there was the Janus-headed leadership of the Irish cause. This was the situation which complicated the 'Irish question.' Ireland's fight was as dangerous a political issue in the United States as in England; and the appearance of the American commission had buoyed the hopes of the Irish as it had crystallized the fears of the British.

Before coming to Dublin, I had lunched at the United Service Club in London with officials of the War Department, Admiralty, and Air Service, where the difficulties of financing the British military campaign in Ireland were debated with great earnestness. The Government was finding it increasingly hard to obtain funds from the Imperial Exchequer; and when it was reported that the American Commission expected to raise ten million dollars for relief, the British had visions of this money finding its way into the hands of Sinn Fein and prolonging their ability to 'hold out.' Without questioning the intentions of the Americans, they cited one of the financial tricks of Sinn Fein which had caused no end of distress.

In Dublin one day word was passed to the Sinn Feiners to withdraw their money from the local branch of an Ulster Bank. As fast as the depositors withdrew, they deposited their money in the Royal Postal Savings Bank at the General Post Office; and as it came in, the Postmaster took it around and redeposited it in a Sinn Fein bank!

Under these conditions, the British asked, what would happen to ten million dollars from the United States?

II

The United States was both the thorn and the rose of the Irish problem. British officials, including Sir Hamar Greenwood, General Macready, Sir Basil Thomson, and Philip Kerr, were pricked too often by the thorns of American criticism to forget the influence of American opinion in Irish circles. De Valera, Griffith, Collins, and Fitzgerald, while admitting the value of assistance from across the Atlantic, were staunch supporters of the ideal that the Dàil Eireann was supreme over all Irishmen, here, there, and everywhere.

Being convinced, personally, that there were three parties to the Irish question, and that there could not be a settlement between the British Cabinet and the Dàil without the support of the Irish in the United States, I urged a

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meeting of the three principals, in the hope that out of such a conference peace could be made. Up to this time, however, there had been few influential American friends of Ireland in England, and no opportunity for an exchange of views. In the hope that the American Commission might serve that purpose, I talked with the British and Sinn Fein officials; but the Commission was considered too partial. The very fact that it was coöperating with the Irish White Cross was sufficient to veto the suggestion. Was not Michael Collins, the arch-leader of the 'Extremists,' one of the directors? Thus the British retorted, never losing an opportunity of emphasizing the division among Sinn Feiners; but the schism in Sinn Fein was elastic. At that time Griffith and Collins were held the leaders of the Irish 'die-hards.' To-day they are the staunchest supporters of the treaty; and De Valera, whom Lloyd George considered the apostle of conciliation, is the champion of the militarists. Why?

We need not probe deep for the root cause. Griffith and Collins, while 'Extremists,' were practical politicians. De Valera was the dreamer and promiser. He led them to expect American intervention. When it came, finally, only in the form of relief, they began to lose confidence in his reports. Furthermore, they were in intimate touch with the Irish people. They knew that the public was demanding peace, that reports were being circulated among the women that children were being born insane because of the reign of terror. Griffith and his associates and De Valera and his followers, despite their differences, maintained a solid front from this day to the final peace conference, because of their mutual hatred and suspicion of England. The fundamental difference, however, between the two factions was and is the same. The one hates Britain more than it loves Ireland, and the other is so much more devoted to Ireland that the spirit of hate is secondary. This is what divides Sinn Fein and makes it to-day a Janus-headed party.

When Griffith and Collins discovered that they could obtain everything they had been fighting for under another name, they accepted the Free State and fought for it. De Valera insisted upon the label. In this way the 'Extremists' became 'Moderates' and tried to save Ireland, while the 'Moderates' became uncompromising rebels and brought Ireland to the verge of civil war, justifying the pessimistic predictions of scores of British observers that once peace was concluded between England and Ireland, the Irish would fight among themselves. But, as an Irish woman, who acted as a confidential messenger for Collins and Griffith, remarked one day, 'Ireland smiles behind her tears.' There have been many black days in Ireland's fight for freedom, but none so dark as those which preceded the peace conference in Downing Street last summer.

Continuing my search for Sinn Fein friends, after failing to bring the British into a conference with Americans through the American Commission, I encountered, in the streets of Dublin, where a British patrol had just passed, Robert Brennan, Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs and a member of the Dàil. He was on his way to the 'President's' with the morning mail. Scotland Yard and Dublin Castle had been hunting him for months; but here he was, alone and free! Think what the British would have given to seize him with his priceless mail-pouch! I told him what and whom I wanted.

This unexpected meeting with Brennan led to a long series of interviews and communications with all the leaders of Sinn Fein.

Being in a prison camp, Fitzgerald

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was under General Macready's jurisdictions. I hurried a jaunting-car driver to the British Headquarters at Parkgate, and asked for permission to interview Fitzgerald.

Sir Nevil Macready, who had assisted me on previous occasions, dictated a letter which unlocked the gates of the camp, and within an hour Fitzgerald was brought to the conference room, the door was closed, and for the first time in months he was free to talk and smoke and ask questions.

As I always put my 'cards' on the table while conversing with both parties, I told Fitzgerald what I believed to be the situation in England, and expressed the belief that there could be a settlement on the original terms of Irish control of Irish affairs, including everything from finance to an army, if Sinn Fein would waive the demand for a republic.

Sinn Fein, Fitzgerald replied, would not give up the idea of a republic, or surrender arms, or make any concession to England, so long as Lloyd George maintained his policy of attempting to split Southern Ireland, so long as British troops remained in Ireland; and that, until the Prime Minister publicly agreed to negotiate with the Dàil Eireann, without exacting any conditions or promises, there would be no possibility of peace. Ireland was defending herself from aggression of a 'foreign enemy.' When that aggression ceased, Ireland would be independent and free!

That was his message! That was the attitude of Sinn Fein. It was the sentiment of Ireland!

Before Fitzgerald was taken back to his cell, he gave me a note to Collins and a secret address where he could be found. As I was leaving, the prison commander asked me to luncheon. Such was the irony of life in Ireland in 1921. I could interview Sinn Feiners, dine with British officials the same day, and leave a military prison with the address of an Irish leader whom the British would have given a king's ransom for, dead or alive.

III

Dublin, in these days, was a murderer's paradise and the hangman's stage. Through the vigilance of the Black-and-Tans, members of the Irish Republican Army were tracked to their hiding-places and arrested. Ambushes were daily occurrences, and the captives were considered assassins. Those who were found guilty, and whose cases were given every possible judicial consideration, were sentenced to be hanged. Before the executions, thousands of women and children would march through the main thoroughfares of Dublin to the prison walls, kneel, pray, and chant the rosary, while the hangings were taking place inside. This black-clad throng would remain outside the jail until the guard appeared with a small typed piece of paper, which he would post on the gates, announcing the name of the lad whose life had been snuffed out on the scaffold. For long hours afterwards hundreds of women would remain at the prison gates, praying and gossiping.

During every rebellion, as in every war, there are sown, with the seeds of patriotism, the seeds of disorder and moral laxity. That Ireland was not an exception is proved to-day. While the inhabitants of Southern Ireland were fighting for their freedom from Great Britain, a phrase that an Irish editor used, 'Killing is not murder,' was generally accepted as a political motto. To kill a British official was not considered murder; and, as a natural consequence, scores of men and women were killed to satisfy personal grudges. Sinn Feiners themselves suffered; but as there was little semblance of law and order,

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it was possible to kill and escape all the consequences. The murder campaign spread like wildfire, and the murders which occur so frequently even to-day, in Ulster as well as in the South, are but evidences that the fire of the rebellion had not been extinguished by the peace treaty. When we look at Europe's struggles since the Armistice, and witness the desperate efforts that the nations and people are spending to restore 'normalcy,' we should not be surprised if in Ireland some lawlessness remains for many months, if not years. Peace, like freedom, cannot be *made:* it must evolve as time moulds a new public opinion and national consciousness.

As De Valera and Collins were in hiding, I had to await an opportune moment to see them. A majority of their ministerial associates were already in prison, and the British were saying that the Dàil could meet now at any time behind the bars, as there would be a quorum present!

While awaiting messages from De Valera and Collins, the two officials who, as President and Minister of Finance, respectively, of the Irish Republic, shared with Austin Stack and Richard Mulcahy the burdens of the *de facto* government, I went to Dublin Castle and General Headquarters, to urge permission to interview Griffith. Sir John Anderson was at the time acting for the Chief Secretary who was in London. General Boyd, the youngest general in the British army and the most popular officer in Ireland, was in command of the Dublin district. As they alone could issue a pass to Mountjoy, I explained the object of my conversations with Sinn Fein leaders, adding that I expected to see Collins, but that the success of this meeting depended upon how free I was from surveillance. Should they grant me freedom of action in prison and without, I would have the basic peace-terms of Sinn Fein to place before Sir Basil Thomson of Scotland Yard, and the Cabinet.

They were more than willing to co-operate. Sir John went so far as to acquaint me with the latest reports from London, in order that they might be laid before the Sinn Fein ministers.

Leaving the courtyard of that great British stronghold in Ireland, with the 'key' to Mountjoy, which Sir John had given in the form of a letter to the superintendent, I passed a Black-and-Tan patrol which was being armed and equipped for a raid, jumped aboard one of the high jaunting-cars, and rode from Dublin Castle to the old prison where the cells and corridors were packed with 'rebels.' The narrow street leading to the main entrance of Mountjoy was blocked by a group of excited women. At the gate a guard was arguing with a poor, hysterical creature who was demanding permission to see her only son. The guardsman let me inside the wall and closed the solid iron gates with a bang — the only sound that broke the monotony of muffled prayers. The courtyard between the brick wall and the main buildings was covered with a tangled mass of barbed wire. Through this was a narrow passage guarded by Tommies in field uniform.

It had been several months since I had last interviewed the man who acted as President of Sinn Fein during Mr. De Valera's long stay in America. Then he was the guest in one of the century-old mansions of Dublin. To-day he was in prison.

Dublin that day was blanketed with mist, and the prison was damp and dark. The superintendent sent my card to Griffith and invited me to his private office where a soft-coal fire was smouldering and a gas-light burning. Heaped upon a long table were several thousand letters to prisoners, which had been censored and confis-

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cated. Adjusting his monocle and inhaling a cigarette, the superintendent asked if I had any idea how Griffith had smuggled a statement to the press two days before. How any Sinn Feiner in his prison could communicate with the outside world through barbed-wire entanglements and a high wall, when he was not permitted to have any visitors, was beyond his comprehension. As I could throw no light on that, he was curious about the influence I had to get into Mount Joy when everyone else was excluded. Some things the Government did, he said, were, 'by Jove, unexplainable!'

It seemed an endless wait for Griffith. I was expressing a doubt about his willingness to be interviewed, when the door was thrown open and the guard stepped in, announcing prisoner No. —. The founder of the Sinn Fein movement entered cautiously, looked coldly at the superintendent, who was leaning against the white-marble mantel. As he stood near the door, studying the situation, I could not believe that prison life could make such a change in any man. He had not shaved for days. His black hair hung over his ears. Gold-rimmed spectacles rested unevenly on the bridge of his nose, his clothing and shoes adding to the general appearance of a man who is down and out. I greeted him as warmly as I could, thanking him for coming; but he was obviously not glad to see me. Why should I be favored above his relatives and friends, unless I was serving some motive of Lloyd George?

When the superintendent and guard left, we sat before the fire. Griffith could not believe that we were alone. Guards had been dogging him day and night. Now there was not a uniform in sight, and doors and windows were closed. He was reserved and cautious while I told him of my activities during the past three months. I added that, although I had no proposals this time, I believed peace could be made on almost any terms if Sinn Fein would accept the status of a free state within the British Commonwealth of Nations; and I recalled the terms which Collins, De Valera, and he had frequently enunciated. The stumbling-block was the 'republic.' I concluded by telling him whom I had seen in Dublin.

Griffith listened with great patience and restraint. Then he spoke of the routine of life in jail; of the terrible strain of bidding good-bye to his fellow prisoners as they were led away to be executed; of the prayers, songs, and cries of the women outside — all due to the presence of an 'enemy army of occupation.' Remove the Crown forces, and Ireland would be free, peaceful and happy; but so long as the army remained, the Irish Republic would thrive under persecution. Griffith did not believe Lloyd George was, or would be, sincere. He had no confidence in anything he promised. Griffith's terms to-day were the same as they had always been. 'It is inconceivable that a free Ireland can interfere with any of the rights of a free England.' That was the platform, formulated by Collins, approved by De Valera, upon which they all stood.

Peace? It could be concluded whenever Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged the failure of his campaign of reprisals and aggression, by inviting the Dàil Eireann to a conference. That was Mr. Griffith's message. The initiative rested with the Prime Minister.

Before the interview ended, I had convinced him that my only interest in seeking conversations with both the British and Irish was to learn the possibilities of a settlement; and as we parted, he gave me messages to his colleagues, which enabled me later to write a symposium expressing the fundamental terms of peace.

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IV

There was always great mystery about 'Mick' Collins and 'Dick' Mulcahy, the commander and the chief of staff, respectively, of the Republican army. All that the military officials knew about them was learned from their correspondence and orders, which were captured here and there in Ireland. Mulcahy was considered by the British a military genius. General Boyd told me one day to tell Mulcahy that, if he wished to join the British army, he could make him his chief of staff, because he knew more about organizing and directing forces than anyone he knew.

On my return to the hotel, after interviewing Griffith, I received one of Collins's typically mysterious messages. A courier would meet me at three o'clock, and I was to follow her instructions — which I did. After a wild ride about Dublin in a taxicab for nearly an hour, I was ordered to enter a deserted house within a stone's throw of the hotel. Here I met Collins, who smiled and said that he might have come to the hotel to see me, but he thought I would enjoy a drive! And, of course, the place at which we met was not the address given by Fitzgerald!

After an hour's conversation, the kernel of Collins's message was this: If Mr. Lloyd George wishes to make peace, all he has to do is to invite the Dàil to send an official and representative delegation of Irishmen to a peace conference.

With these messages I left Kingstown on the night mail-boat for England, without awaiting an interview with De Valera. His opinions had been communicated to me by Major Erskine Childers, who was, and still is, De Valera's confidential adviser.

Interviews in London the following days with Lord Derby, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and his associate Sir John Anderson, at the Irish Office, Sir Basil Thomson at Scotland Yard, and Philip Kerr at No. 10 Downing Street, furnished the climax to my investigations. The Earl of Derby, who was so disturbed over Irish propaganda in France, where he had served as British Ambassador, had gone to Ireland on a mission of his own, and returned convinced that the 'greatest service' he could render his country was to assist in an Irish settlement. He had concluded, after talks with Lloyd George, De Valera, and others, that, if Craig and De Valera would hold another conference and agree to a programme for all of Ireland, England would accept the joint proposals.

As Lord Derby knew that I had paved the way for the first meeting between the leaders of Ulster and Sinn Fein, he asked if I would go to Ireland again, and invite the two men to meet at his house in Liverpool or Paris, and draw up a proposal to the Prime Minister.

Greenwood said that the government's policy now was 'peace and settlement.' He emphasized the importance of the appointment of a Catholic viceroy — Viscount FitzAlan, who 'belonged to the oldest Roman Catholic family in written history.' 'Another Catholic will be appointed Chief Justice of Ulster,' he added, 'to show there is no religious bigotry among British officials.' Greenwood asked whether Collins would agree to a settlement within the Empire. Sir John remarked that he, personally, had never agreed with the government policy of singling out Collins as a 'murderer,' for now it was evident that the British would have to talk peace with him, if they were to have any conference at all.

As these were the views of responsible British statesmen, I went to Downing Street and Scotland Yard, to learn the Prime Minister's attitude. One of

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his closest associates called Lord Derby a 'stuffed shirt,' and said, 'For God's sake don't give the Sinn Feiners the impression that Lord Derby speaks for the P. M.'

The net result of all the conversations was the same: no one knew what Mr. Lloyd George would do, but evidently he was not yet convinced that the initiative lay in his hands. He was still playing his lone hand, offering peace to the 'Moderates,' while denouncing the 'Extremists.' So far as anyone knew, at this time he had no intention of inviting official representatives of Sinn Fein and the Dàil Eireann to discuss the terms of a settlement with the British Government. In brief, Mr. Lloyd George's Irish education was not yet complete! The 'war' would have to continue until the Irish asked for peace!

V

At the Gaiety Theatre, May 2, as I was leaving the stalls, I recognized in the audience a man whom I had not seen for several years. I pushed my way through the aisles until I had greeted Martin H. Glynn, of Albany, former governor, newspaper editor, the man who delivered the famous oration in St. Louis, and who gave the Democratic party the slogan, 'He kept us out of war,' which reëlected Woodrow Wilson in 1916.

He accepted my invitation to the American Club for the following day, and at that meeting, which lasted nearly three hours, I told him of the experience I had had in Ireland and London, while he related the results of his work in America and his meetings in Rome with Archbishops Mannix and Hayes, and high officials of the Vatican. He spoke of the plans for a great boycott of British goods in the United States, of the difficulty of concluding peace on the basis of a free Ireland unless Ireland were a republic, because the idea of a republic was gaining strength every day throughout the world. We debated the attitude of the Vatican, the attempts which had been made to persuade the Pope to intervene, and to urge the Irish to stop the fight and accept Sir Horace Plunkett's Dominion-Home-Rule plan, with whatever modifications were necessary to ensure a settlement within the Empire.

'I do not believe the Vatican can be drawn into this dispute,' said Governor Glynn.

While discussing the attitude of the Irish in the United States, I spoke of the conversations I had had with the Irish leaders, and of the number of times the American correspondents had told the members of the Dàil that the United States would not intervene. I added that former Secretary of State Colby had told me that 'neither Wilson nor the Harding administration would interfere in Anglo-Irish affairs.'

Although I had no authority to do so, I asked Mr. Glynn whether he would meet Mr. Lloyd George and talk as frankly to him as he had to me, if the Prime Minister could be persuaded to receive him. Mr. Glynn replied that, while he was working for no conference with the chief of state on Irish affairs, as an American citizen traveling through London, he should be glad to meet him.

For nearly two days I spent most of my time between Scotland Yard and Downing Street. Sir Basil Thomson was enthusiastic over the suggestion that Lloyd George and Glynn get together. Philip Kerr acted as the spokesman to the Prime Minister, who was attending sessions of the Allied Supreme Council, then meeting in London. At five o'clock in the evening of May 4, I was in Sir Basil's office when Kerr telephoned that the Premier could not see Governor Glynn, because the Govern-

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ment had invited De Valera, before, to come to London and he had refused. Mr. Lloyd George did not wish to repeat the invitation. Kerr was sorry, but that closed the incident.

Although temporarily blocked, Sir Basil had no intention of giving up. He had tried for more than a year to convince the Cabinet that peace could be made only with the Sinn Fein officials, and through or with the consent of the Irish in the United States. Here was an opportunity for Lloyd George to 'get down to business.' At Sir Basil's suggestion, I drafted a long letter to the Prime Minister, presenting reasons why he should reconsider his decision, and hurried with it over to Downing Street. It was seven o'clock by the time I reached Kerr's office. I told him what had been done, handed him the letter, which he promised to show the 'P. M.' that night, and left for my office to write a dispatch, as guardedly as possible, giving the latest developments in the Irish situation.

Early next morning, Kerr telephoned that Governor Glynn would be given a ticket to the House of Commons for that afternoon, and that he was asked to wait in the distinguished strangers' gallery until Kerr called for him. Mr. Lloyd George intended to speak, and when he had finished, Kerr thought there might be an opportunity to bring the two men together without raising a diplomatic point as to whether or not the interview had been sought by either. Glynn wished to meet Lloyd George as an equal, not as one asking a favor or expecting one; while the Prime Minister did not wish to be in the position of having sought an interview with the American editor. Kerr, being an experienced diplomat, was so successful that the conversation, which was expected to be brief and formal, continued for nearly three hours.

This interview was one of two really decisive interviews throughout the secret negotiations of 1921. Governor Glynn impressed upon the Prime Minister the seriousness and earnestness of the Irish, the power of the Irish movement in America, the importance of an Anglo-Irish peace as the basis for an Anglo-American understanding. Between sips of tea and puffs of cigars, they debated an Irish settlement, Lloyd George, as the head of a great government and Glynn as the advocate of Ireland, with the result that the Premier asked Mr. Glynn to convey an invitation to Mr. De Valera to come to London for a conference, adding that he 'made no stipulations and expected no promises.' 'When Mr. De Valera and I meet,' the Prime Minister said in substance, 'he will demand a republic. I will answer that it is impossible. Then there will be a basis for negotiations!'

As Governor Glynn had to return to the United States at once, he asked me to carry the invitation to Mr. De Valera; but as I had to leave for Paris, Mr. John McH. Stuart, another London correspondent, was entrusted with the historic invitation to the 'President of the Irish Republic.' 'Other offers I have received,' said De Valera, 'but none so propitious as this.' On the other hand, both Mr. Kerr and Sir Basil Thomson said that the Prime Minister had expressed himself as being more satisfied, after his talk with Glynn, that peace with Ireland was possible, than he had ever been during the years in which he had carried the responsibility for the Irish policy of the British Government.

During the succeeding days I made strenuous efforts to have the British Government lift the ban on the movements of Archbishop Mannix, so as to permit him to visit Ireland. Someone was needed to convince the Irish Republican leaders that this was their opportunity, as it was Lloyd George's,

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to enter into a conference as official representatives of Dàil Eireann. I had many conversations with the archbishop, whose addresses in the United States, only a few months before, had kindled fires of indignation throughout two hemispheres. Although hitherto one of the most uncompromising of Republicans, he believed that the Sinn Fein leaders should negotiate.

I pleaded with Scotland Yard and Downing Street, until the matter was finally taken up by the Cabinet. The Viceroy, Viscount FitzAlan, was asked to make inquiries in Ireland as to whether the archbishop would be welcome; but word came on the eve of his departure from Australia, that his fellow churchmen in Ireland did not wish him to come over!

VI

'Can Governor Glynn deliver the goods?'

This was the British Government's query, in substance. Mr. Lloyd George had stated repeatedly that he wanted to deal with a representative of Sinn Fein who could get results.

At the time of the interview between Lloyd George and Glynn, the Prime Minister had all the advantages. He had been advised by Scotland Yard that Mr. De Valera had cabled to the United States, and had asked the Sinn Fein leaders there whether he should make peace. The reply had not yet come. What would be the effect of Glynn's recommendations in Dublin and New York? Peace rested for the time being in his hands.

Until he received Glynn's message, De Valera was uncertain about the Irish in America. To learn their views, he sent a secret letter to the diplomatic agent of Sinn Fein in Paris, requesting him to cable to a private code address in Philadelphia a business telegram which he enclosed. A copy of this letter reached Scotland Yard. Attempts were made to interpret it. Mr. De Valera stated that the 'firm' needed a million dollars to 'carry on' under the 'present management.' He asked whether there should be a change in the 'board of directors.' The cable itself bore no evidence of politics or peace, as it was signed 'Godfather.' The American, however, was asked to cable 'Donnelly, Bacon-Curer, Dublin.' This made it easy for Scotland Yard; and for five days the British Secret Service watched every message consigned to that address.

De Valera's letter, with Scotland Yard's interpretation, was placed before the Prime Minister. Sir Basil Thomson believed that in this cable De Valera was informing his Irish associates in the United States that one million dollars was needed to carry on the war, and that, if the Americans cabled that the 'board of directors' was to be changed, it meant that De Valera was to make peace.

The fatal reply came on March 14. The Philadelphian had sent it to Montreal, to be dispatched to Ireland. The cable was signed 'Daddy,' and in the form of a business message it said that only twenty thousand pounds were available immediately, and added that 'a change in the board of directors now will wreck the firm. Carry on with present officials.'

Scotland Yard interpreted this to mean that the Irish in the United States did not want to make peace. The British Cabinet came to the same conclusion, and all confidential British advices from Ireland indicated that the peace movement would collapse.

It was in this way that the decision shifted from London to Dublin, and here it remained until the third pilgrim whom I mentioned at the beginning of this paper arrived in England from South Africa.

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The whole world knows the story of events, from the day when General Smuts made his first journey to Ireland until the peace treaty was finally signed. With two exceptions, these negotiations are already a matter of history, and no attempt will be made now to review them.

Suffice it to add that Mr. Glynn was the first to convince Mr. Lloyd George, and General Smuts was the peacemaker who persuaded De Valera and Collins.

Upon the foundation of secret interviews and meetings which had extended over more than fifteen months, these two men built the skeleton structure for the Irish Free State. Both continued their good work, — Governor Glynn in the United States, and General Smuts with the Imperial Conference, — with the result that the final treaty met with the approval of the whole world, until De Valera bolted his own party.

The secret history would not be complete, however, without further reference to the patient efforts of John S. Steele, another American correspondent. He was in Dublin during that crisis which came on the eve of the truce between the British Army and the I.R.A. Patrick Moylett, a business man of Galway, and a Sinn Fein friend of Steele's, joined hands with him when he negotiated the final truce with A. W. Cope, Assistant Under-Secretary in Dublin Castle. Thus, throughout the entire period of negotiations which brought about the Irish Free State, American correspondents and other American citizens were bringing the enemies of seven tragic centuries together.

And Michael Collins, the hero of the Irish rebellion, whom the British would have executed two years ago, lived to act as one of the leading Irish plenipotentiaries.

Throughout the negotiations with the British Cabinet, he sat at the table as an equal of any; but he never forgot, although he long ago forgave, Mr. Lloyd George's repeated denunciation of him as a 'gunman.' When the London conferences ended, and the Irish delegates left the conference room in Downing Street, Collins walked over to a corner where there was an American rifle, the first manufactured in the United States for the World War, presented to Mr. Lloyd George by President Wilson. This he picked up, while the Cabinet watched in amazement. Walking over to Mr. Lloyd George's chair, he sat down and said to the ministers: —

'Now, the Prime Minister can take a photograph of a gunman!'

Afterwards, for the first time during the long conference, the British and Irish statesmen shook hands! Peace had been signed.

When I went to England early in 1920, I met in Sir William Tyrrell's office, in the Foreign Office, a British civil servant, Mr. C. J. Philips, Lord Curzon's chief assistant in Irish affairs, who predicted that 'within three years Ireland will be a republic in everything but name. Within less time than that all the British troops will be out of Ireland.'

It was a bold prophecy, but to-day it is fulfilled. Ireland is a republic in everything but name. She may still be Janus-headed, but as the slow forces of economic life bring the North and South together, and as a new national consciousness evolves in the South, Ireland will become a compact, industrious nation, united in peace as she was in war.

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GOLDEN GATE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

From the terminals of the long piers that reach out from Oakland across the shallows, the city lies, like a gray shadow, north and south along the hills that separate the broad Pacific and the gleaming Bay. With a churning of green waters, the ferries glide swiftly to and fro — giant structures that skim the surface of the water like Martian insects.

Gulls whirl and glide, shrieking and calling; they perch on the roofs of the ferryhouse and on the superstructure of the ferry — smooth stolid birds that seem carved from blocks of wood white-painted, standing on yellow pegs.

The passengers cluster on the forward deck. The whistle announces the departure, its sudden bass note sending the gulls screaming in long sinuous curves of flight. The black tarred walls of the slip yield silently to the pressure of the ferry as it leans against them. Then, smoothly, the vessel glides out beyond the lighthouses on the slip-ends into the sparkling blue of the Bay.

Far inland the water reaches, east and south and north. For the greater part it is shoal, and the color of bottle-glass. From the shore line green mountains rise in smooth round curves; and between the hills the Bay pushes its salty fingers, prying inland, reaching and groping among the hills.

On the eastern shore, half hidden by protruding land, in San Pablo Bay, is Mare Island. From the sheltered water rise the dim lattice masts of a battleship; lean destroyers, with bold white numerals on their chisel bows, are leashed to their moorings; storeships and vessels of naval service crowd together, brothers all in their uniform of gray.

The ferry silently and swiftly skims toward the city. Already the tower of the Market Street ferry terminal lifts its landfall. Ahead, and on the starboard bow, Goat Island pushes up its peak of green from the water. Yerba Buena, once the name of the present city of San Francisco, is its name on the chart; Goat Island it is called. There is a mantle of green above its black rock walls, and white buildings are scattered along the summit and up the eastern slope. It is a naval training station, where sailors are made to man the gray fleet and guard this Western portal of the nation.

San Francisco. As romantic as the beauty of the Bay which bears her name is the story of the city. When the struggling colonies were locked in war with an old-world power, and when the starving troops of Washington were wintering at Valley Forge, was founded, on the sand dunes above the mighty Bay, the Franciscan Mission of the gentle Saint Francis of Assisi. For almost a century, vast plains and the white peaks of the Rockies held apart the East from the West. More remote even than Callao and Canton from the ports of Salem and Boston was this unnoticed outpost. Occasional vessels dropped into the harbor for wood and water, white courses and royals on slim masts bearing them soon again to sea. Within the lives of active men to-day, less than

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a thousand people clustered along the shores.

Then came rumors of gold. In 1846 the Stars and Stripes were hoisted above the town; in 1849 a vast city of tents and shanties covered the sand dunes.

In the once empty harbor, five hundred vessels swung abandoned at their cables, or rotted on the mud flats, their crews deserted, to try their mad fortune in the gold fields. Other shipping crowded the water — vessels bringing food and luxuries to the gold-crazed town.

But to-day stands a city of rare beauty, where once were streets of board and canvas; and from the rich acres of the back country comes a harvest by millions richer than the gold dust once washed from the mountain soil.

Goat Island drops behind the advancing ferry, and the Bay opens to the north. Islands green with verdure pierce sharply up from the ultramarine water. Behind them higher walls and mountains rise, Tamalpais above all, on the sky line. From the north and from the south the land slides down between the ocean and the Bay, in pointing fingers that barely touch their tips. Here in that narrow strait of separating water is the entrance to the Bay — the Golden Gate.

Higher mounts the city above the fringes of docks along its shore. The square outlines of buildings are visible, the black lines of streets cut or curve over the many hills in checkerboard pattern.

Beyond the dark break of Market Street, which leads back from the tall tower of the ferry terminal, are the Twin Peaks, smooth conical breasts in silhouette against the pale sky, the apex of a crescent of hills which form a background to the city. There is a resinous odor in the air. The smell of forests and of bay.

On the right the city rises to Telegraph Hill — a criminal settlement in early days; but now its base is serrated by streets and even lines of buildings, and a green park crowns its peak. In the centre is Nob Hill, the white mass of a princely hostelry on its summit, where once were situated the palaces of the pioneers, the nabobs of a new-world royalty. To the left and south the hills are lower, and the city fades imperceptibly in the distance, wharves along the shore as far as the eye can see.

In the centre of the Bay, and facing the Golden Gate, is Alcatraz, another giant rock, its summit covered with the white buildings of a military prison. Above their roofs is the light: that shaft of white which, from dusk to dawn, swings its tireless circle, flashing against the buildings of distant Oakland, illuminating dark chambers in San Francisco, touching with its fleeting radiance the embowered houses of Sausalito.

It is gone, swinging its far-flung circle of light; round and round it travels. It is Alcatraz.

A sleek bark, her gray hull gleaming in the sunshine, rides to anchor in the open road. Her sails are smoothly furled on yellow spars. The flag of France flutters at her peak. Perhaps she has paid visit to the Marquesas, those alluring islands which have passed from us since the days when Captain David Porter gave to them the name of Washington, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over 'Massachusetts Bay.' Steel cargo carriers ride to their chains, red bilges flashing between the waves, rust-streaked plates denoting some great circle course completed. The ferries are more numerous; from the Market Street tower their courses radiate; they tie the city to the encircling shore of the Bay.

Right and left are the wharves; like the teeth of a comb they line the city's

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waterfront. Solid wharves they are, with modern concrete structures upon them; and everywhere, above the roofs of the wharf buildings, rise the funnels of ships, and here and there the masts of a sailing vessel.

Those staunch steamers with the blue band on their stacks thread the wide measure of the Pacific. They will call at distant ports, and perhaps will exchange their cases of machinery or motor-cars, in the once pestilential harbor of the ancient Dutch city of Batavia, for sacks of Java sugar or pungent spices.

Here are ships from Melbourne and Sydney; they have stopped perhaps at Auckland, and called at Raratonga, Papeete, and Honolulu; their steel holds are stuffed with fleece and rabbit-skins and frozen meat.

Here are ships that trade with Singapore, and that have rested in Hongkong harbor; their amicable business takes them often to Japan, and Manila is on their itinerary.

A white liner is sliding out from a dock far down the shore below the city. She flies the flag of Japan, and her name is the something Maru. She, too, is a ferryboat, and her regularity is as punctilious; only the interval of time is extended; her path is the Pacific instead of San Francisco Bay.

There is a black forest of masts in the distance beyond the slip. They are the masts of the Alaska fleet, which tends the fisheries in our vast northern territory; their course lies along a hazardous and rocky coast. Sails are their power, for speed in their trade is not worth the price of coal. Their cargoes of tinned salmon may be slowly borne.

Like a huge yacht, with clipper hull and a streak of gold from stem to stern, is this black steamer with rakish masts and twin slanting funnels. Her name on her lovely stern is in Chinese characters of gold. There is almost the romance of a sailing vessel in her fine lines.

In the next slip are two diminutive river-steamers, with high pilot houses forward and great stern paddle wheels. At sunset they will churn across the Bay for a night inland; one up the Sacramento River to the city of the same name, the other up the San Joaquin to Stockton. They are reminiscent of the romantic days, for by their routes traveled the gold-seekers on their way to Eldorado.

The city lies south of the Golden Gate. Against its western front the winds of the Pacific sweep the sand dunes. On a broad beach of shining sand great breakers churn their white foam into gold caught from the light of the setting sun. Strong from the sea comes its saline breath, and there is a cold moisture in the air.

But the northern portal of the Gate presents a different aspect. There are no sand beaches here. Sheer from the sea tower the black crags. At their feet, the water swirls and eddies, sucking between the rocks and dashing into spray against the cliffs. Behind the shore the hills mount upward, green curves behind curves of green.

And between the point of sandy dunes, where lies the city of San Francisco, and the point of rock-ribbed hills to the north, is that narrow channel of deep water that unites the ocean and the Bay.

On a fine day, if the horizon is clear, it is possible to see from the heights on the northern portal the rocky islands of the Farallones — bird-inhabited islets, which guard the Gate like sentinels, full thirty miles at sea. And at night the Farallones light is sometimes visible, a prick of light on the black rim of the horizon.

Sheltered in the lea of the great hills, and separated by the strait from San Francisco, is the town of Sausalito. Like some foreign village it clings to the steep hillside, house above house, all

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lost in the green of trees and gardens. The ferries to Sausalito run on frequent schedule; north they skim, past the wharves and past Alcatraz. A bugle, sweet and distant, sounds from the white-crowned rock, and the flag flutters slowly down from the staff. San Francisco is flattening out in the distance. To the west becomes visible the green of the Presidio, and a tall column on the shore, which marks the site of the great exhibition of a few years past.

Ahead, in the fine light of the late afternoon, are the hills of Sausalito, and behind them, Tamalpais. Angel Island is on the right, ahead. Between it and Sausalito is Richardson's Bay. A few ships are riding there, their crossed yards in graceful angle to their slim masts. They have a white band about their hulls and dummy ports of black. Over the cabins aft are thatches of palm leaves. They are from the islands of the South Seas, where the tropic sun beats hot on unprotected deck or roof.

The little bay, the hills, the distant mountain, and square-rigged ships seem like a picture of some far-off tropic island. But no native canoes dart out from land as the ferry approaches.

The sun is setting in flame behind the Golden Gate, and a small steamer in mid-channel stands black in the flood of light. Already Sausalito is in shadow. The riding-lights shine faintly on the anchored steamers. The clouds in the east are graying. The sun has set.

There are evenings when the fog rolls in from the sea and floods over the Sausalito hills. Like billowing steam, it rolls against the hillsides and flows upward. Bells toll suddenly, foghorns sound monotonously. The whole Bay is mournful with their sound.

If it is at sunset, the fog may catch the dying light and glow with rose and tints of pearl; or it may shut out the world suddenly from view, a gray impenetrable curtain dropped before the eyes.

And there are nights when there is no fog. There is a whiteness in the eastern sky. From behind the black mass of Angel Island the moon rises, and touches Raccoon Straits and the Bay with its clear light.

To the right the lights of San Francisco are shimmering, a mighty coruscation of diamonds. Far beyond the Bay, similar lights in Oakland and Berkeley twinkle on the horizon.

The rising moon discloses the anchored vessels. On the smooth black water they ride, like models in a pool. Then, from the centre of the Bay sweeps the white finger of Alcatraz. Swiftly it comes, touching land and sea. For a brief second it lingers, then it rushes on, keeping its silent watch on San Francisco Bay.

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GUILTY![1]

BY VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

[With the death of Vladimir Galaktionovich Korolenko passed away the last of the Russians who, like Leo Tolstoy, 'could not be silent' in face of what they regarded as evil, however powerful that evil was, and however wise silence seemed under the circumstances. 'A gadfly stinging the conscience of his countrymen,' was Korolenko's image of Socrates, in one of his early stories; and precisely such a mission the author performed through his long years of open warfare against all oppression and violence. A convinced *Narodnik*, an exile to the Siberian tundras under the tsars, an ardent champion of the revolutionary cause, Korolenko found himself after November, 1917, like Prince Kropotkin, Madame Breshkovsky, Plekhanov, and other veteran rebels, antipathetic to the new régime. It was not so much the aim of the Bolskeviki that Korolenko opposed, as the means they employed; for, like Romain Rolland, he considered the means more important than the ends for the shaping of man's mind.

In the summer of 1920, A. V. Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, visited Poltava (Ukraine), called on the ailing and fast-aging Korolenko, and heard from him straightforward bitter words of denunciation against the Government. As a fellow writer and journalist, Lunacharsky suggested that Korolenko write to him from time to time personal letters, which he promised to publish in the Bolshevist daily, *Pravda* (Truth), with his comments. One must state with regret that under the present régime Korolenko found more obstacles to free expression than before the Revolution. *Pravda* has failed to publish his Remarkable letters, and only recently were they smuggled abroad and issued by the Sovremennyia Zapiski. The letters portray so eloquently their author's personality that they render all comment superfluous.—A. K.]

You know that in the course of my literary life I have 'sown not roses alone.' (An expression of yours in one of your essays about me.) Under autocracy I wrote a great deal against capital punishment, and had even won for myself the privilege to say about it in the press considerably more than was generally permitted by the censorship. At times, I even succeeded in saving doomed victims of military courts; there were cases when, after the deferment of the execution, they received proofs of the accused man's innocence (*e.g.*, in the case of Yousupov), though it also happened that such proofs arrived too late (in the case of Glousker and of others).

But executions without trial, executions 'in administrative order' — such things were an extraordinary rarity, even then. I recall only one case, when the infuriated Skalon [Governor-General of Warsaw] had two youths shot without trial. But this aroused such indignation, even in the spheres of military courts, that only the *post facto* 'approval' by the stupid Tsar saved Skalon from indictment. Even the members of the Chief Military Court assured me then that the repetition of such an act would be impossible.

Many improbable monstrosities had

[1]Translated and edited by Alexander Kaun.

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been committed both then and afterward, but not once did one meet with a direct admission that it was legal to combine in one the examining power and the power pronouncing verdicts (of capital punishment). The activity of the Bolshevist extraordinary commissions presents such an instance, perhaps the only one in the history of cultured nations. Once a prominent member of the All-Ukrainian Extraordinary Commission, on meeting me at the Poltava *Cheka*, whither I often came with all kinds of pleas, asked me what were my impressions. I replied: 'If under the Tsar's régime the district police bureaus had been given the right not only to exile to Siberia but also to execute, it would have been similar to what we see now.'

To this my interlocutor answered: —

'But don't you see that this is for the benefit of the people?'

I think that not every means can in reality be turned for the benefit of the people; and to me it is beyond doubt that the administrative executions which have been made into a system, and which have been going on these two years, do not belong to such means. Last year I happened to describe in a letter to Christian Georgiyevich Rakovsky [Premier of the Ukraine], how the Chekists shot in the street several so-called 'counter-revolutionists.' They were being led on a dark night to the graveyard, where in those days they used to place the convicted over open graves and shoot them in the back of the head without further ceremonies. Maybe they, indeed, attempted to flee (small wonder), and they were shot down right there in the street from hand machine-guns.

Be it as it may, the people gathering the next morning on the market place could still see pools of blood, which the dogs were lapping, and could hear in the crowd the story of the night event related by inhabitants of the vicinity. I asked then of Ch. G. Rakovsky whether he thought that those few executed men, even though they had been agitators, could have told the crowd anything more dazzling and provoking than this picture.

I must admit that both the local Provincial Executive Committee and the central authorities of Kief stopped (on two occasions) attempts at such collective shootings, and demanded transfer of the cases to the Revolutionary Tribunal. The court exonerated one of those who had been sentenced to death by the Extraordinary Commission, and the entire public met this verdict with applause. Even the sentinels of the Red army put their rifles aside, and applauded. Later, when the Denikinists came, they dragged out of one common pit sixteen decomposing corpses, and laid them out for exhibition. The impression was horrible, but — by that time the Denikinists themselves had executed without trial several persons. I asked their adherents whether they thought that the corpses of those whom they had shot would have a more attractive aspect when dragged out of the pit.

Yes, bestialization has already reached the extreme limits, and it pains me to think that the historian will have to refer this page of the Cheka's 'administrative activity' to the history of the first Russian Republic, and moreover, not to the eighteenth century, but to the twentieth.

Do not tell me that the Revolution has its own laws. It is true that there have been explosions of the passions of revolutionary mobs, which have crimsoned the streets with blood, even during the nineteenth century. But those were flashes of an elemental, not of a systematized, fury. Like the shooting of hostages by the Communards, they remained for a long time bloody

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beacons, arousing the indignation, not only of the hypocritical Versailles crowd, which far excelled the Communards in cruelty, but of the workers and their friends as well. For a long time that event cast a black shadow on the very movement of Socialism.

It pains me to think that even you, Anatoly Vasilyevich, instead of an appeal to sobriety, to justice, to respect for human life which has become so cheap, have expressed in your speech a feeling of solidarity, as it were, with these 'administrative shootings.' This is how it sounds in the reports of the local press. From the depth of my soul I wish that in your heart rang once more the echo of that mood which used to unite us in the main problems, when both of us considered that the movement toward Socialism must be based on the best elements of human nature, presupposing valor in the open struggle and humaneness even toward your opponents. Let brutality and blind injustice be relegated to the outlived past, without penetrating into our future.

The course of historical destinies has perpetrated on Russia a well-nigh magic and malicious joke. A certain logical screw has suddenly turned in millions of Russian heads: from blind submission to autocracy, from complete indifference toward politics, our people has gone over at once — to Communism; at any rate, to a Communist government.

The morals have remained the same; so, too, the order of life. The cultural level could not have risen very much for the time of the war, and yet the conclusions drawn by the people have become radically reversed. From the dictatorship of the nobility we have passed over to the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' It was proclaimed by you, Bolsheviki, and the people came to you straight from autocracy, and said, 'Build our life.'

Carlyle used to say that governments perish most often from falsehood. I know that at present such categories as truth and falsehood are least of all in vogue, and seem 'abstractions.' Historical processes are influenced only by the 'interaction of egoisms.' Carlyle was convinced that the questions of truth and falsehood are ultimately reflected in the most tangible results of this interaction of egoisms; and I think that he was right. Your dictatorship was preceded by the dictatorship of the nobility, which had been based on a gigantic falsehood that oppressed Russia for a long period. Why is it that, since the emancipation of the peasants, the wealth of the country, instead of increasing, has diminished, and we suffer from ever worse famines? The dictatorship of the nobility used to answer: Because of the muzhik's laziness and drunkenness. The famines have grown worse, not because of the reign of deadening stagnation in our land, not because our mainstay, agriculture, has been chained by evil land-laws, but exclusively because of the insufficient tutelage over a people of idlers and drunkards. During the famine years our group had to fight this monstrous lie very often, both in the press and at gatherings. That we have had much drunkenness, is true, but only partially true. The basic activity of the peasantry as a class consisted, not in drunkenness, but in toil; and at that, in toil that was poorly rewarded, and presented no hopes of a durable betterment of conditions. The whole policy of the last decades of tsarism was founded on this falsehood. Hence the omnipotence of the *Zemsky Nachalnik* (land chief), and the predominance of the nobility itself. But the masses of the people believed only in the tsars, and helped them crush every movement toward liberation.

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The autocratic régime had no wise men who would understand that this lie, supported by a blind force, led that order most inevitably to destruction.

Carlyle's formula, as you see, may perhaps fit as the definition of the cause for the fall of autocracy. Instead of heeding the truth, autocracy enhanced the falsehood, arriving finally at the monstrous absurdity of an 'autocratic constitution,' that is, at an effort to preserve by deceit the substance of absolutism in a constitutional form.

And the order collapsed.

Now I put this question: Is everything based on truth in your order? Are there no traces of a similar falsehood in what you have instilled into the minds of the people?

It is my deep conviction that such a falsehood exists, and, strange to say, it has a similarly broad 'class' character. You have persuaded the rebellious and excited people that the so-called bourgeoisie (*bourzhouy*) presents a class of sheer idlers, robbers, coupon-clippers, and — of nothing else.

Is this so? Can you confirm it?

In particular, you, Marxians — can you assert this?

You, Anatoly Vasilyevich, surely remember well those not very remote days when you, Marxians, carried on a ferocious battle with us, the Narodniki. You argued that for Russia it was necessary and *beneficial* to pass through the 'stage of Capitalism.' What was it that you understood by this beneficial stage? Is it possible that it was merely idleness, bourzhouy, and coupon-clippings?

Evidently, you had then in mind something else. The capitalist class appeared to you then, as a class, responsible for the *organization of production.* Despite its defects, you considered such an organization, in perfect agreement with the teaching of Marx, *beneficial* for industrially backward countries, such as Rumania, Hungary, and Russia.

Why then has the foreign word, *bourgeois*, become transformed with your aid, in the eyes of our people, ignorant of the past, into a simplified conception of the bourzhouy, nothing but an idler, a robber, who does nothing save clip coupons.

Just as the falsehood of the dictatorship of the nobility substituted the class-significance of the peasantry by the notion of an idler and drunkard, so has your formula substituted the idea of a sheer robber for the rôle of an organizer of production, however poor an organizer. Again, observe how correct is Carlyle's formula. Bandit instincts were developed in our midst, at first by the war, and then by the riots which are inevitable during any revolution. These instincts should have been fought by a revolutionary government. In your case, the sense of truth should have impelled you, Marxians, to expound sincerely and honestly your view of the rôle of Capitalism in backward countries. This you have not done. You have sacrificed your sense of truth to tactical considerations. For tactical purposes it was in your interest to fan the popular hatred for Capitalism, as one incites a fighting company to attack a fortress. You did not stop before distorting the truth. A partial truth you presented as the whole (drunkenness also was a true fact).

Now the fruits are ripe. You have taken the fortress, have sacked and plundered it. You forgot only that this fortress is the nation's possession, acquired by a 'beneficial process'; that in the apparatus created by Russian Capitalism there is much which has to be perfected and further developed, but not destroyed. You have inspired the people with the notion that all this is the result of plunder, which deserves to be plundered in its turn. In saying this, I have in mind not only material values, in the form of factories and

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foundries, machines and railroads, created by Capitalism, but also those new processes and habits, that new social structure, which you, Marxians, had in view when you endeavored to prove the benefit of the 'capitalistic stage.'

The struggle against the capitalist order has assumed the character of besieging an enemy's stronghold. Every damage to the besieged fortress, every conflagration in it, every destruction of its stores, is beneficial to the besiegers. You, too, have regarded as your success every ruination brought upon the capitalist order, forgetting that the true victory of the social revolution would consist, not in the destruction of the capitalist productive apparatus, but in taking possession of it and in managing it on new principles.

Now you have come to reason, at a time when the country faces a terrible danger at the one front you have overlooked. This front is — the hostile forces of nature.

Casting aside that which may be regarded as polemical exaggeration, the fact still remains. The European proletariat have not followed you. . . . They are of the opinion that, even in Western Europe, Capitalism has not yet accomplished its mission, and that its work may still be useful for the future. At the transition from the present to this future, not everything must be subjected to destruction and sacking. Such things as freedom of thought, of assembly, of speech, and of press, are to them not mere 'bourgeois prejudices,' but a necessary instrument for a progressive future, a sort of a palladium acquired by humanity through a long struggle. Only we who have never fully known these liberties, and have not learned how to use them in common with the people, we declare them a 'bourgeois prejudice' which only impedes the cause of justice.

You will probably grant that I love our people not any less than a good Bolshevik; you will also grant that I have proved this with all my life, which is now coming to an end. But I do not love them blindly, not as a convenient soil for experiments of one sort or another; I love them just as they are in reality. When I traveled in America, for instance, I meditated with pleasure on the fact that in Russia it would be impossible to have such lynchings as those which took place at that time in one of the Southern states.

The Slavic nature of our people is softer than that of the Anglo-Saxon. With us, capital punishment was not introduced until the advent of the Greeks, with their Christianity. Yet this does not prevent me from admitting that America possesses a higher moral culture.

By its character, by its natural traits, our people is not beneath the best people in the world, and this is what compels one to love it. But it is far behind in the development of its ethical culture. It lacks that self-respect which induces one to refrain from certain actions, even when no one may learn about them. This we must acknowledge.

We still have to go through a long and severe schooling. You speak about Communism. Aside from the fact that Communism is something unformulated and indefinite, and that you have not yet made clear what you yourself understand by it, for a social revolution in this direction *different morals* are required. Out of the same substance of carbon we obtain both the wonderful diamond crystal and the amorphous coal. There is evidently a certain difference in the inner structure of atoms, too. The same one must say concerning human atoms out of which society is composed: a given society cannot crys-

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tallize into *any* form. In many Swiss towns you may safely leave any object on the boulevard, and find it in the same place on your return. While with us, let us speak frankly. A precise computation in such a matter is, of course, difficult; but, as you know, we have a saying, 'Don't let things lie loose, don't lead the thief into sin.'

Since you have proclaimed Communism, this trait has not grown weaker.

Here is a small but significant instance. In order to alleviate somewhat the lack of provisions, the city administration of Poltava (then still bourgeois) encouraged the cultivation of all vacant lots. The land in front of the houses was planted with potatoes, carrots, and the like. The same was done with free spots in the city park. It had become a tradition of several years.

This year the potato crop was excellent, but — it became necessary to dig it out before it had ripened, because of night-thieves. Who was stealing the potatoes is unimportant to state. The point is that some people toiled, while others made use of their toil.

One third of the crops perished because the potatoes did not grow up; the rest could not be stored, because the unripe fruit rotted. I saw groups of poor women standing over their patches, which were ruined during the night, and weeping. They had worked, planted, dug, weeded. Others came, broke down the plants, trampled the ground, dug out some little bits that needed two months yet to mature, and accomplished this in less than an hour.

This is an example which shows that one can express in figures such a thing as the moral qualities of a people. At a certain level of morality the crops would have been bigger, and the population of the city would have been safeguarded in some measure against winter starvation. 'Under Communism' an enormous portion of the crops was destroyed because of our morals. A still greater damage looms ahead, in view of the fact that people are going to think twice before cultivating empty places for next year: no one wants to toil for thieves. Against such an elemental notion your shooting will be of no avail. Here you need something else; we are far from Communism.

You have defeated Capital, and now it is lying at your feet, mutilated and crushed. But you have failed to note that it is knit to production by such living threads that, in killing it, you have killed production, too. Rejoicing at your victories over Denikin, Kolchak, Youdenich, and the Poles, you have failed to observe that you have suffered a complete defeat on a considerably wider and more important front. This is the front along the whole extent of which man is assaulted on every side by nature's hostile forces. Infatuated with your one-sided destruction of the capitalist order, paying attention to nothing outside of pursuing this scheme of yours, you have brought the country to a terrible condition. Long ago, in my book, *A Hungry Year*, I tried to picture the lugubrious state into which autocracy had led Russia: enormous regions of agricultural Russia were starving, and famines were on the increase. Now it is by far worse; now *all Russia* is stricken by hunger, beginning with the capitals where there occurred on the streets deaths from starvation. At present, they say, you have succeeded in organizing food-distribution in Moscow and Petrograd (for how long, and at what a price). But then, the famine has struck considerably larger areas in the country than during 1891 and 1892.

And the main thing is that you have destroyed the organic link between the city and the village; the natural relations of exchange. You are forced to

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replace it by artificial measures, by 'coercive expropriations,' requisitions, with the aid of punitive squads. At a time when the village not only does not get any agricultural machinery, but has to pay two hundred rubles and more for one needle — at such a time you announce such fixed prices on grain as are obviously disadvantageous for the village. You address the villagers in your newspaper articles where you argue that it is in the interest of the village to support you. But, putting aside for the moment the substance of the question, you speak different languages: our people have not learned as yet to generalize. Each landowner sees only that his produce is being taken away from him, for a compensation which is far from equivalent to his labor, and he draws his own conclusion. He hides his grain; you find it, requisition it; you pass through the villages of Russia and the Ukraine 'with hot iron'; you burn whole villages, and you rejoice at the success of your alimentary policy. If we add to this that from the famine-stricken provinces crowds of hungry people flee blindly into our Ukraine, that fathers of peasant families from Kursk and Riazan, in the absence of beasts, harness themselves and drag the carts with their children and baggage — then the picture obtained is more striking than anything I have noticed during the 'Hungry Year.' The privations are not confined to the regions where the crops have failed.

Two months ago I met a man in Poltava, who 'had not seen bread' for six days, feeding somehow on potatoes and vegetables. Now, in addition, winter is coming, and cold will be added to hunger. For a wagon of firewood, brought from the neighboring forests, they demand twelve thousand rubles! This means that the large majority of the inhabitants, even those who are comparatively better off, like your Soviet officials, will be absolutely unprotected from cold (with the exception, perhaps, of the Communists). The interiors will be the same as outdoors. On this front you have delivered the whole city population (and in part also the rural) to the mercy of nature's hostile forces, which will be felt equally by the suspected, despoiled, 'disloyal' man in a frock coat, and by the man in a workman's blouse.

In the past one regarded the will of the Tsar as reigning absolutely over Russia. But whenever the will of that unhappy autocrat appeared to be not in complete agreement with the intentions of the ruling bureaucracy, the latter exercised thousands of means for bringing the autocrat to submission. Is not the same taking place with regard to a similar poor wretch, our present 'dictator'? How do you learn, and how do you express, his will? We have no freedom of the press, nor freedom of voting. A free press is, in your opinion, merely a bourgeois prejudice. But in the meantime the absence of a free press makes you deaf and blind to life's phenomena. In your semiofficial organs reigns internal well-being, at the time when people blindly 'wander severally' (an old Russian expression) from hunger. They announce the victories of Communism in the Ukrainian village, at the time when rustic Ukraine is seething with hatred and wrath, and when the Chekas are planning to shoot the village hostages. Hunger has begun in the cities, a grave winter is approaching, while you are anxious only about falsifying the opinion of the proletariat. As soon as anywhere in the midst of the workmen an independent idea begins to manifest itself, not quite in accord with the tendencies of your policy, the Communists at once take measure. The board of a certain professional union — trade-union — is declared white or yel-

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low, its members arrested, the board is dismissed as a whole, and then in your semiofficial organ appears a triumphant article: 'Give way for the Red printer,' or for some other Red group of workers, which has been heretofore in a minority. Out of the sum of such facts is composed that which you call the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'

Logic is one of the mighty means of thinking, but not, indeed, the only one. There is yet imagination, which allows one to grasp the complexity of concrete phenomena. This quality is necessary in such a task as ruling a large country. With you, the scheme has completely crushed the imagination. You do not clearly conceive the complexity of reality. A mathematician calculates, for instance, how much time it will take a shell, charged with a certain velocity, to reach the moon; but even the physicist clearly perceives the infeasibility of this task, at least at the present level of technology. You are only the mathematicians of Socialism, its logicians and schematics. You say: 'We should have achieved everything, were it not for the obstruction of the world bourgeoisie, and for the treachery of the Western leaders of Socialism and of their followers, the majority of the working class. They are not doing in their countries what we are doing here; they are not destroying Capitalism.'

But, first of all, you have accomplished the easiest thing: you have destroyed the Russian bourgeois, unorganized, stupid, weak. We know that the Western bourgeois is much stronger, and that the Western workers are not a blind herd, which may be hurled into Maximalism at the first call. They understand that it does not take long to destroy an apparatus, but that you must change it as you go ahead, in order not to disturb production, the only means by which man protects himself against ever-hostile nature. The Western workmen have a better sense of reality than you Communist leaders have, and for this reason they are not Maximalists. After the correspondence between Segru and Lenin, it appears beyond doubt that the Western working masses will, on the whole, not support you in your Maximalism. They will remain neutral.

In our Poltava the municipal government was changed immediately after the Revolution. It became democratic, and intervened in the method of supply. Among other things, it established a municipal depot of firewood; and whenever the merchants inflated the prices, the municipality augmented its sales, and the prices would fall. There were shouts then that this was Socialism. The orthodox adherents of Capitalism prefer absolute 'free trade.' To you this may appear too modest an achievement, but Poltava was protected from cold.

This, of course, is a trifle, but it outlines very clearly my idea. Only in this way is it possible to intervene in public supply 'as you go ahead,' without disturbing or destroying it. Later, one may increase this interference, introducing it into ever wider provinces, until at length society will pass over to Socialism. This road is slow, but it is the only one that is feasible. But you discontinued at once the bourgeois methods of supplying the foremost necessities, and now Poltava, the centre of a grain-producing region, surrounded with near-by forests, lies utterly unprotected from hunger and cold, in the face of the approaching winter.

And it is the same everywhere, in all branches of supply. Your newspapers announce triumphantly that in Wrangel's Crimea bread is being sold at a hundred and fifty rubles per pound; but in our (that is, in your) Poltava, the very granary of Russia, bread costs four

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hundred and fifty rubles per pound, that is, three times higher.

You have killed the bourgeois industry, and have created nothing in its place, and your Commune is an enormous parasite, which feeds on the corpse. . . . You are building everything on egoism, yet you demand self-sacrifices. . . . In general, this process of distribution, which you have undertaken with such a light heart, requires a process of long and difficult preparation of 'objective and subjective conditions,' necessitating a strenuous social self-activity and, most important, freedom. . . . Having constructed nearly nothing, you have destroyed a great deal; in other words, by introducing immediate Communism, you have destroyed the sentiment for plain Socialism, the establishment of which is the most urgent task of modern times.

The minds have to be regenerated. And for this it is imperative for institutions to regenerate first. This, in its turn, requires freedom of thought and of initiative for the creation of new forms of life. To stop by force this self-activity is a crime which the recently overthrown Government used to commit. But there is another, perhaps a greater crime — to impose by force new forms of life, whose convenience the people have not yet realized, and have had no opportunity for learning to know through creative experience. And of this you are guilty. Instinct you have replaced by a decree, and you expect that human nature will change by your order. For this infringement upon freedom, you must expect a day of reckoning.

Social justice is a very important matter, and you rightly indicate that no full liberty is possible without it. But without freedom it is impossible to attain justice. The ship of the future has to be manned between the Scylla of slavery and the Charybdis of injustice. No matter how much you try to assert that bourgeois freedom is only a deception, enslaving the working class, you will not succeed in convincing the Western workmen of this. The English workers who hope to carry out your experiments (in case they are successful, of course) through Parliament, cannot forget that the bourgeois Gladstone, acting in the name of autonomous freedom, fought nearly all his life for the expansion of suffrage rights. Each political reform in this spirit has led to the possibility of struggling for social justice, while each political reaction has given reverse results. There have been many political revolutions, and not one social revolution. You are demonstrating the first experiment of introducing Socialism by means of suppressing freedom.

[These letters present the gravest indictment of the Communist policy, and the most authoritative and trustworthy as yet, coming as it does from the pen of the one man whom even his enemies respected for his sterling honesty, thorough knowledge of, and unselfish love for, the people. It may be consoling to know that not only has the melancholy prophecy of Korolenko been fulfilled, but also some of his ardent wishes are in process of being realized. Since the writing of his letters, the Soviet administration has definitely adopted a 'healthy reaction,' trying to resuscitate industry and Capitalism. The Extraordinary Commissions (*Cheka*) have been abolished. But the freedom of speech and press remains a pious desire, the fulfillment of which may bring back to Russia the homesick Intelligentsia, which is longing to inoculate the people with those elements of culture the lack of which among the Russian masses men like Korolenko and Gorky have so repeatedly lamented. — A. K.]

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FRENCH NAVAL IDEAS

BY RENÉ LA BRUYÈRE

I

No nation more sincerely welcomed President Harding's ingenious initiative inviting the nations to convene at Washington, with a view to studying the limitation of naval armaments, than did France. France approved of this idea with all the more satisfaction because she was disinterested. It was with regret that she contemplated the armament fever which had seized the three big naval Powers, not because she dreaded, for herself, the development of these forces, but because she feared the consequences of a disquieting rivalry between her late allies. Indeed, the French nation never imagined that, one day, it would have to support the weight of the naval forces of England, the United States, or Japan. We remember the enthusiasm that greeted M. Briand's words in the French Chamber, when making the following announcement of Harding's invitation: 'From over the seas, we are invited to go to-morrow to examine certain problems and to seek out all possible means of preventing further fires from breaking out. At the first hour, when the vigorous appeal of the United States resounded, I had the honor of answering "Present" on behalf of my country.'

France proceeded to Washington full of hope. She highly appreciates the results that have been achieved there. She understands that this event has a considerable worldly effect, and she discerns the importance of the mutual sacrifices which had to be consented to, in order to obtain agreement between the partners. She reverences, in particular, the attitude of the United States by which they have abandoned their armament programme in favor of the cause of Peace. However, why deny the fact that, with France's joy at seeing several vital questions settled and the clouds on the distant horizon vanish, there is mingled a little bitterness. She has the impression of having been ignored, though we hasten to acknowledge that this is partly her own fault. She committed a psychological error by omitting to investigate American public opinion and by not preparing it sufficiently in advance to have it en rapport, before the meeting, with the French naval ideas in so far as these are reasonable.

The French delegation proceeded to Washington with a certain ingenuousness which can be attributed only to the conviction, held by France, that her projects would be favorably accepted and would not, in any way, destroy the harmony of the Conference. Therefore, the misunderstanding which occurred at Washington is not without foundation, arising as it does from the reciprocal lack of understanding of the naval situation of both countries. American sentiment was all the more astounded by the demands of the French nation, because these were quite unexpected, and certain personalities, anxious to set the parties at variance, did their utmost to falsely interpret these demands. How-

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ever, it is never too late to dispel an equivocation and we take the liberty of bringing forward — *after* Washington — certain ideas which would have gained by having been brought to light *before* Washington.

In the first place, it is all-important — before discussing the results of the Conference — to mention certain preliminary elements which will throw some light upon the debates. To begin with, let us view the present standing of the French navy, pointing out what it would have been without the events of 1914. The French naval power comprises in all, seven battleships — four of the Jean Bart type, armed with 12 guns of 305 mm., and three of the Bretagne type, armed with 10 guns of 343 mm. The conception of these ships originates from before the war. The four of the Jean Bart type were put into use in 1913, and the seven ships all belong to the 1906 programme. The best among them — the displacement of which does not surpass 23,000 tons — is not superior to the Florida type, which, in the United States navy, is already considered as antiquated. As to the Jean Bart type, it is similar to the American battleships, North Dakota and Delaware, for which a clause in the Naval Treaty provides for their condemnation. Apart from these battleships, France does not possess a single battleship or cruiser, battle cruiser, torpedo boat, or even submarine. As a naval power she at present no longer exists; she still has the list of officers answering her past fame, but no longer possesses the material. The reason of this is easily understood from the fact that the Naval Holiday — which was the basis of all discussions at Washington — was adopted by the French Republic in 1914. The last ship she had built was the Languedoc, the keel of which was laid down before the war. This ship, therefore, remained idle, as well as five others of the Bearn type which were launched during the hostilities in order to clear the slips. France did not even build any torpedo boats, as the twelve ships which were incorporated in her fleet as sea-patrols, during the course of hostilities, are inferior coal-burning vessels which she secured from Japan. France's naval holiday, therefore, has been complete and absolute for the last eight years.

Her situation would have been completely different without the grievous events of 1914. In 1913 the tonnage building in France amounted to 243,000; in 1921 it had fallen to 22,000,- which figure includes a certain amount of valueless tonnage, such as dispatch boats and sloops, rafts of the submarine war.

The naval programme in course of realization during 1914 comprised the launching of the seven battleships above mentioned, which were then the most powerful in the world, as they were intended to carry 12 guns of 343 mm. for a displacement of 25,200 tons. France's political aim consisted in keeping in the Mediterranean superior naval forces to those of the two most powerful fleets, that is to say, the Austro-Italian. This objective was largely realized by the French projects. The seven battleships still in dockyard would have been launched before 1917, and a new programme would have been undertaken in place of the one which was then in course of completion.

The French nation, therefore, devoted all her energies exclusively to the defense of her invaded territory and abandoned all projects of naval construction. The activity of the numerous shipbuilding yards existing in France was absorbed by land-manufactures, including those which were executed on behalf of her allies. She realized perfectly well how matters stood, and was aware of the fact that

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she was losing her rank as an important naval power; but she presumed this fall would be but momentary. After the Armistice her shipbuilding was not resumed, as she was relying on the German boats interned at Scapa Flow. The manner in which these were disposed of is well known. Even after this deplorable incident, France's naval constructions still remained idle. In fact, at the time of writing these lines, the meagre credits for construction, relative to the building of three light cruisers and of a few torpedo boats or submarines, — the project of which has been dragging on for practically the last two years in the Parliament's files, — have not yet been voted.

Is this naval imperialism?

II

This voluntary renunciation of all naval prospects would, in the absolute necessity, explain itself if France had no need of a war fleet; but she has, and it is quite easy to point out how indispensable this is to her. Without relating a few historical points, it is hardly possible to realize the state of mind in which France proceeded to Washington. Of all the countries in the world, France has always been, and still remains, the most envied and the most threatened. The most envied because of the richness of her soil and her mild and attractive climate; the most threatened because she is not protected by natural frontiers and is surrounded by powerful nations. Without mentioning the conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar, or the hundred-year occupation of France by the British, one can well realize that France has never been at rest. The invaders, after coming from the southeast and northwest, came from the southwest and north, with the Imperials, that is to say, the Spaniards, Flemish, and Austrians united, who, for over two centuries, fought desperately against France. On several occasions her soil was trampled as far as the gates of Paris. Rid of the Imperials after outrageous and uninterrupted battles, the French nation would have attained peace, had it not been for Prussia; from the day of her birth this nation succeeded to the Western Empire in her aims of invasion and destruction. Napoleon's wars, however condemnable they might be, find, to a certain extent, their justification in the revenge for these continual and cruel invasions.

On sea alone, again, France has never been without enemies. The Spanish, the Dutch, the British, and even the Berbers scoured the Mediterranean as far as the outskirts of Marseilles. France has a coast line of 2700 kilometres. An annoying circumstance, which proves to be a great weakness, and of which Americans are well aware, is that France is astride on two seas; she has, therefore, been compelled to maintain two distinct navies, one in the north, which used to be called the '*Ponant*,' the other in the south, which was called the '*Levant*.' The distinction is such that, for a long time, these two navies were submitted to entirely different regulations. On looking up the history of France, it will be found that most naval defeats took place close to the Straits of Gibraltar, at the time when her northern and southern naval powers were attempting a junction.

Another reason which militates in favor of the Third Republic's naval power is the existence of an immense colonial empire. France has always been adventurous; under her old kingdom she created extremely important colonies, but was robbed of them through failing to maintain a navy under Louis XV's reign. As a result of having neglected for several years the construction of ships, the king witnessed the almost instantaneous

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annulment of the strenuous efforts made by his loyal subjects during a period of two centuries.

Thanks to an unprecedented effort, the Republic has to-day succeeded in acquiring an overseas domain, the population of which amounts to over 52,000,000, covering a superficial area of 10,000,000 square kilometres, and in which the movement of trade already surpasses 7,000,000,000 francs. Is the Republic going to commit the same error as the Crown? By depriving herself of ships, does she not run the risk of losing, in a more or less distant future, this precious colonial wealth?

A last reason renders the French navy indispensable. In fact, on this point, it can be said that France's situation is very peculiar. Her territory is at present divided into two parts: the Metropolitan France and the African France, as of yore the Roman Empire.

The mobilizing of the North African forces is absolutely necessary to the French Republic, to compensate for her lack of population as compared with Germany. Rightly or wrongly, France believes that Germany contemplates revenge which she would carry out the day she deemed herself the strongest. We know that the majority of the German population is disgusted with war; but we know also that this population has always allowed itself to be led by a turbulent minority. The security of the Marseilles–Algiers route, which is a prolongation of the Strasbourg–Marseilles railroad, is an axiom of France's policy. Thus one can realize what part her navy will be called upon to play in the safeguarding of her territory, the protection of her colonies and even in her mobilization. Is there any imperialism in wanting to ensure this safety?

Imperialism is the word used by our former enemies to render us suspicious. We are convinced that our loyal and generous American friends refrain from associating themselves with such a reproach when reflecting upon these vital contingencies. Fortunately for her, America has no enemies; the nations surrounding her are as if nonexistent. Even Japan is too distant from her to constitute a very dangerous and serious foe. Whereas France has to support the very heavy consequences of her past history; what is called her imperialism is simply her instinctive fear of invasion, a fear which the generations pass on to one another. France's history, so full of blood, of destruction, and of valor, is inseparable from her present state of mind. Think of the systematic invasions of the beautiful French plains, the devastation of the provinces, the injuries perpetrated by the soldiers, the atrocious wounds which will not be healed for years to come, and the ruins that are no sooner repaired than others succeed them.

On considering the matter from this point of view, you will not accuse of imperialism a nation that is endeavoring to uphold her honor and the inheritance of the gods. Can it be said of a man whose house has been frequently robbed, that he is premeditating a murder because he purchases a revolver to protect himself against the return of his criminal visitors? Particularly in the case of the navy, if France committed an error, it was in forgetting the exigencies of her history.

III

Such was France's situation on answering President Harding's invitation. Let us now examine what the French demands actually were, and how these were accepted in connection with the four special points discussed at Washington, relative to capital ships, aviation, light cruisers, and submarines. For capital ships France demanded 515,000 tons — which amount was acceded to Japan

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—against 525,000 tons to England and America. It is known that this claim was rejected, France's share having been fixed at 175,000 tons. We, and also numerous colleagues of the French press, loyally admit that, for several reasons, our delegation was wrong in proffering such a demand. One of the reasons is that she ran counter to the principle of the Conference, whose aim it was to create a naval holiday. France implied, it is true, that she had enforced this naval holiday for the last eight years. However, the fact remains that her demands were contradictory to the object Washington had in view. She ought to have either withdrawn from the Conference or fallen in with the spirit in which it had been inspired. On the other hand, being perfectly aware of the impossibility of building such a tonnage within ten years, France had still less ground for demanding it, the state of her finance not permitting such an expense. Besides, she has a good many other things to attend to before building capital ships, since she is short of light steamers and submarines, which are far more necessary to her than battleships.

The situation of the French Admiralty was paradoxical. France shocked the sentiments of the Washington Conference by making a written demand for capital ships while renouncing the construction of a whole series of ships, the undertaking of which was contested by no one. Furthermore, she owes money to America and England, and to-day she, who has always been owed money, finds herself unable to settle her debts. She, therefore, perfectly well understood Mr. Hughes's letter of the 16th December, 1921, which ran as follows: 'It is not against France's interests to wish that her industry and resources be consecrated to economic recuperation, rather than devoted to the construction of new capital ships. It would be very disappointing to us to learn that, just at the time we are wanting to help France all we possibly can, it is her intention to dedicate hundreds of millions to the building of warships.' The delegation could not do otherwise than bow in submission to this argument, the more so because they were persuaded of its accuracy.

However, it is thought in France that the delegation could have dispensed with adopting the principle of a theoretical limitation which places her on the same level as other second-rate nations, and which classes her with Italy. By the agreement, France may retain 175,000 tons and start building in 1927, 1929, and 1931. As stated, this is as reasonable an amount as she is able to construct, but this figure corresponds exactly to the one granted Italy, while, as above mentioned, the whole of France's policy tended toward maintaining a superiority of forces in the Mediterranean. For centuries she fought to realize this idea; through a simple treaty, and at a time when the Mediterranean route is most indispensable to her, to assure the mobilization of her African army, she finds herself losing that which has given her so much trouble to uphold. Admiral Wemyss quite well realized this point when he wrote: 'The safety of France's communications with North Africa is to her of the utmost importance, owing to the fact that a great portion of her army comes from that continent.'

Italy was quite satisfied with the results of the Washington Conference; it is indeed a dream come true for her to see the sceptre of the Mediterranean pass into her hands. The equality of tonnage between Italy and France is, in reality, marked by a superiority in favor of the peninsula. Apart from the fact that, to possess a superiority over a fleet which has the choice of the offensive, it is necessary to maintain a fairly marked

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margin of tonnage, so as to be protected against momentary lack of available material, it is easy to demonstrate that, in comparison with France, Italy enjoys a privileged tactical situation. She is able to concentrate all her forces in the Mediterranean and to protect them in the Adriatic, whereas France is compelled to disperse part of them in the North Sea, part in the Atlantic, and part in the Mediterranean. She cannot allow her important shores of the Atlantic and of the North Sea to remain defenseless, especially since the Treaty of Versailles has granted Germany eight battleships of 10,000 tons and eight light cruisers.

Whether it is wished or not, the fact remains that the Washington Conference has been a triumph for Italy. We should not like to say that through it France has suffered a defeat; but what may be asserted is that she forsook all her history's traditions by placing the mobilization of her African army — necessary to the defense of her Rhenish frontiers — under the control of her two neighbors. A coalition of Spain and Italy would prevent this mobilization from taking place.

It does not enter into anyone's mind in France that a conflict could arise between herself and her Latin sister; but what diplomatic instrument has not been put into Italy's hands in recognizing the principle of the superiority of her naval forces over France! France, who accepted with good grace the crushing supremacy of England, America, and Japan, accepts with grief the reduction of her *status quo ante bellum* as a Mediterranean naval power.

The situation as regards aviation remains the same. On this point, we might be permitted to think that the limitation of the French navy is still more characteristic. Her tonnage for the transport of airships is limited to 60,000, against 135,000 to America and the British Empire, and 81,000 to Japan. France anticipated that, on the contrary, she would have been allowed to compensate the inferiority of her defensive tonnage in capital ships, by the possibility of developing her naval aviation, which answers to a merely defensive aim. But, again, on this point the Italian situation has been assimilated to that of the Republic.

We would ask our readers to glance at the coasts of both nations: they will at once see that Italy could assemble her troops and (this is merely a hypothesis) bombard Toulon or Bizerta; whereas France's troops, which would be split up all along the Atlantic coast, could not participate in any Mediterranean battle.

In regard to France's naval aviation, has not the Washington Treaty ignored her geographical situation by putting her at the mercy of her eventual adversaries from either north or south, and by having her play the part of the 'Curiatii' in that famous battle where they succumbed through being divided. May it please God that France shall never have the opportunity of putting her war navy to use; for it is certain that her power, offensive and defensive, is very much compromised.

In regard to light surface-craft, — cruisers, torpedoes, and the like, — we know that the Conference eliminated France's requests, and she not accepting the proportion offered her, the Conference broke up without having fixed any limitation for this type of tonnage. It is very difficult for us to plead such a cause; we will, however, draw attention to the following points.

What is the use of light craft? To defend a country's shores and to protect the entry into ports of commercial steamers. For this, the Republic would have to provide for four protection zones: one in the north, from Brest to the Belgian frontier, for the ports of

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Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Rouen, Le Havre, Caen, St. Malo, and the rest; a second one from Brest to the Spanish frontier, for the ports of Nantes, St.-Nazaire, Bordeaux, and Bayonne; a third one in the Mediterranean, for Marseilles, Cette, and others; and a fourth in North Africa, for the ports of Algiers, Tunis, and Oran. Light craft is also used for the protection of commercial shipping; that of France is about to attain a tonnage of four millions compared with 2,500,000 in 1914.

But it is particularly for the defense of her colonial empire that she needs cruisers. We have already remarked upon the importance of this empire of 52,000,000 inhabitants, which is second in rank to that of England, whose position is yet more favorable than the French Colonial Empire, inasmuch as her possessions are not so scattered. France's colonies are yet too young to possess, as the British Dominions do, their own particular fleet. Therefore, in these conditions, it was difficult for France to submit to a situation which did not grant her any privileges, particularly in regard to the Powers which have no distant possessions.

In time of peace, cruisers are just as necessary to France, to maintain the liaison between the metropolis and her colonies dispersed in the five continents.

IV

There still remains the important question of submarines. England had demanded the complete suppression of this arm. Each time science invents a new destructive arm, those who would be the first to suffer from it are the ones to object to its use. It is, unfortunately, the price of progress to perfect both the art of making man happy and that of destroying him. But the forward movement has always been the stronger. The reasons which would have led to the suppression of the submarines cannot be prominent so long as the use of the torpedo, of which the submarine is the improved support, has not been abolished. It is not because Germany made a barbarous use of her submarines that other nations should not be able to utilize them in a more sensible manner. England's reasoning that submarines could be of utility only against enemy commerce, and that they had no military value, was contradicted by facts. On perusing the history of the war, it will be found that the submarine played a very active part in naval operations.

The Washington Conference has in that respect selected the best possible means of rendering neutral the abuse of the submersible, by very precisely defining its utilization. The Conference cannot be too highly congratulated on this essentially humane deed.

We do not wish to detail the resolutions which have been adopted, and which are known to all, concerning the submarine war. But, as we are speaking solely of French naval ideas, we cannot allow France's attitude respecting this question to pass unheeded.

A misunderstanding occurred. The text of an article, written by a marine officer, was selected to suggest that France approved of the Germanic war-procedures. Besides the fact that this article involved only its author, the theories thereof are diametrically opposed to those officially professed. One has only to read the course of strategy by Captain Laurent, professor at the Naval War School, to find a denial of the text referred to, expressed in these almost exaggerated terms: 'The best among us, struck by the formidable wreckage which has been the result of the German submarine war, find it in us to excuse this outrageous event, which was in contradiction to all divine and human laws. We cannot manifest

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too strongly our opposition to this turn of mind; it does not become Frenchmen to follow such shameful traces.'

This is the true and only viewpoint of the Staff of the Rue Royale.

And it is not alone on the utilization and the limitation in number of submarines that the debate arose. The Conference offered 31,000 tons to France; she was demanding 90,000 tons; that is to say, an amount equal to that of the most generously endowed nations: England and America. France's reasoning, which we submit to the reflection of our friends, is the following. Not only does it seem that the French Republic should have had a number of submarines equivalent to that of the great naval powers, but, reasonably, she should have been granted a larger figure. The submarine, especially the type France purposes building, is essentially a defensive war-instrument, its object being, in a certain way, to act as an antidote to capital ships. By demanding this antidote, France believes herself to be serving the cause of peace, for she is trying to safeguard the world against the dangerous virus which would be brought about by the abuse of capital ships. She likewise invokes, in favor of the submarine armament, all the reasons that have been cited for light cruisers: the extension, and especially the unevenness, of her shores, the dispersion of her colonies, and the necessity of safeguarding the Marseilles–Algiers route. Moreover, French technologists consider 90,000 tons as necessary to provide France with a sufficiently efficacious defensive, especially as she has to supply stationary flotillas in four different zones, not including her colonial zones.

V

We think that we have stated very frankly the French naval ideas, just as they exist in competent circles. The impression is that France ill prepared her ground at Washington, by failing to acquaint her allies with her point of view. The demands she made concerning capital ships were a surprise and a shock to the sentiments of the Conference.

France might have avoided this error. The magnificent results obtained at Washington have been highly praised, and much gratitude is shown to President Harding for having obtained these results, so favorable to the peace of the world. But there is a shadow on the scene. France realizes that she slightly upset the Washington partners' agreement, and even impeded the drift of the Conference's aim regarding light boats and submarines.

Could France accept the limitations that were imposed on her? We leave it to our readers to answer this question. We would ask them, before they render unprejudiced decision, to take into consideration the moral, geographical, and historical situation of France, whose heart is still bleeding from the traces of invasion, and who is vainly waiting for the amends which are due.

She reflects that at Washington she lost the control of the Mediterranean, in favor of Italy; she agreed to this abandonment — which is contrary to all her traditions — only in the hope that, in the first place, her situation as a great colonial power would be recognized by the concession of a light-craft tonnage, proportionate to her worldly necessities, and that, on the other hand, she would be granted a submarine flotilla and an aviation arm capable of assuring the safety of her Atlantic, Mediterranean, and African shores.

This gives an explanation of the French Republic's attitude at Washington with reference to the grave questions we have just examined.

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IS PROHIBITION OF GAS WARFARE FEASIBLE?

BY W. LEE LEWIS

I

ONE of the most poignant pleasures of the human mind is that exquisite sensation of being misunderstood. In it youth justifies filial disobedience, and husband or wife condones a lack of noble loyalty. Through it the misguided artist finds solace and surcease of professional failure and human weakness, a foil for self-reproach.

Among the professions, that of chemistry is most misunderstood. But the chemist is neither immature, erotic, nor a failure. Consequently he does not enjoy being misunderstood. This atmosphere of mystery and misapprehension has ever enshrouded him and has defeated his most earnest effort to be simple and candid.

In the public mind he seems to have taken character from one Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim of the sixteenth century, and his modern spawn would be alchemists and sophists who essay to turn swamp grass into gold, and to explain the physical miracles of the Bible chemically.

Just now the chemists are being criticized for unanimously questioning the feasibility of eliminating warfare gases. Of them it is being said, 'As a man thinks, so he is.' Therefore, in still supporting that mode of warfare which, more than any other one thing through the ages, brought home to the public mind the power of his science, the chemist is backing his own interest.

It would seem that a lively imagination might equally well conclude that the chemist's convictions in this matter arise from his special knowledge of the field.

In order to approach this subject philosophically let us go back, even further than *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, to the very beginning of things.

Fighting with poisons did not originate with the Germans, nor is it a modern institution. It dates back to the time when our first very great-grandparents emerged from Silurian ooze and began to proliferate. As unicellular organisms, their wants were simple, competition slight, and wars absent.

But, as all living things must move either onward or backward, so this little globule of protoplasm grew tired of being all stomach one moment and, in the next, doubling in the rôle of protective or reproductive system. New cells were taken on and given special functions, such as nutrition, reproduction, protection, and so forth. In time, nutrition cells called for a more varied diet, reproductive cells for mates, and nerve cells begat temperament; and these things have been at the base of all animal conflicts, large or small. Then nature began to cast about for weapons for the protective cells, and the simplest things at hand were poisons. Thus snakes, spiders, insects, and even some plants, are equipped with poisons in stings, fangs, or nettles. It is a general weapon among creeping things of the

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lower order. Ultimately, more sportsmanlike equipment, such as hoofs, horn, and teeth, was added to animal protection.

It is interesting to note that certain animals specialized in chemical warfare. The little bombardier beetle, with his tiny droplet of poison liquid hurled into the face of his pursuing enemy, was the original grenadier. The inkfish first used the principle of the smoke-screen. Then there is the ubiquitous polecat, than which there is no greater testimonial to the efficacy of German stink-gas. The skunk is a social failure, but a first-class fighting man. He never hurries or steps aside: he lets the rest of the world do that. He has a chemical equipment designed to make any dog too proud to fight. Have you ever, from a safe vantage-point, noted him threading his way unattended and unafraid along some woodland crest? Then surely you must have thought of those noble lines applied to Napoleon in his incarceration: 'Grand, gloomy, and peculiar!'

Man has a native equipment of low fighting-calibre. His untrained fists are puny; he cannot run fast or kick hard, and a projecting nose interferes with his biting proclivities. He, therefore, early supplemented his native equipment with artificial weapons, and poisons played a large part in early controversies, as in the poisoning of arrows and spears.

Among the earliest-recorded human use of noxious chemicals in war is the employment of pitch and sulphur, which were burned at the foot of the walls of the ancient cities of Belium and Platæa by the Spartans, in their wars with the Athenians, during the fifth century B.C. Later, we read of the use of stinkballs, apparently mixtures of asafetida and combustibles — little courtesies exchanged between ships fighting at close range. Prester John, among many things, is credited with burning similar mixtures in metal effigies, much to the confusion of his enemies. Even the English during the Crimean War considered seriously, for a period, the plan of smoking the Russians out of Sebastopol with burning sulphur.

The subject of chemical weapons on a vast scale continually arose in men's minds. The subject has always been fascinatingly terrible. An article in the *Popular Science Review*, in 1864, by B. W. Richardson, on 'Greek Fire,' is uncannily prophetic. During the early stages of the World War, many fanciful suggestions were received by the combatants for quickly ending the conflict with chemicals. It is a fundamental of psychology that thought tends to work over into action. Then came the German surprise, April 22, 1915.

With men's minds thus reverting to fighting with noxious chemicals, we can readily understand how the matter was taken up at the Hague Conference in 1899. At that Conference the assembled nations pledged themselves 'not to use any projectiles whose only object was to give out suffocating or poisonous gases.' This agreement was not signed at the time by the American or German representatives, though Germany signed it the next year — 1900.

The principle was reaffirmed at the Congress of 1907. Article 23, of the 'Rules and Doctrines for War on Land,' states: 'It is specially forbidden to employ poisons or poisonous weapons.'

The matter finds no further mention in international papers until the Treaty of Versailles, Article 171, on Armament, Munitions, and Materials, which reads: 'The use of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices, being prohibited, their manufacture and importation are strictly forbidden in Germany. The

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same applies to materials specially intended for the manufacture, storage, and use of said products or devices.'

This same clause was read into the treaty of St.-Germain with Austria, of Neuilly with Bulgaria, of Trianon with Hungary, and of Sèvres with Turkey. This may be taken as a reaffirmation of the Hague principle and it played a strong part in the events at the American Conference.

II

On January 6, 1922, Secretary Hughes presented the following resolution to the Disarmament Conference, in favor of the abolition of poison gas in international warfare: —

'The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and all analogous liquids or materials or devices, having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world, and a prohibition of such use having been declared in treaties to which a majority of the civilized powers are parties; now, to the end that this prohibition shall be universally accepted as a part of international law, binding alike the conscience and practice of nations, the signatory powers declare their assent to such prohibition, agree to be bound thereby between themselves, and invite all other civilized nations to adhere thereto.'

Simultaneously, Secretary Hughes read three reports: that of the Conference's expert committee on poison gas, declaring against prohibition, and those of the Advisory Committee of the American delegation and of the General Board of the United States Navy, favoring prohibition.

The best reasons for the resolution should be found in the reports of these committees and the resulting discussion.

Secretary Hughes was undoubtedly greatly influenced by the clause read, appearing in the several peace treaties; for Mr. Root brought out in the discussion that these treaties 'presented the most extraordinary consensus of opinion that one could well find on any international subject.' However, it seems a bit anomalous to find, in the terms visited upon a defeated enemy, principles and rules to apply to future international military relations. The same argument would justify the universal destruction of fortresses and aircraft, the yielding-up of records and secret methods, and the destruction of fleets; for these also were largely visited upon the defeated nations.

The main arguments on which the resolution found support were based upon these principles in warfare: (1) That unnecessary suffering in the destruction of combatants should be avoided; (2) that innocent noncombatants should not be destroyed. It was claimed that the use of gases in warfare violates both these principles, and is therefore universally condemned.

As to the relative amount of suffering involved in death by gas and death by disembowelment with a bayonet, it is obvious that we can collect no scientific data, owing to the nature of the experiment. The point may, however, be safely left to the imagination. It is significant in this connection, that the American statistics show that a gas casualty has twelve times the chances of recovery of a casualty resulting from an encounter with such Christian weapons as high explosives, bullets, shrapnel, and the like. The relative chances of being maimed or disfigured for life are obvious. Observation of gassed soldiers, over a considerable period of time, by the Surgeon-General's office, did not reveal any predisposition toward pulmonary trouble, which is contrary to the popular opinion.

The question of the involvement of

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civilian population is important, and there is here some misapprehension. The non-technical mind looks upon a gas as something that travels stealthily, and devastates all animal and vegetable life over a large area; something that may be carried by the wind a long distance. As a matter of fact, the great problem in gas warfare is to build up a concentration, namely, to liberate on a certain objective a sufficient amount of gas to maintain a lethal amount for even a very short time. It was this difficulty that caused the change in gas-warfare methods from the cloud-attack, where vast quantities of gas are released from cylinders in the front-line trenches, to artillery gas-shell. With the latter, the objective may be smaller and more definite, and the placing of the gas more accurate. It is a mistake to suppose that any of these gases may be blown any considerable distance from the point of the burst, in any concentration that will kill. The practical limits of drift are a few hundred yards. As General Fries has stated: 'To produce a cloud that would drift six miles would require twenty pounds of liquid gas per foot of front, or fifty-three tons per mile, two miles or more in length.' This is a prohibitive amount.

In this connection, gas offers no more dangers to civilian population than air-bombs, long-range guns, or torpedoes, which have been qualified, but not abolished.

In the report of one of the committees, it was stated that chemical warfare is 'a cruel, unfair, and improper use of science.' The answer to this statement is: 'So is all warfare.' In so far as modern warfare differs from a combat between two naked unarmed aborigines, it is an abhorrent misapplication of science, whose progress is intended to bring fullness and richness into human life, instead of death and destruction. Why single out the science of chemistry? As well condemn sanitary science on the ground that it alone has made possible the safe assembling in camp of the mammoth armies that characterize modern war.

If we concede that might does not necessarily make right, except in a pragmatic sense, then scientific warfare might be more nearly on the side of right, because advancement in science characterizes an intelligent nation, and such a nation will presumably be right more frequently than wrong. Thus its introduction into warfare might be presumptive of a faint growth of righteousness in this imperfect world.

A further reason advanced in the Conference for the abolishment of warfare gases was, that such 'warfare threatens to become so efficient as to endanger the very existence of civilization.'

Aside from whatever merit there may be in the proposition that the best way to end war is to make it grotesquely horrible and illogical, certainly that clause is no recommendation to a nation at bay, with its back to its capitol walls, to go down with the sublime comfort of having kept a parlor agreement.

Emasculated warfare is no deterrent to a belligerent nation. The knowledge that the opposed will put up a deadly defense is a more powerful deterrent. Such a nation, under such conditions, might well find justification in the fact that the after-gas of many explosives produces deadly carbon monoxide and prussic acid. An enemy seeking justification for retaliation with gas could easily find doubtful instances from this source, and spring a super-gas prepared as a defense precaution in times of peace.

In the debate following the presentation of the resolution, M. Sarraut and Mr. Balfour admitted that military chemical research, with defense as the main object, could not yet be discontinued. Thus we have the ridiculous

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picture of the United States forswearing gas warfare, and yet maintaining an elaborate experimental plant in war-gases at Edgewood, Maryland. The fact that the activities of this splendid plant are now purely 'defensive' will not alter its work. Whether military measures are offensive or defensive is purely a matter of the point of view. Thus, no nation ever raised its mailed fist against another except in defense of something; and of course all preparedness of peace times is avowedly defensive only. Surely no thinking person can reconcile poison-gas research in peace times with the position of the high contracting parties to this pact. Such a lack of consistency and good faith will defeat the purpose in hand. The measure will simply resolve itself into an agreement not to use gas until the other fellow does and, in the meantime, get ready for him. We do not believe in shooting, but we 're going to carry a gun. Where there are guns, there is likely to be a little shooting, as our people have good reason to know just at this time.

If this is a mere restatement of international law that has already failed of support in the test of conflict, then it is a diplomatic platitude that will weaken the whole structure of the Conference labors.

It is interesting to note that America's experts were against the resolution, that Great Britain was skeptical, that the French delegates showed more active approval, and that the Japanese and Italians were enthusiastic. In fact, an Italian representative first proposed the resolution in the subcommittee. It has been remarked that the sentiment against the resolution among the other powers was inversely as their chemical resources. It would be interesting to know Germany's attitude. It is also significant that, while the Conference conceded that no declaration could be made as to naval warfare unless England, the leading naval power, was a party to it, yet gas warfare is outlawed by mere fiat, without Germany, which is still the greatest potential military power, chemically. At the beginning of the war there were less than half as many chemists in America as there were in Germany; less than one fifth in England, and less than one tenth in France.

In this connection, the views of an eminent English authority are well expressed in a recent book by Major Lefebure, entitled *The Riddle of the Rhine*. To Major Lefebure, the Riddle of the Rhine is the ominous, impenetrable potentialities of the German chemical trust, bristling along the Rhine and its tributaries. 'It has added economic cohesion to technical efficiency, and is to-day the largest technically efficient potential instrument of war in the world.' The author avowedly believes in the chemical disarmament of Germany, and points to the failures and difficulties in enforcing the Treaty of Versailles in chemical matters. The inherent difficulties in the inspection by a league, under agreement to refrain in times of peace from chemical preparedness, are searchingly presented. In fact, the logical end of the author's argument is a world-balance of chemical power, either through competitive militarism industrially disguised, or through agreed ratios.

Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and later Commander of the Army of the Rhine, discusses this same subject in the following words: 'Unless and until some control is exercised over the activities of chemical factories, — which are really arsenals in disguise, — prohibitions, resolutions, and similar pious aspirations for abolishing chemical warfare will be not only futile but dangerous, in that they will lull the nation into a feeling of

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security, for which there is no scientific justification.'

Robertson recognizes that chemical peace-industries cannot be prohibited; but because of their military significance, thinks that they might be reduced, and restricted to the peace-time requirements of their respective countries, *plus* an appropriate share of the world trade. In this connection it should be remembered that in 1918 Germany's dyestuff capacity was more than double that of all the rest of the world.

An attempt to avoid the tremendous advantages to an outlaw nation, highly industrialized chemically, of deliberately using gas in warfare, by trying to distribute or control the chemical activities of the several nations, is futile.

The Committee of Technical Experts, seven in number, reported against the resolution, giving as their chief reason that research and production of warfare gases, many of which have industrial uses, could not be prohibited, and that therefore 'no nation dare risk entering into an agreement which an unscrupulous enemy might break, if he found his opponents unprepared to use gases both offensively and defensively.'

This same reason was advanced for deferring air-craft limitation, and was deemed a sufficient reason, although less applicable to air-craft than to chemistry.

III

In placing a ban upon gas warfare, and limiting the military use of submarines, the Washington Conference drifted far from its original scope.

The Conference had its origin in a problem primarily economic, namely, the need of releasing the nations from the burden of military preparedness, to the end that they might rehabilitate themselves from the effects of the World War. Furthermore, in dealing with naval limitations and the Far East problems, the Conference was dealing with matters which could be undertaken at once. In the nature of things, there will be little change in the authority of nations within the next ten years; therefore, the Conference was here dealing with matters which not only were immediate, but which would find their fulfillment during the period when the five contracting powers would continue in all probability as the strongest international influence. It is not likely that, within the next ten years agreed upon, any single great world-power or combination of nations will arise to question the authority of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan, especially in matters in which they are primarily concerned geographically.

In attempting, however, to lay down rules for governing all future warfare, especially when these rules, as applied to the use of gas, are debatable on intrinsic grounds, the Conference was dealing with the matter of conducting future wars, and laying down dicta for all nations, for all times, notwithstanding that other powers, or combination of powers, not bound by this agreement, may dominate the world when that next war comes.

It is especially regrettable that no exceptions were made, in the wholesale condemnation of chemical warfare, to the use of smoke and nontoxic tear-gases. These are distinctly human agencies, which save life in the attainment of a military objective, and make of military tactics a game of the highest scientific skill. Natural and artificial obstacles and topographic features have ever been the legitimate agencies of the skilled commander. Think of the possibilities, through the neutralization and obscuring of certain areas with gas and smoke, in marvelously extending such legitimate strategies. And think of the humanity and efficiency of

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such nontoxic gases in lowering the physical efficiency, and therefore the power to kill, by 50 per cent, through the mere enforced wearing of the gas-mask; an army of 100,000 men reduced to 50,000, and not a man scratched. While conceding the force of this argument, the fear was expressed in the Conference that the line could not be safely drawn between various types of gases.

If we assume that fighting with warfare gases is uncivilized, cruel, debasing, and on a par with fighting with dumdum bullets and disease germs, then it is most proper that it should be outlawed. Then any nation resorting to methods which are universally condemned would find itself in the position of Germany, when she violated Belgian neutrality and torpedoed passenger ships. These very acts defeated her, for they brought America into the war, and united almost the entire world against her. It is also pointed out that sentiment effectively prevented the use of dumdum and explosive bullets in the last war.

But there is this difference between gas warfare and such measures as the use of disease germs, and dumdum and explosive bullets, and the sinking of hospital ships and passenger vessels. The latter have no practical military value. They may be part of a reign of terror, of an avowed programme of *Schrecklichkeit*. Moreover, as in the case of dumdum and explosive bullets, there are substitutes which are permissible, and which make these condemned articles unnecessary.

Poison gas stands in a military class by itself. It is the most efficient, most economical, and most humane, single weapon known to military science. It is no longer a theory, but a thoroughly demonstrated, powerful reality. It positively has no substitute. Its abandonment detracts irreparably from decisive, expeditious trial by warfare — an institution which the most sanguine do not claim that we can yet eliminate.

The chemist is a rational pacifist. He has no brief for warfare gases simply as killing agencies. He does believe that, for a generation or so to come, there must continue a measure of national defense; and chemical preparedness secures this defense with the greatest economy, efficiency, and humanity. He regrets that popular education on the subject of gas warfare dates from the early days of the World War, when, for purposes of creating anti-German sentiment, it was condemned in scathing but unscientific terms. This education has since continued through overzealous peace-societies and press exaggeration, until the most irrational views prevail upon this subject. In this manner, Lewisite, by an accretion of superlatives, has acquired powers compared with which his Satanic Majesty becomes an angel of mercy.

To the chemist, therefore, this half-hearted attempt on the part of a few nations to regulate the chemical methods of all future warfare is ill-advised and dangerous. The reasons given in the reports and debates are insufficient and illogical, and not in keeping with the historical facts, or with the high accomplishments of the Conference.

The record of the last war is too eloquent. If we would make warfare safe, we must take the soldiers out.

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THE BOY AND THE PIG WHEN THE KINGS ARE GONE

BY WILBUR C. ABBOTT

I

AMONG those bitter, vigorous cartoons with which Raemaekers helped rouse the world against the German threat, not many years ago, one of the most striking was an adaptation of a mediæval theme, the Adoration of the Magi. Against a background of knights and men-at-arms in fierce conflict, stands a rude hut which shelters the Holy Family. Before them kneel the Three Kings from the East, offering gifts to the affrighted Child — the Emperor of Germany with a shell, the Emperor of Austria with a howitzer, the Sultan of Turkey with a scimitar!

It was a bitter jest, and it recalls another of like sort. This same theme of the Three Kings was a favorite episode in the mediæval miracle-plays. Between their moral and religious scenes were often interposed comic interludes to relieve the feelings or sustain the interest of the audience. Among the stage directions for these, still preserved to us, is one which reads, 'The Boy and the Pig when the Kings are gone.' The kings are gone, and there appears upon the stage of politics — the Bolshevik!

He is, indeed, no comic interlude. He is the spirit of the grimmest tragedy, and we see the world deeply moved by his activities, but not to laughter. For he represents more than himself, more than the Russia he has wrecked. He is the type and symbol of a great force among us; he is the living exponent of the subversive element in every land; the symbol, if only by exaggeration, of world discontent — and he has many sympathizers in the audience. Nor is he to be driven from the stage by mere disapprobation, as we may have thought. He and the forces which he represents must be considered seriously and studied dispassionately, even scientifically, if we are to see where we stand in this crisis of the world drama.

And, in considering him, let us lay aside all the traditions of our race, all the commandments based on the sanctity of life and property — thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not steal. Let us admit that revolutions are not made with rose water, that omelets are not concocted without breaking eggs, that what is one man's loss is another's gain, with all the other arguments for the use of force in politics. Let us omit the categorical moralities, the doctrines of Christianity, the principles of law and equity, the precepts of order and of peace, the standards of civilized society, and meet Bolshevism on its chosen ground.

What are the facts? The first and most important, when he came on the stage, was disorder. And if the thing is good, we cannot complain of that. Democracy is the child of revolution; our own liberty was obtained by force; and we long ago agreed that, if men's grievances seemed to them unendurable, they had the right to rise in arms — and die. We must not forget Cromwell, the Jacobins, and the Sons of Liberty. Nor must we forget that the established

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order has the right, and the duty, to defend itself; that men cannot properly appeal for protection to laws which they repudiate, or hide behind a system which they would destroy.

Force, then, is not an argument. We must seek another test, to see whether this world discontent is merely that oldest, most dishonorable of political alliances, — the leadership of knaves, the following of fools, — or whether it has true political substance. Are these new foes of organized society, like Tartars or Huns, incapable of constructive statesmanship; or, as they claim, like Franks and Saxons, the heralds of a freer age? Let us forget the ruin they have wrought, and see what they propose.

For now that they have established themselves in power, it is fitting to recall their earlier promises and programme, since they committed themselves to a constitution. It began, not 'We, the people,' but 'We, the proletariat'; it rested chiefly on economics, not on politics, as that word was once understood. It based itself upon two fundamental elements, labor and land; and on one principle, that of equality of condition. There was to be but one class, the proletariat; there was to be neither wealth, nor poverty, nor idleness, for capital was to be distributed and profit forbidden, and everyone was to work. The state was to possess all natural resources, and provide pensions for incapacitated individuals, insurance against every accident of life, and education suited to a primitive society. In place of an army, all men were to have arms; for diplomatic service there would be no need when once the international brotherhood of workers was supreme. Finally, government was to be carried on by 'Soviets,' or councils of workingmen, soldiers, and peasants, with a Central Soviet; but until the triumph of the cause was assured, a 'proletarian dictatorship' was to be supreme.

Such was the Utopia of the boy and the pig when the kings were gone; such the new tablets of the law, handed down from the thunders of the Russian revolutionary Sinai to the Moses — and Aaron — of the newly chosen race. It has been easy for economists and political scientists to reveal its weaknesses; it has been easier still to point to its failure to meet its promises and to square with the terrible realities of a starving people. Yet it cannot be denied that Bolshevism represents, in whatever distorted fashion, a widespread sentiment in modern life.

For, apart from the activities of 'radical' agitators; the 'boring-in' or 'infiltration' of such elements into our labor organizations; the increasing demands and decreasing output of labor; the insistence on government ownership and interference; and the often apparently senseless strikes, we have a whole series of programmes. There is the programme of the Communist International — to 'conquer and destroy the bourgeois parliamentary state,' by 'workers' revolution' and by strikes, not to redress specific grievances, but as a political weapon. There is the programme of the Spanish and Italian syndicalists — to put the machinery of production in the hands of the workers, which has been and is being tried. There is the programme of the British Labor Party, which proposes to secure to everyone a 'prescribed minimum of leisure, health, education, and subsistence'; a minimum wage; the obligation of the government to find or provide work for all, and to ensure against unemployment; the elimination of private ownership; the centralizing and control, even the rationing, of food and raw materials; the standardization of prices; the nationalization, in short, of all resources, and virtually of all human

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activities — a paternalism beyond all previous experience, stimulated, if not inspired, no doubt, by the example of government activities in the war.

In this country we have the 'Plumb plan' for railway ownership and management — joint control by employees, public, and capital, the profits accruing to the employees, the financing to the government. We have the 'North Dakota experiment' — state banking, warehousing, financing, marketing, and insurance. We have heard from high places demands for 'direct action,' a plea for referendum and recall; and we have seen something of that policy in action. We experience day by day plans for state or municipal control, or ownership, or management, of enterprises of every conceivable character, and in every form, from city water-systems to city Christmas-trees.

And we have, finally, Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles, whose preamble is the Socialist confession of faith, and whose articles embody machinery to put it into effect. And had some of the six million words wasted by the Senate of the United States on Article X, Part I, of that treaty, been devoted to this tremendous innovation in diplomacy, we might have been better informed on the chief feature of the world in which we live. For we are not dealing with remote, intangible ideals, nor with sporadic phenomena, but with world-wide, if not world-organized, sentiments and practices. We face one of those efforts, common in history, to shift the bases of politics and society; and we cannot dismiss it, as so many do, with the contemptuous epithet of 'Bolshevism.'

II

It is primarily the child of industry. A century and a half of power and machinery has revolutionized the material basis of human life. Like bacteria in a favorable medium, mankind has increased enormously in this industrial society; and, at the same time, improved communication and machinery of exchange have affected almost every field of human endeavor. The circle has grown from year to year, — more to produce, more to consume, more to produce again, — and some profess to find the remedy in increased production! And this increase of population and of wealth — and poverty — through industrialism has brought with it our great social problem. It has divided employer and employee by the 'nexus' of wages; it has brought into higher relief the contrast between wealth and poverty. It has above all, perhaps, produced a class with nothing but its muscles to sell; which has, and largely desires, nothing of land or of animals, relying wholly for existence on the 'job,' the fluctuating chances of daily labor, which, in turn, depends upon the skill of the employing 'capitalist' to meet the daily risks, the altering market, the ever-varying conditions which produce his 'profit.' In some measure this has affected the agriculturist as well; for improved communication and financial expedients bring him into the world-market, both for good and ill.

In consequence, life has become far less stable than it was, and far less secure. There is, in this industrial society, no longer even that slender assurance of food and shelter and clothing which the peasant had. Men are subject to the action of forces over which they have even less control than over the soil and elements. They turn, instinctively, to some power greater than themselves to stabilize their lives, to bring about something of that older assurance, to relieve their terrible uncertainty.

Thought followed this development. A group of theories — socialist, communist, anarchist, international — appeared, based on the assumption that

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the situation was the creation of an 'exploiting' class, to which the evils of society were due. They personified this situation with the epithet of 'capital'; they identified this development with the 'middle class'; they preached the doctrine of 'class war,' of the elimination or distribution of this 'capital,' and the extermination or reduction to a common level of its owners, the 'bourgeoisie,' and the dictatorship of the workers, or 'proletariat.' Many have come to believe that Saint-Simon was right: that the chief business of society is to care for its weakest members. And for many more, not even the rapid, continuous, natural redistribution of wealth, nor the activities of political democracy, have gone fast enough to produce that equality of condition which these schools demand.

Such views have so far failed to convince the great majority of men. They have, indeed, failed to crystallize into a system; much less, like democracy, to set up a new form of government. They are as yet but disembodied spirits, still at war with each other. We hear of 'Communist-Anarchist' parties, though their component elements are far as the poles apart in theory; and even of 'Social-Democratic' capitalists — and Marx must turn uneasily in his grave! But they are one in common opposition to society; and in a hundred ways they seek to overthrow the present system.

We hear especially that Labor, 'owing to its peculiar situation, must have rights beyond those of other classes.' It is a logical development. There was a time when men spoke of the rank or state to which 'God had called' this man or that. There was once a doctrine of the divine right of kings. More recently a 'captain of industry' infuriated his fellow countrymen by declaring that 'Providence entrusted' him and his kind with wealth. And it is evident that the oracle is to be worked again, since Labor puts forth its claims to rights denied to other men. If we admit those earlier rights, we must admit this one. But who admitted them? They are among the wrecks of history.

Yet this demand has more behind it than mere rhetoric. It assumes that men are wholly dependent on machinery, and live by sufferance of those who handle it; that it is possible to control government through industry, since other classes are too few, too feeble, and too ignorant, to dispense with these new masters of society. This 'syndicalism,' says a recent philosopher, 'is the voice of the failure of something.' To him, it is the voice of the failure of Socialism to gain political power. To others, it is the voice of the failure of the forces of order to keep peace; or of classes or individuals to attain wealth or power under the present system, and their consequent appeal to force; or the failure of government to meet the needs of an altering society; or the failure of society itself. But, whatever the fact, it is apparent that we have to do, not merely with force and anarchy, but with an effort to shift the mastery of society, and the alteration, if not of the form, at least of the function of government.

Such a programme is due in some measure to the present mechanistic philosophy of the world, and its impersonality. We have to do with corporations, huge, superhuman, often immortal creatures; and, on the other hand, with masses, whose simple and monotonous occupation makes machines of men who tend machines. Thus men conceive of government, or society, as a huge corporation or machine, which functions of itself; and they imagine that mere change of mastery would effect the purification of society. They fall into the error of confusing the 'middle class' with its product, capital, as men once confused money with wealth.

Most of these programmes of reform,

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like all their predecessors, advocate simplicity. But we cannot all join communistic agricultural societies, however Arcadian, without destroying civilization as we know it. We cannot divide our goods after the manner of a peasants' revolt — so much land, so many cattle, so many instruments of husbandry, to each family. There is no remedy for us in the boy and the pig, though the kings are gone. We have to deal not with simplicities but with complexities. Nor does a dictatorship, even of the proletariat, nor that class government we fought to eliminate from politics, meet the case; for, whatever the future may bring forth, proletarianism has been invariably associated with anarchy and despotism in the past.

And against this there has come the protest of the great majority, which has not accepted the boy and the pig as the answer to the problem. In Germany, the Einwohnerwehr against the Spartacans; in Italy, the Fascisti against the Communists; in France and Belgium, the bourgeois governments and people against the proletarians; in England, the 'public' against the general strike, have revealed determination and intelligence and fighting qualities quite unsuspected by the subversives. They seem to prefer the evils of Capitalism, which they know, to the blessings of Communism, which they do not want. They have entered their caveat against the contention that society is at the mercy of Labor; and have declared for equality of opportunity as against equality of condition.

Yet here, again, force is no argument. There still remains the problem of discontent; the inequality of rewards and the projection of that inequality into succeeding generations; the administration of the sources of industrial wealth; the question of the public weal; and the future of politics. We have to do with the intangibles, — sentiments and emotions, as well as reason and power, — with psychology no less than economics. For who among us has precisely what he thinks is his just reward? 'To each according to his needs and his abilities,' said Louis Blanc. But how about his just deserts as he conceives them, and his desires; and who shall be the judge? Are the rewards of life the price of its necessities, or its comforts, or its luxuries — or are they tangible at all? We can calculate the costs of labor and of living, profits, loss, production, distribution, price, and wage. But who can calculate or administer content, or happiness, judgment, risk, ambition; who can gauge the pleasure of the game, of voice in one's own destinies? Who can reckon the 'human element,' its hopes and fears, its knowledge and its ignorance, its likes and its dislikes, its weakness and its strength, its greed and its self-sacrifice, its faiths and its suspicions? It is to these conflicting qualities we must appeal.

And in the various programmes of the saviors of society we find some answer to 'what the workers want.' One thing is common to them all. It is security — insurance or, better still, if you like, *assurance*. Whether in Russia or England or North Dakota, essentially what all men desire is some guaranty against the ills and accidents of life — sickness, or injury, or unemployment, or the weather. The second is a no less common desire; it is a greater voice in our own economic destinies. Expressed in so-called Guild Socialism, shop-stewards, share in management, industrial democracy, soviets, it is essentially the same. There is, third, the feeling that the rewards of industry are improperly distributed; that social and political development have, in this respect, fallen behind the progress of commerce and industry; that the concurrent increase of wealth and poverty is incon-

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sistent and unjust; that by some fraud the work of the world is done by one class and the profits reaped by another; and, as a corollary, that intellectual pursuits are not laborious or 'productive.' There is a common protest against the 'parasites' of society. Finally, there is widespread desire for that oldest blessing of mankind, — peace with plenty, — and a powerful sentiment in favor of some form of world association to effect it. And most of these reflect the principle of coöperation, as against that of unrestricted competition.

We have, in consequence, three elements arrayed against the present organization of society — the heritage of hate and the dream of a great revenge, of the Anarchist; the ideal of life with little work or none, of inefficient labor; and the vision of the Socialist. And if, as we are told, Capitalism proposes nothing but the continuance of things; if it has no programme but bread and circuses, no remedy but work and charity; if it regards resistance as a policy, it is doomed. Fiercer elements will enlist followers in a campaign of destruction; and moderate men will all turn Socialist, since they will prefer change to stagnation, an advancing standard to a coward's castle.

There is something to be said for the opponents of the present system, and their denunciation of the 'idle rich,' of 'predatory wealth,' of 'swollen fortunes.' We have seen too much of 'the lilies of the field — which are not even beautiful'; of those 'stall-fed cattle of society — not even good for meat.' We have too many among us who do nothing to deserve even the futile lives they lead: too many gamblers; too many profiteers; too much of that insolence of wealth which is the chief recruiting agent of the Bolsheviki; perhaps even too many agencies which connect — or separate — producer and consumer. And these, we all agree, should be curbed or eliminated in so far as possible. They obscure the real contribution to society of capital and its owners, and identify wealth with oppression. Are men, inquires the Socialist, to be allowed unlimited opportunity to amass riches by whatever means, and pass them on to burden the future with an increasing element of intrenched and unproductive wealth? Not if we can prevent it by an inheritance tax!

Yet, on the other hand, it is observed that proletarian dominance is not wholly devoted to sweetness and light; that even under Bolshevism millionaires are bred; and that an aristocracy, with all its faults, is not inferior to a plutocracy, with all its virtues. There is danger that the tendency to 'collect taxes and pay out doles' may pauperize, that the unlimited protection of the weakest will mean the ultimate preponderance of the incapables. If by taxation the fountain of capital is dried up at the source; if the 'energizing' element of society is destroyed by legislation; if we have revolution not by force of arms but by taxation; if everyone is taxed to subsidize everyone — what then?

Such is the issue of the great argument. We all admit the evils of unrestricted Capitalism, and seek to stamp it out. But, apart from the idealizing view of human nature of the Socialist, there seem to be two fallacies in the discussion. The one is the identification of the middle class with capital, which is the product, not the creator, of the bourgeoisie. Destroy or redivide this store of wealth, and the same class which has it will get it again. For Capitalism, like its opponents, is a spirit, not a thing. And the second fallacy derives from the first. There are no longer 'classes' in the older sense, the sense in which Marx wrote. Of all the instabilities of life, wealth is the least stable, and the class possessing it is, of all elements in society, that which

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changes the most rapidly and continuously. In their arguments the controversialists seem to have forgotten the first element of business — that of risk.

III

What, then, is the programme of this middle class? In one sense — that of a dogmatic, authoritative formula — it has no programme; for class and programme are alike shifting quantities. Moreover, the Industrial Age is still too young to generalize about it, much less to find a panacea for its ills. We are still in the midst of it; we cannot see the end, nor even what it means, as yet. We can, at best, strive blindly for what seems the better part, from day to day. And yet, confused, illogical, unrelated in its parts, as it must be, we still perceive the gradual emergence of a bourgeois programme.

It has, primarily, three elements — industrial, humanitarian, legislative; and each of these we see in active operation every day. For what are these experiments in profit-sharing, share in management, stock distribution, widespread ownership, but 'industrial democracy'? What are group insurance, workmen's compensation, and the like, but efforts to meet that demand for protection which the bourgeois provide for themselves as individuals? What are the protective agencies of society — sanitation, nurses, hospitals, medical attention; public schools and universities, public libraries, classes, lectures; savings banks, thrift stamps, self-help societies, building and loan associations, 'Morris plan' banks; churches and missions, Y.M.C.A., boys' clubs, settlement work, so-called 'Americanization' in its many forms — what are these but the effort to help men to help themselves, after the fundamental fashion of the middle class? Often misguided, sometimes absurd, they are in the aggregate an imposing and effective force. Directed to what end? To that of raising the proletariat to the rank and standards of the bourgeoisie, in opposition to a programme of sinking all men into a proletariat.

And what of legislation in this scheme? In the 'breakdown of parliamentary government' the Socialist perceives the downfall of this middle-class society. It is a real danger. The qualities and activities which bring men into representative assemblies are not those which necessarily fit them for intelligent settlement of social and industrial problems, or the scarcely less technical questions of foreign relationships. There is the desire for popularity, which breeds cowardice; the pressure of party; the concession to mere numbers or, worse still, to active, organized minorities; there are the demagogues. These are real evils, as we know too well.

Yet men are slow to reject an instrument they know for one wholly untried and inexperienced. They prefer to supplement and reinforce, or modify, existing agencies. Thus they have created commissions of experts, to prepare laws for ratification by political representatives. They have created unofficial conferences of those immediately concerned with the affairs in hand. Chambers of commerce — city, state, and national; meetings of all sorts of bodies, sometimes by industries or vocations, sometimes by representatives of all interests concerned, — and labor not the least, — have brought into existence 'economic legislatures,' bureaus, and conferences, to supplement and direct the activities of legislative bodies. For men do not yet believe that the soviet principle of representation by occupation solves the problem of government.

We seem, in fact, to be coming to differentiation of function between two organs of society. This divorces politics from life, and makes the parliamentary

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system unreal and impotent. It presages the ultimate extinction of this creation of democracy, for mere registering bodies atrophy in time. It may be so, but it seems neither imminent nor inevitable, since change of function need not mean extinction. The choice of rulers is the fundamental problem of all forms of government; for better results we must have better men. But it is far from clear that an assembly of representatives of classes or interests, as such, would be better; much less that the boy and the pig, who seize the stage, offer a fairer prospect than we have.

What, then, is the issue between the bourgeoisie and the proletarians, contending for support from that indeterminate middle of the great majority whose adhesion will decide the case? Both sides admit the great desirability, even the necessity, of altering the present system. But one would end it and begin again; the other seeks, not a panacea, but remedies for specific grievances. One desires, the other denies, the substitution of equality of condition for equality of opportunity. One seeks unity in uniformity, the other unity in diversity. One looks to dictatorship, whether of class or 'state'; the other holds to democratic liberty. Each proposes greater scope for Labor's share in industry, and greater security; but one would accomplish this by public, the other by non-public agencies. Each admits the evils of unrestricted and irresponsible Capitalism; but one would mend, the other end, the capitalistic system. Finally, each desires some guaranties for peace and world association. One clings to a world-league, of workers in particular; the other seeks disarmament, and specific agreements among governments to that end.

Meanwhile the Bolsheviki approach Thermidor; and, whether by coup d'état or by peaceful substitution of more moderate elements, the boy and the pig will disappear, or be transformed before our eyes. Meanwhile, we see in the land where industrialism took its rise another phase of that great movement, the threat of Labor dominance, which may determine its future, — or its fate, — and provide an object-lesson in Capitalism *versus* Communism even beyond that of Russia. We see conservative reaction everywhere as the natural, if temporary, result of radical activities. Each is a passing phase. The great controversy will go on, for it is rooted deep in human nature — as deep as hope and fear. There will always be two elements, one believing, the other disbelieving that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, that masses will rise to greater heights than individuals, that the 'state' should be paternal, and that it is possible to substitute for private interest a sense of public service as a motive of action.

And yet, in so far as the bourgeois programme is pragmatic and not dogmatic; experimental, not dictatorial; fluid, not fixed; evolutionary, not revolutionary; regarding society as an organism, not a machine; bound to no infallible remedy or sacred shibboleth or rigid formula; in so far, it seems more in accord with human nature and likely to prevail. But that involves two things: first, that it will, in accordance with its character, be modified; and second, that, as in our own country, the proletariat be not continually reinforced by lower and still lower elements, which make the task of raising the standards of life impossible. 'The abolition of property is demanded,' wrote Mazzini many years ago; 'but you need no confutation of the error of those who in the name of liberty wish to found anarchy and abolish society. . . . It is a wicked dream. You can find no remedy in any arbitrary general organization which contradicts the universally adopted basis of civil existence. . . . You will

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not have things better unless you are better yourselves.' Such is the bourgeois faith, distrustful of mass miracles.

It seems, in brief, that some sort of a compromise between the Individualists and the Socialists is inevitable. The controversy seems likely to result, if not in a draw, at least in a moral victory for each side. We have admitted in practice, if not in theory, that there are some things which can be done better by an autocracy than by a democracy. No army which resolves itself into a debating society is likely to prevail over one directed by a leader of even the slightest competence. Yet this does not mean that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall perish from the earth.

So here; for, on the one hand, it is tolerably apparent that even the most pronounced Individualist would admit that some things, like the postal system, for instance, can be better done by cooperation than by competition; that we are not likely to revert to that stage of civilization in which each individual attended to the delivery of his own letters by his own messengers. It seems no less apparent that even the most advanced Socialist would not long remain a spectator at, let us say, — if such a thing were possible, — a coöperative baseball game, or take pleasure in a portrait painted by a community.

That does not mean the contest between Socialism and Individualism, between competition and coöperation, will not go on; but that the ground of the argument will be narrowed. Men will continue to contend in what fields and to what an extent their respective ideals should prevail. It seems probable that, as Emerson once observed in a very different connection, we shall descend to meet: that the most common routine or, if you like, the lower forms of production may fall to Socialism; the higher, more specialized, the more 'artistic' or 'energizing,' to Individualism; and some will be divided between the two.

We have already seen something of this. Laying aside the various experiments in municipal ownership and government control, witness the persistence of the 'specialty shop' in the very shadow of the great department store; the individual mechanic prospering just outside the gates of the great factories; the 'independent' competing with the trust; the tailors unterrified by the clothing manufacturers. And, in a different plane, we have the 'chain stores' combining quantity merchandising with individual store-managers having a stake in the business; while the growing dispersal of stockholding in corporations, and the consequent increasing publicity of the details of their management — so-called 'community ownership' — seem to indicate another and no less fruitful development in the great Individualist-Socialist controversy.

The way will, no doubt, be long and hard; and each step contested. But we are still young in industrialism. It seems apparent that the development which began with state or guild control, turned to laissez faire, and proceeded to factory acts and government supervision, or even management, need not prove inevitable either that complete individualism for which some contend, nor yet that complete socialization which others demand. Differentiation, compromise, combination between the two seems far more probable.

Always assuming that we do not first fall into the power of Marx's dogma; and 'the proletariat use its political supremacy to wrest all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state — that is, of the proletariat organized as a ruling class.' In that event we shall only have new masters, not a solution of the great problem.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHO KILLED THE CHAPERON?

A WRITER in the April *Atlantic*, in lamenting the passing of the chaperon, proves that he has 'kept up' with the modern generation. I, as one of that much discussed generation, am grateful to him for putting aside the question of morals. Because not everyone is able to draw the line between morals and manners. We — I am speaking for myself and for the 'young people' I know, and we flatter ourselves we are fairly typical — we resent being told that our morals have gone, because we consider it a proof of morals that a chaperon is unnecessary.

But we have to admit that we do lack manners. It 's not that we mean to be rude — it 's just that, among ourselves, the war and the business of modern life have made us go straight to the point without 'little touches and attentions.' We understand each other perfectly, and we are not a bit sensitive. At a dance, if a girl is not popular, no one considers it his duty to make her so; she does not resent being ignored; she takes care of herself, or stops going to dances. So, when we are with older people, we simply forget that they are not used to our lunch-counter ways. In fact, we are apt to forget that older people exist.

I have visited families which are 'old-fashioned,' and the quiet consideration and — yes — refinement of the girls and boys of my own age are equal to any other generation's manners. There are loads of 'young people' who combine frankness among themselves with a consideration and a real liking for older people. They are the ones who pay attention to the lonely chaperons. And they are quite as popular as the other kind. We are n't a generation that does n't appreciate manners. We just forget them. And why?

Well, I think manners are usually supposed to be the result of the way one is 'brought up.' It certainly seems a little unfair to throw the responsibility upon the older generation for a lack which they deplore in us. But how have we been brought up?

We are certainly instructed in table-manners and in the rules of 'please' and 'thank you.' Then, at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, when the time would be ripe for us to learn the ideals and standards and refinements of the older generation, we are sent to boarding-school. The principle which our elders apply is 'Youth to youth.' They are more indulgent, more open-minded, and far more sensible than the strict parents of years ago. They are convinced that a parent's duty is not to 'influence' his child, but to expose the child to good influences and let him develop along his own lines. So we go to boarding-school. What happens there?

Imagine a lot of healthy girls, from the ages of fifteen to nineteen, grouped together in an informal pleasant atmosphere, with a few elderly people to keep guard over them. They are full of life. They enjoy it. They have their own student government, their own dramatics. They live in a world made for youth, where only their 'own affairs' interest them. What wonder they forget that there are sensitive people, elderly people, people who have suffered? Manners are nothing more or less than consideration for others; refinement

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consists of a sensitiveness for others. We are young barbarians when we are at boarding-school, and we learn to acquire poise among a society whose motto is 'every man for himself.' At the most, we can only pity those who have not lived through our own struggles and shared our own fun.

I do not blame boarding-schools for our lack of manners, entirely. Boarding-schools are convenient, and certainly prepare their students for the bangs and whacks of life. And there are plenty of young people who have not been to boarding-school who still lack that refinement which I have noticed in some of my friends.

But I know that those of my friends who are considerate, sympathetic, refined, and a little less crude than the rest of us, are those who, through accident rather than intention, have come into contact with their parents and the 'elderly people.' Perhaps they have not gone to boarding-school, camp, college, or 'come out' in a society of young people. Perhaps sickness or poverty or isolation has kept them from turning their homes into hotels in the summer and their parents into kind but intangible guardian angels. Perhaps, after college, they have not 'worked in New York,' or married, but have found that a need for them existed at home.

With the rest of us it is different. We are busy with ourselves. We have been ready to take responsibility and interest, but the 'elderly people' have not shared it with us, because they respect our youth; so we have found it elsewhere. In 'the good old days' the line between young and old was not so sharp. The young worked with, and learned from, the old.

'When I was your age,' said Aunt Elsie to her flapper daughter, 'I was cooking for our whole family.' Yet Aunt Elsie would treat it as a joke if Cousin Mary were to leave her physical-training school to stay at home and cook. And if Cousin Mary were asked to spend a vacation on a house party, Aunt Elsie would hate to suggest her staying at home. But it is possible that Mary would enjoy the thought that she was needed, and it might give her a chance to learn that Aunt Elsie is not so far behind the times as she may seem. Is Mary to pick up manners from the rest of us?

We don't mind things as they are. We enjoy ourselves; we don't miss refinement. At fifteen we would have liked to enter into our families' responsibilities, and to meet our mothers' friends; now we don't miss them, and we get along very well. But, of course, since we have lived among ourselves so long, there is no point to a chaperon. A chaperon is the last link between us and the elder generation. We hardly understand her; we pity her, she seems so bored and bewildered among us. She *is* passing, and we young people are letting her pass. We have forgotten her, as we have forgotten manners.

Who is responsible? I think I have shown the system in modern life which keeps us from appreciating the chaperon — the chaperon, a symbol of the connection between young and old. And there are advantages to boarding-schools and camps and débutantes and colleges and house parties and all the other things that keep us away from the older generation. Yet I think it is these things which have made us forget the older generation. If the older generation regrets being forgotten, perhaps they should remember us before we are snatched away. A little responsibility thrust upon us; a little contact with people wiser than we, but still sympathetic; a little need for us to consider the trouble which the chaperon undertakes for our benefit, is all we need. And who could give that to us except our own fathers, mothers,

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aunts, and uncles, who think we are still the children they sent away?

A YOUNG BARBARIAN.[1]

MOUNTAIN MANIA

I MAY as well admit at the outset that I climb mountains myself. I spent the summer in a community in the White Mountains where one was considered hardly respectable unless on every brisk day one dressed up like a pirate and went steaming off up a peak; and I admit that I steamed with the best of them. I wore a flannel shirt that could hold its own against any. No khaki trousers in the neighborhood were more variously spotted, more quaintly discolored, than mine. No tin cup jangled more loudly at any hip than did mine. No sneakers, once white, took on more exactly the sombre hue of the mountain trails up which they twinkled. No one devoured dry sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs with more gusto.

But to everybody who climbs there comes at last a moment of introspection and doubt. That moment came to me one night when I was camping, without shelter, high on a mountain slope, and when, at about 2 A.M., I felt a first drop of rain on my nose. That drop of rain quickened my torpid brain; the events of the preceding hours passed in review and I asked myself, 'Why do we climb mountains?'

I had ascended that mountain the previous afternoon, bent double under the weight of a pack that, in any civilized place, under any normal circumstances, I should n't dream of carrying, if I could hire a porter or an express company to carry it for me. If any employer had paid me, for any useful purpose, to fume and struggle as I did on that climb, and the Consumers League had caught him at it, we should have heard a lot about a new sweated industry. When I arrived at my destination, I built a fire which for cooking purposes was practically worthless. On that fire I cooked what I was pleased to call a meal. I am convinced that if that meal had been set before me in any restaurant, at the first mouthful I should have risen from my seat and walked resolutely from the room. The doctors and the Life Extension Institute and similar organizations spend thousands of dollars every year trying to educate the public not to eat the sort of meal that I ate on that mountain.

A friend of mine, who is chemically inclined, tells me that he thinks the trouble with that meal was that there were n't any vitamines in it. He explained to me that, if people go without vitamines for a while, they die. I told him his description convinced me that the meal I cooked did n't have a single vitamine in it. He asked me if I thought there were any carbohydrates in it, and I told him that if carbohydrates were any good to eat, I believed we did n't have any. But I admitted that along about midnight I had had an uneasy feeling that a calorie must have got into the soup while I was n't looking.

After supper, I stretched my wearied limbs to rest on a fir-balsam bed of my own manufacture; and I may say that, if any reputable furniture concern were to put on the market a bed which embodied any of the salient characteristics of mine, an enraged public would sweep it out of business in a week. Finally, at 2 A.M., it began to rain. And I asked myself, 'Why do we climb mountains?'

I remembered that the theory had been advanced that mountains are climbed for the sake of solitude. I had heard many voices lifted in praise of the solitude of the mountains. Solitude! At the mere suggestion I laughed a dismal laugh. I was not thinking of the dense crowds of mountaineers whom I

[1] Even to the editor, the anonymity of our contributor is unbroken. It is better so.

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was wont to encounter on this peak or that, or of the thrilling moments I had spent on the upper rocks of the mountains, dodging the flying ginger-ale bottles and sandwich boxes of those who had already gained the summit. I was thinking of the devoted attentions of the ambassadors of that great triumvirate, mosquitoes, black flies, and midges, of whom, it has been justly said, the greatest of these is midges. In ordinary society, I said to myself, we can generally at least choose our companions. But in the mountains — Well, I am no snob, but there are some visitors who don't know when to leave. They will not take a hint. No; the solitude hypothesis was a feeble one.

It occurred to me that some persons claimed to go camping in the mountains for the sake of rest. My idea of rest on a mountain, I said to myself, would be to sleep in a spacious four-poster bed, with a roof over me, and at about nine-thirty in the morning to open one eye and say to my faithful valet, 'Meadows, my good fellow, have you warmed the pool and put out my clean clothes for me? Very well, then; now you may describe the sunrise to me. No, I doubt if I shall do any climbing to-day. I may climb out of bed, but I'm not sure.'

Not until I got home from the mountain that night did I discover why it is that we go climbing. Then at last I discovered the secret. It is that only by absolutely depriving ourselves of the comforts of home on the mountains do we learn to enjoy them when we get down. The usual devotee of the mountains, poor wretch, will tell you, as he crawls in under a fifty-pound pack and staggers off up the trail, that the only way really to appreciate the mountains is to go up them. But what I discovered is that the only way really to appreciate the mountains is to come down from them.

That night, when I got home, I found myself in a real house, with a water-tight roof over my head. I began to realize what an ingenious device a house is. Windows, for example, which let in light, let in the view, let in air when we want it, and keep it out when it is too hot or too cold for us — I wanted to congratulate the fellow who invented windows. The house, I found, had a kitchen in it, which I had hitherto seldom visited; and in the kitchen was a stove, which sent the smoke up the chimney, collected the heat for the warming of the food, and kept the rain out of the fire. You may not have realized what a great thing it is to be absolutely sure, when a shower begins, that it won't put out the fire in the kitchen stove. I appreciated the vast superiority of the stove over a stone fireplace where the smoke blows in your eyes wherever you sit, the ashes deposit themselves in a fine rain on the surface of the coffee, and the fire, after you have finally wheedled it into burning, does so most hotly at the opposite end of the fireplace from the miserable receptacle in which the oatmeal is trying to keep comfortably warm.

That night I ate dinner off a table, sitting in a real chair. For comfort and convenience, rocks simply were n't in it with that table and chair. Separate spoons for soup and dessert — why, I could hardly believe it. I slept in a bed, with sheets, and with blankets that tucked in, so that you did n't imperil the whole structure whenever you turned over. And, for that matter, why turn over? The impelling urge that comes from the gradual numbness of a sharp left hip was absent. And pillows! — what an improvement on a knapsack containing a can of condensed milk, a flash light, and half a loaf of bread!

I found myself pausing in rapture before such commonplace objects as a bureau. A contrivance for keeping clothes, — dry clothes, plenty of them,

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— all stowed away out of sight and out of the dust, combined with a shelf where one can place a comb and brush, and a lamp: how exquisitely adapted to its manifold purposes! I had always taken bureaus for granted. When I came down from the mountain, the mere presence of a bureau in my room made me feel like a millionaire. I had made a great discovery. This modern civilization, which we hear so much decried, is *great stuff*.

Now that I have learned my lesson, I look with an indulgent eye upon mountain climbers. When morning dawns cool and fair, and I see them plodding forth into the forests, with their tin cups clanking and their drawn faces peering out from under their gigantic rolls of blankets, I wish them well. Sometimes I walk beside them a little distance, until the trail begins to get uncomfortably steep; and then I wave them a jaunty good-bye. They are on their way to the great discovery, I say to myself; and then I walk back to my shady porch, surrounded with mosquito netting; and I sit down, and put my feet up on another chair; and as I comfortably settle myself for the morning, I reflect upon the delights of mountain climbing.

IF CRINOLINE CAME BACK

I HAVE a scrapbook, begun in 1881, to which a page of the current fashions has been added once a year ever since. A rummaging in the garret brought to light old numbers of the *Englishwoman* and *Godey's Lady's Book*, extending back to 1840; so that I have now a continuous record of the prevailing mode of dress for more than eighty years.

To turn the pages and observe the tendency of fashion toward full circle sets one thinking. The dress of to-day is remarkably like that worn in some of the earlier years of the last century. Supposing crinoline in its turn came back again — how much would come back with it? how much would have to go? Would woman, when she exchanged her scanty skirt for the inflated one of sixty years ago, with its yards and yards of material, — I heard one lady boast that hers measured seven yards around the hem, — exchange her stride for the movements of a swan? Would she lay down the tennis racket and hockey stick and take up the croquet mallet? Picture her working in a kitchenette! If she used the street cars, the doors, at least, would have to be enlarged. She could n't push her way through a crowd. In the sixties, on the rare occasions when women were caught in a crush, there were dire consequences, sets of crinoline being found afterward among the wreckage on the streets.

In that dress there could be no rubbing of elbows. Wherever she went, the lady of the crinoline claimed a little island of space for her own. This may account for a certain inaccessible air she had. Except in the matter of outward formalities, I doubt if she was really more difficult of approach than her granddaughters. I speak not altogether at random, for, at the time when she was occupied with her 'beaux,' as she called them, I was just at the right age to carry lovers' messages. As I have so long kept silence, I hope the lady will forgive me for speaking now. But it is not a point upon which she is sensitive. One of her quarrels with modern ways is precisely that beaux have become of so little consequence. She wonders what is the matter with girls nowadays. There is Barbara — not bad-looking at all; 'but she has n't any beaux, and she won't move an eyelash to get them.' Sixty years ago, to be without admirers was looked upon, not as a misfortune, but as a fault; want of beauty was hardly considered a mitigating circumstance. This particular grandmother informs us that she was homely. She does n't

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inform us as to the number of her admirers; but even if there were no other way of knowing, there is a manner that lingers to the end, and tells us what women were much sought after in their youth. It must be admitted that it is a manner with a distinction all its own.

Her flirtations were carried on circumspectly. Very sedate she was, this lady of the crinoline. Never for a moment solemn, however; she sang, 'Ring the bell gently, there 's crape on the door,' but she made it sound cheerful, and in the next breath she was singing, 'I 'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines' — with a demureness that went far to rob it of vulgarity. Her laughter comes back over half a century as an exceedingly pleasant sound. And she laughed a great deal. It was fitting that 'Happy thought!' should be the favorite slang phrase of the day; though, as far as I can remember, she left slang to young men. Something in the lightheartedness of that generation seems missing from the world now. A grim will-to-pleasure can never fill its place.

My fashion scrapbook reminds me that she dressed in the gayest of colors. There was so much of her dress that, at times, the effect was almost too dazzling. I remember, in particular, a group of callers who paused outside our front door to pat the little girls playing there and ask all about Little New Brother. One was in sky-blue, and it really seemed as if the sky itself had turned inside out and fallen upon our sidewalk. Draped in a festoon over her arms, like a rosy cloud against the blue, was a scarf of magenta, as it was called then, in honor of Napoleon's victory. Call it petunia, cerise, or what you will, a little of it goes a long way, and the other two callers were arrayed *entirely* in this color — dress, burnoose, and coal-scuttle bonnet. It was truly a sight to 'bid the rash gazer wipe his eye.'

It is a pleasant time to recall — yet we would not have it back if we could. We don't want our girls changed — much. We should like, perhaps, to have them borrow a few of the graces of that older day. We should like to see their faces by some miracle acquire the smooth impress of its unhurrying leisure, and at the same time retain the look of competent self-reliance that is the stamp of their own more crowded times.

That look of competency, of readiness for an emergency, never struck me more forcibly than at a morning concert lately, when, in response to the appeal, 'Are there any V.A.D.'s in the audience? There is a fire and help is needed in caring for the injured,' here and there throughout the hall a girl rose quietly and went out. These V.A.D.'s looked as unflustered as did the performers — amateurs, and mostly young girls — who played and sang without a trace of the nervousness that used to make such a concert a pain to sympathetic listeners. More than one of the older women present must have had the same thought: 'This could n't have happened when I was young.'

I try the question upon a circle of intelligent friends: 'Will crinoline ever come into fashion again?' They all make the same answer: 'I will not wear it if it does.'

Three young radicals got together once, and debated why they wore clothes they did n't like, just because everybody else was doing it. Who or what was the bogey called Fashion, anyway? 'L'état, c'est moi: Fashion, that 's us,' one of them voiced the sentiments of all, in a burst of feeling that overrode that other bogey, the rules of grammar. The era of crinoline was past, but it was a time, if ever, when revolt was justifiable. The walking skirt, besides being encumbered by a train, was tied back just above the knees so tightly as to permit only a step of two or three inches at a time. At the last Drawing-

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Room, several débutantes, making their curtsey to vice-royalty, had found it impossible to recover an upright position, and aides had been obliged to go to their rescue. But the remembrance of this had been lost in a much more serious disaster. A crowded wharf had broken down, and many of the drownings that followed had been due, it was said, to the helplessness of the women in their 'pull-back skirts.'

The three friends constructed three dresses that should have made walking a pleasure. Why it was a misery instead you can never understand, unless you have known for yourself the expression that tells you you are an object of curiosity and ridicule — a freak. No train, no restricting tapes, can occasion such discomfort to the young as can that embryonic eye in the back of the head that tells when other heads are turned at their passing. She who was loudest in her declaration of independence was first to desert the ranks and creep back to the enemy's camp. The others soon followed, and thenceforward all three kept within moderate distance of the fashions, until old age rendered them inconspicuous in whatever they chose to wear.

For years the return of crinoline has been periodically announced as an imminent danger — a long, low, rakish craft sighted just above the horizon. Let us hope it is one of those troubles that never come. After all the apparent circle may turn out to be a spiral. Fashion's next round will perhaps carry her just far enough upward to escape the peril.

OF SERMONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE PREACHED

IMPALPABLE discourses these are to which I have reference. I am not thinking of the triumph in homiletics once delivered to the pews from that fresh and suggestive text, 'And Ahaz said unto Obadiah.' I would rather, it is true, have preached the nine-word sermon wherewith Sydney Smith once heaped the collection plates of Westminster Abbey for the London poor, than reduce any of my dream admonitions to an actual thirdly and fourthly. But I would rather still have sat in a pew to hear that immortal brevity. I would give something for the rich spiritual luxury of feeling the strings of my selfish, prudent purse loosed by that reasonable challenge: —

'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you like the security, down with the dust!'

I would give something, too, for the splendid throes of sensation which that dare-devil apoplectic ancient must have felt who rose in gown and bands above the towering headdresses of a whole parish (in the days when headdresses towered two feet, or three), and thundered out his text,

'Let those that are upon the house TOP-KNOT, COME DOWN!'

It would have been a more sumptuous experience even than to have been one of the feminine parishioners who on that occasion

'— some rich anger showed.'

But I have dream-sermons, dear to me, I think, as were St. Elia's shadowy children to him, in the wistful content of his most softly stealing reveries, while the kettle so sweetly simmered on the hob, and Bridget Elia applied her 'gentle lenitive.' One of them is from that darkly glowing text, 'And he went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions.' I have a nebulous sermon, too, against the spiritual egotism of my own most unlovely conscience; it is founded on such congeries of verses as this: —

'Judge not; Be like thy Father; For the rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust; And which of you by taking

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thought can add one cubit to the stature of his soul?'

I have a Catholic sermon in my astral chest. It is upon the Real Presence. I keep it in a frame of the imagination that it was once preached by St. Francis. I conceive that he used the 'Inasmuch' text, and, with all the frolicsome slyness of his primeval dialectic, fathered it in snowy innocence upon the councils of the Church. How the Real Presence is perpetual wherever there is a Son, or Daughter, of Man; how thus the Presence indeed is real; how thus it has the Flesh and Blood which is both human and divine.

> The God, the Holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,
> Here in the flesh, *the never yet explored.*

The saint's examples, his illustrations, the tropes and metaphors of his sermon, must have been the gathered beggars and wastrels listening. At the right rhetorical moment they would bloom; the inspiration, blowing where it listeth, would light on their faces, the sanctus bell of the spirit sounding in the belfry of their hearts.

> The bell would ring, the censer swing,
> And solemn chants resound between.

I have two sermons from the Psalms: one upon the man who 'hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.'

The other is such a sermon as I used to pant for in the wistful season of youth, before timid nature in us dares to expect the blisses of the incomparable thirties and forties. At the five o'clock service in a little church now vanished, whose place in the marshy meadow is usurped by willows and muskrats, I used to hear sermons; and in me, and in all young creatures who heard them, arose the wonder — why does the minister always *console?* It was then, in those rich August sundowns, that I collected my anthology of dancing verses from the poetical works of him who danced before the Ark: such as 'Sing we merrily . . . make a cheerful noise . . . blow up the trumpet in the new moon'; or 'The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels.'

THE FOOD OF THE POETS

In these days, when we study diet so carefully and suspect food of determining character, there is wisdom in considering the menus of the older poets, that we may gather a hint or two about dynamic nourishment for a new race of poets. Pleasantly we turn back to the Golden Age, when shepherds contended in song beside a streamlet where

> . . . poplar and elm
> Showed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed.

When Thyrsis sang to the goatherd in the first idyll of Theocritus, the entranced listener breathed this prayer: —

> Filled may thy fair mouth be with honey, Thyrsis, and filled with honeycomb; and the sweet dried fig mayst thou eat of Ægilus, for thou vanquishest the cicada in song! Lo, here is thy cup; see, my friend, of how pleasant a savour! Thou wilt think it has been dipped in the wellspring of the hours.

Pastoral tradition has lingered late; we have many echoes in Elizabethan England of the poet's enjoyment of cheese and milk, honey, wild olives, pears, plums, apples, roasted chestnuts, and country wine. From such feasting does the purest lyric poetry flow.

As for Shakespeare, he ate venison pasties and drank — happy augury — canary wine. Was it remembrance that dictated Titania's command that, to make Bottom like an airy spirit go, the fairies should

> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees.

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Herrick, most gentle and deft of lyric artists, was quite explicit about his daily life: —

A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.

In a 'Thanksgiving' he said: —

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'T is thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

The Cavalier Poets *ate* little, to judge from the testimony about them; their ways were certainly open to Amendment. After them came the age of those who did

sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

The critics have praised the liquid note of Burns, but they have commented too exclusively upon a single source. Let us remember that the best of the lyrics were written in the days when Burns was forced by poverty to partake most frequently of

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.

In the nineteenth century, the most memorable suggestion is from Coleridge: —

For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But to acquire this celestial drink, one would have to traverse the Milky Way every morning, and probably pay a luxury tax upon return.

What did Coleridge himself enjoy as food? Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* gives us occasional items about the 'plain living' he shared with them. When Dorothy and William were together at Keswick, in 1794, Dorothy said: 'We find our own food: our breakfast and supper are of milk, but our dinner chiefly of potatoes, and we drink no tea.' At Grasmere, at the height of Wordsworth's poetic inspiration, they had peas, kidney beans, 'spinnach,' eggs, and cream.

Shelley was, on principle, a vegetarian; Byron, so gossip said, had a diet of rice and vinegar. In the year 1813 he took six biscuit a day and tea.

For Robert Browning one thinks inevitably of pomegranates, but must be content with less exotic food. He, an admirer of Shelley, was for a time a vegetarian, and wrote to Elizabeth Barrett, in 1845, of having lived 'a couple of years and more on bread and potatoes.' Of the married life of the Brownings we have charming glimpses in Mrs. Browning's *Letters:* 'Miss Boyle comes at night at nine o'clock to catch us at our hot chestnuts and mulled wine, and warm her feet at our fire.' (It is assumed that the feet were poetic.)

The poem by Mr. Yeats which has moved a host of readers to idyllic dreams is authority on our subject: —

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-lov'd glade.

Since writing the above, we have had a lyric poet as guest at luncheon. When we sat down at the table, I was pleased to observe that our hostess, herself a poet, had included among the offerings to the singer a glass of creamy milk and a jar of liquid golden honey. This is conclusive.

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WHAT IS IN BLUEBEARD'S CHAMBER?

THERE are people whom one sometimes meets on the street who, when they nod a recognition, or (if they belong to the un-hatpinned sex) take off their hats, seem at the moment of greeting to open wide a hospitable door, and to be saying in a smile without words, 'I know you have n't time to-day to come into the house where my personality lives; but at least I want you to understand that, for *you*, the latch-string is always out.'

More familiar, alas, than this unspoken greeting, is the grudging sign of recognition bestowed upon us by certain of our acquaintance, as if the personality hidden inside the house of flesh and blood were peeking distrustfully through the windows of the eyes, instead of opening a smiling door of welcome; and that, by the lowering of eyelids, the shades had been hastily pulled down, lest a passer-by might think one's personality too accessible.

The policy of the open door, as symbolized by lips parted in a hospitable smile, has suggested to me a harmless diversion which perhaps others who are interested in human nature may like to share. It consists in going over a list of my acquaintances, and deciding just how much of the house of Individuality they throw open.

There are certain New Englanders — and others — who seem always to leave us in the outer vestibule of their good graces; and although they occasionally permit us to 'be seated' in the reception-rooms of their minds, we are almost never invited to the intimacy of a heart-to-heart talk before the fire of real friendliness. But these inexpressive, yet perfectly well-intentioned, natures should not be confused with genuinely inhospitable persons who, from behind shuttered casements on the top floor of their own superiority, glower at all who venture beyond the 'No Admittance' signs that appear on every hand.

Of course, we all know the delightful type of person who, with great cordiality of manner, rushes to her front door — metaphorically speaking — and invites us to come in and have a chat. Immediately we find ourselves sitting on her pleasant piazza, with chairs pulled up to a cozy neighborliness, and, before we know it, her sympathy of manner beguiles us into talking about ourselves, or about impersonal matters — but never about herself. The conversation does not flag; we leave her with a warm hand-clasp, and a pleasant flow of friendliness surges around our hearts. It is only when we go down the steps that we realize that we have not crossed the threshold of her personality.

Then we all know and admire that best type of the Woman of the World, whose conventionally perfect manners make you feel that you are being received in a drawing-room, tastefully and luxuriously furnished, where the right thing is always said, and the correct thing is always done. This hostess never takes you into a less formal apartment, yet her gracious bearing does not allow you to feel that she is holding you off. A sense of the social fitness of things governs her actions. The salon is the room for social intercourse, and more domestic doors are closed. The conversational coinage used by hostess and guest is the same, and neither party gains or loses by the exchange of mutual confidences which are only skin-deep. Perhaps sometimes her well-modulated voice drops to a less formal pitch, and a soft silken portière seems to swing gently aside, revealing a vista of an inner room, with books and photographs, and other symbols of the daily life of this finished hostess.

Then there are other persons with whom we may be no more intimate,

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who — when they see us approaching the house of their ego — fling open all visible doors, welcome us in, light a fire in the cozy sitting-room, turn switches that illuminate the entire house, and, with truly Spanish hospitality, make us feel that the mansion and everything in it is ours. Yet even here we are conscious that there are hidden doors.

Of course, in all personalities there are attics and cellars, filled with private relics and personal rubbish — storerooms of memories, where angels, fools, and even intimate friends should fear to tread. The Skeleton in the Closet is apt to be a family skeleton, whose presence is recognized, and whose precincts are visited and dusted out from time to time by the relatives of the deceased. And if we sometimes, as privileged friends, come down from someone else's attic, or up from someone else's cellar, we feel a little like housebreakers, even if we have been admitted by the key of a confiding member of the family.

But there is still — thank Heaven for it! — one small locked door in the centre of every personality, and to that Bluebeard's Chamber the key should never be given, although the room is not necessarily decorated with one's dead wives, nor even inevitably paved with good intentions. If a psychoanalyst should get hold of this key, he should obtain it only over the hypnotized body of poor Bluebeard, who certainly has a right to this one small closet of absolute privacy. For in this chamber one does not put away one's treasures or one's trash — it contains no cherished memories, no lost illusions, no broken ideals. Behind that black curtain of mystery lies hidden the answer to the riddle of each individual life; perhaps it has to do with a twist of temperament, a handicap of heredity, a circumstance — fortunate or calamitous — of environment.

The attempt to guess the riddle of our neighbor's character is one of the chief entertainments of social life; but we are not playing the game fairly if we make use of the key, however obtained, to see if our solution of the mystery be correct. The answer to a riddle is almost always a disappointment; it is the attempt to guess it that is amusing.

In one of Chesterton's books there is a man of mystery who never removes from his face a pair of enormous and perfectly black glasses, which totally conceal his eyes and all the lines of expression around them. It is imagined, from the circumstantial evidence of his other features, that, if his eyes were revealed, the horror of their evil light would blast all who looked upon them. The Chestertonian truth is that, when the man *does* remove his spectacles, they are found to conceal blue eyes of childlike simplicity and innocence!

Does the Bluebeard's Chamber of our neighbor really contain the bodies of his victims? Is it a vault containing sepulchres of whitening bones, over which he malevolently gloats when he is alone? Is his secret room, perchance, hung with mirrors, that he may know himself from every angle, as he stands alone with his own soul? Does he retire to a cold, bleak, barren place, which exists only that people may wonder what it contains and never guess the blighting truth that it is empty?

Does Bluebeard's Chamber, perchance, contain a shrine? Is it a chapel to which he retires for prayer? To these speculations we have no right to know the answer. We have only the eternal pleasure of guessing. But Life gives us a hint, when she reminds us that Human Nature is as much ashamed of its hidden virtues as of its secret vices. So the answer to the riddle of 'What is in Bluebeard's Chamber?' is the same as the answer to the Mad Hatter's famous conundrum, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?' — 'I have n't the slightest idea!'

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Vernon Kellogg has returned from his mission to Poland under the American Relief Administration to become the executive secretary and chairman of the division of educational relations of the National Research Council, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. His paper, 'Being Born Alike But Different,' and a second on the same theme to appear later are companion-pieces to his essays on Death, printed in the *Atlantic* in 1921. *Atlantic* readers may know that **Ellen N. La Motte** is the author of a book on the *Opium Monopoly*. Of her paper on 'America and the Opium Trade' she assures us that she can quote chapter and verse as to the sources from which she obtained her facts. **Girja Shankar Bajpai** was engaged, with others, in drawing up a report for the League of Nations on the opium question. But he contributes to the *Atlantic's* discussion of the opium trade as an individual, and not as an official. Mr. Bajpai is a graduate of Allahabad University and of Merton College, Oxford, and a member of the Indian Civil Service.

* * *

Our old friend, **James Norman Hall,** sends us some 'adventures of a bookish nature' which he has had in his wanderings in the South Seas. **Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer** is a member of the editorial staff of the *Outlook*. **Lucy Furman's** second paper from the Kentucky mountains throws more light upon the doings of the Quare Women. **Gino Speranza** is a New York lawyer and a Connecticut Yankee born of Italian parents. His 'acquired American conscience' has been stirred by Mrs. Cannon's 'American Misgivings,' and he writes, 'I feel that those of the "New Stock" who have had certain cultural advantages should cast aside all reticence and speak with the utmost frankness. For we too have our misgivings about certain "alien influences" operating disintegratingly on American civilization; and for some of us such misgivings are more heavily burdened with anxiety than those so far made vocal by writers of the "Old Stock."' The poems on Washington and Lincoln were written by a young Polish boy, **Sam Cohen,** in the Americanization School at Washington.

* * *

We have the assurance of the founder of the American Journal of Psychology, the distinguished President-Emeritus of Clark University, **G. Stanley Hall,** that his study in Flapper psychology is based at every point on factual data. **Charles Rumford Walker,** having successfully faced the fires of a steel mill, is now a member of the *Atlantic's* staff. It was to **Amory Hare Cook** that John Masefield wrote the following lines: —

> There was a young girl from Philadelphia
> Who wrote little 'pomes' very well-phia,
> If ever she should die,
> I would lay me down and cry,
> And gloomily toll a little bell-phia.

James Boyd writes us from Southern Pines, North Carolina, that 'Uan' is Irish for a lamb, and of course everyone knows that 'fey' means enchanted or doomed to die. **Henderson Daingerfield Norman,** who was born in Virginia and married to a Kentuckian, is now living in Tacoma, Washington. She is best known by her translation of Rostand's plays. **Carl W. Ackerman** brings to an end, in this number, the exciting story of his share in the negotiations between England and Ireland leading to the formation of the Irish Free State. **Joseph Husband** sails from many ports: in May from Chicago's inland harbor; in June from the Golden Gate.

* * *

Alexander Kaun, to whom we were indebted for 'The Last Days of Leo Tolstoy,' in the March *Atlantic*, gives us this opportunity to print extracts from six letters of Vladimir Korolenko — an indictment of the Bolshevist régime written to Anatoly Vasilyevitch Lunacharsky at the latter's suggestion. Mr. Kaun is a member of the Slavic Department of the University of

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California. The notable French publicist, **René La Bruyère,** of the *Journal des Débats*, is the author of *Deux Années de Guerre Navale*, and *Notre Marine Marchande pendant la Guerre*, both crowned by the French Academy. **W. Lee Lewis,** the famous inventor of Lewisite Gas, served as Captain in the Chemical Warfare Service, U.S.A., 1917–1918, and as Major, U.S.R., 1919. From Northwestern University, where he is head of the Department of Chemistry, he sends us an expert's opinion upon gas warfare. **Wilbur Cortez Abbott** is Professor of History in Harvard University, and his published books include the *Expansion of Europe*, brought out in 1917.

* * *

Comments upon Ethel Puffer Howes's paper have come from members of the great and 'much maligned' class of society women, so-called; from the academic circle, and from a pastor, a Reverend shepherdess of souls who testifies that 'women who have chosen some form of public service as their life work, and continue it while raising a family, surely have "all the good things." I know, for I have done it.' Lack of space compels us to print only the following extracts from a lucid criticism.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Mrs. Howes's article on 'Accepting the Universe' in the April *Atlantic* is delightfully clear and logical, but it leaves me unsatisfied. For, although I can find no defect in her reasoning when it is studied point by point, there are weaknesses in her argument if judged in toto. The first seems to me her implication that the disabilities she speaks of are true of women only. Disabilities of place and of family cares exist for men as well as for women. A man's business or professional success may demand that he live in Shantung, Quito, or Emporia, Kansas, but he is not free to move if he cannot get the food necessary for his children in Shantung, or if his wife's heart will not stand the altitude of Quito, or if he must stay near an aged mother in Boston. There are household duties, too. The past few years the papers and magazines have been full of the plaints of college professors who could not get in the long hours of concentrated study necessary for success because they had to help their wives with the dishes or the laundry. And good healthy American tradition demands that Candida should not shield her husband from caring for the furnace, or from shoveling the front walk. Just yesterday a man whose scholarship is recognized throughout the United States told me that he wanted to stay at home and work this summer, but his wife and children were going to Colorado and he needed the rent from his town house, so he would go, too.

'So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!' is true of men with and without the genius of Andrea and in a more honorable sense. Disabilities are the stuff of which life is made. But though disabilities keep thousands of men from success, we do not maintain that all men everywhere should give up the effort to attain success.

Then the fathers. In all the talk of the duty, the care, and the responsibility of the mother for her children, there is rarely a hint that this obligation might be shared by the father. Mrs. Howes is quite explicit: 'The father can carry them [the children] like a burden safely stowed away; *he is free to forget them.*' Is one of Candida's duties that of shielding a father from his children? If a husband is to furnish only the shekels while the mother assumes responsibility in every other way, why deny the right of motherhood to those old maids who have a competency sufficient to support a child or two.

Is there any success that can pay a father for not knowing his child? If no amount of success could repay the child for neglect on the part of the mother, how much can make up for neglect on the part of the father? I have been teaching young men and women of college age for ten years and I am convinced that the greatest need of American children to-day is greater care from their fathers, greater feeling of responsibility for the upbringing of the children on the part of the fathers. A child needs a father's guidance just as much as a mother's. It is not a question of a mother's shielding the father and watching over the children while the father — free to forget them — makes name and fame. No. The best in both the father and the mother should go into the care of the children. Then let him who can, make a career for himself 'with equal rights for all and special privileges for none.'

LOUISE DUDLEY.

* * *

We take pleasure in announcing the formation of the Club of the Hoodwinked, with headquarters at 14 Oxford Street. All authors who have met the conditions set forth in 'An Anecdote for Authors,' in the April *Atlantic*, are eligible for membership. The Club offers special opportunities for experience meetings. Dues may be made payable by check to Mr. Alan Cooke. We are able to print three letters from charter members. The first one is from the editor of the *Indianapolis News*.

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DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Will you kindly convey my respects and sympathy to the author of 'An Anecdote for Authors' in your *Contributors' Club*? I too have a letter from 14 Oxford Street, and also a check bearing the indorsement of Alan Cooke. The 'little boys' and 'sister' were with the gentleman in Indianapolis, but here they visited our art association, instead of being left at the station. The man was charming, and I thought how pleasant it would be to spend an evening with him, after a good dinner. But how I should like to see those 'little boys!' In my case Professor Phelps, rather than Miss Repplier, was, as it were, the common denominator. I too had had a letter, pre-dating the visit by two years, praising a book of mine — the only one I ever wrote! My visitor also had had a very nice letter from me acknowledging the one from him. It seems to me that it should be possible to form an association of the stung, for there must be a large company. If so humble a soul as I, and the author of only one book, was thought worthy of the attentions of such a genius, escape would be impossible in the case of those distinguished writers whose names 'fill the nasal trump of fame.' By all means let us have an association. We might have an address each year from our Founder — the uncle of 'the little boys.'

LOUIS HOWLAND.

The author of the next letter is well known in the scientific world.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

The confidence gentleman whom your 'contributor' so courteously entreated in the April *Atlantic* is a familiar figure to some of us at the western end of the Boston and Albany Railroad, but I think none of us yet has qualified for the *Contributors' Club*. He is a versatile genius and 'makes up' admirably, for he is not always the elderly litterateur; sometimes he is in the forties and affects the man-of-affairs, at others he is a dilettante in science; but always he commands a most distinguished personal acquaintance and a most extraordinary knowledge of the particular drama he is playing.

The flaw in this jewel is that he tells absolutely the same story no matter the part he is trying to put over — always the same sister and nephews at the Albany station, always the failure to meet the expected brother-in-law, always the embarrassing discovery that they are all penniless.

We are part Dutch and part Scotch over here and while our hearts are warm our integument makes us cautious, and on none of his three appearances that are known to me has anyone been entrapped in his net. There is nothing new to us about this soldier of fortune, for it is certainly five years since the writer had his first delightful chat with him. He works hard for what he gets. Why should not the cognoscenti and the literati who dwell along the Boston and Albany, which seems to be his chosen line, make a drive on behalf of this gentle crook?

X.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

We 've been very much interested in the 'Anecdote for Authors' in the April *Contributors' Club*. We also were victims (I include my wife, for she fell for him as hard as I did) of the same charming confidence man.

The approach was precisely the same. I got a letter, shortly after *Mary Wollaston* was published, from a Mr. Alan Cooke, 14 Oxford Street, Rochester, New York; not fulsome at all, but distinguished, urbane, and containing a phrase or two of the sort of praise that warms the heart. I answered it gratefully. And then, one February Sunday, just as we were sitting down to lunch, a shy delightful stranger called, a little confused at having come, he feared, at an inconvenient time, but it had n't been in his power to alter that.

He was on his way, with his sister and her two little boys, from Lake Forest to Chicago, and had n't been able to resist dropping off to see me. Especially he wanted to thank me for the nice note I wrote him, acknowledging his letter to me about *Mary Wollaston*. I remembered his letter, a fact which says a good deal for the distinction with which it was written.

From that point on, my narrative is almost word for word the same as your Contributor's. There is one small significant difference. My own two little boys, aged nine and six, were upon the scene, and to us he hinted no weariness of the society of his little nephews. He adored little boys; was going to take his to England with him next summer.

My wife asked him to stop for lunch with us, but he could n't do that. His sister was waiting for him. Then followed the tale, blurted out with humorous embarrassment, of their preposterous shortage of money. They must go on to Cleveland to-night, and they had n't quite enough for the bare carfare, let alone Pullman accommodation and food. I had n't more than two or three dollars in my pocket, but I went next door and borrowed twenty from my father, and, coming back with it, found that my nine-year-old had already risen to the situation as well as he could, having broken into his bank upstairs and produced nine dollars which the overwhelmed Mr. Cooke had pocketed. Ten minutes out of his atmosphere had been enough to waken in me a faint misgiving, but the mere sight of him blew it away. Anyhow, I could n't afford to err on the wrong side, and I gave him the twenty.

I have moments of thinking that so exquisite a

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bit of character acting was cheap at twenty-nine dollars; but my wife is doubtless right in maintaining that we could have got more for the same money at the theatres. My nine-year-old — pretty young, I think, to be disillusionized — lives in the hope that, when he goes to England this summer, he 'll find the delightful Mr. Cooke and his two little nephews on the same ship.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER.

* * *

When Dean Inge next crosses the Atlantic, as we hope he may, he will find that Democracy, like Boston, is a state of mind in America. This emotional value of the long suffering word is defended, from Charlottesville, Virginia, by Dr. Dillard.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Whenever we read such thoughtful words as those of Dean Inge in the March *Atlantic*, I think we should constantly bear in mind the fact that the word Democracy has come to have, and to be used in, at least two well-defined senses. One meaning of the word, which is the strict and correct use and Dean Inge's use, is of course that of a government by the people. In the other sense Democracy refers, as has been often implied, not so much to a form of government as to a state of mind. The word, as we all know, has come to be the terminology for the state of mind which found expression in a much-abused phrase of the Declaration of Independence. It stands for the thought of equality in the sense in which the Declaration must have meant it, that is, equality not of course in gifts or position or personality, but in the fact of common humanity. It says that the aristocratic mind, while it may be benevolent, emphasizes distinctions among men; that the democratic mind, while it knows all the many differences, emphasizes the common equality on the common basis of humanity.

It is evident that this broader use of the word, whether justified or not, contains a deeper thought than the consideration of any special form of government. One can conceive of a King having the democratic mind, or of a President of a Republic having the aristocratic mind. It is this broader use of the word at which Dean Inge hints when he says 'that in America the word Democracy is charged with emotional values which do not really belong to it.' But it is just this emotional value which many consider the highest value in measuring human progress. May it not be Dean Inge's disregard of this which makes him so dubious about the word 'progress'? Some would go so far as to say that the measure of the progress of civilization is based on the spread of the sentiment which tries to find expression in the words 'democratic mind.'

That Dean Inge has little patience with this conception, or at least with this way of using the word, he shows by his allusion to the words of a Boston professor. 'And so,' he writes, 'we find a Boston professor saying: "You cannot separate God and Democracy."' This is the sense in which many have thought and said that Jesus Christ was the greatest of democrats, and that the second great commandment of human brotherhood is the expression of the democratic mind. Nor is this broad use of the word exclusively American. Dean Inge's own countryman, Mr. Chesterton, has frequently used the word Democracy in the broad sense, as for example in the nineteenth chapter of *Heretics*, where he says it is not undemocratic to kick a butler, but it is undemocratic to say one must make allowances for his being a butler.

I am not criticizing Dean Inge's restriction. But the fact remains that the word Democracy is often used in the broader sense.

JAMES H. DILLARD.

* * *

The author of 'Hairy Mary,' in the May *Atlantic* writes from County Down: —

We are quiet in this part of my unhappy country, with rival Free State and Republican armies, fully armed and equipped, at each other's throats, and both united against Ulster who only claims what they themselves clamor for — the right of self-determination; one cannot feel very happy. . . . Added to this there is a Bolshevist party in connection with the Russians, and they murder Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, and set them against each other. Ulster only wants to be left alone. When the Free Staters have established a settled government will be time to consider whether to join them or not, but burning and destroying small Orange Halls, smashing up railways and even goods from Scotland because they were forwarded through Belfast is not the way of conciliation.

* * *

'Let your communication be; Yea, Yea, Nay, Nay,' is not a hard and fast precept for this column; but when the contributor is developing his epistolary thesis, he would do well to pause and count his words and consider how many letters as long as his own can be printed in our four pages.

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